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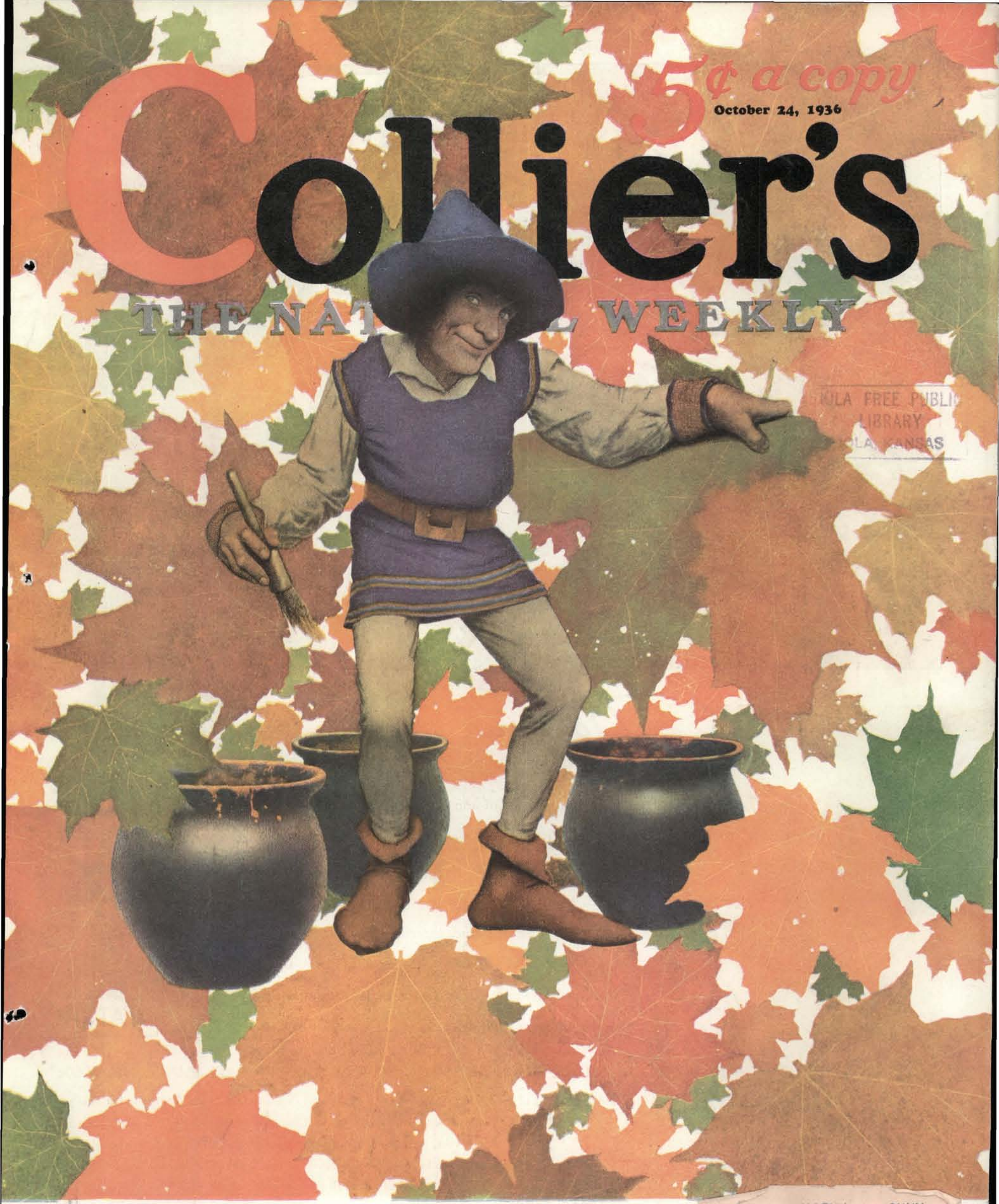
October 24, 1936
Collier's
THE NAT L WEEKLY



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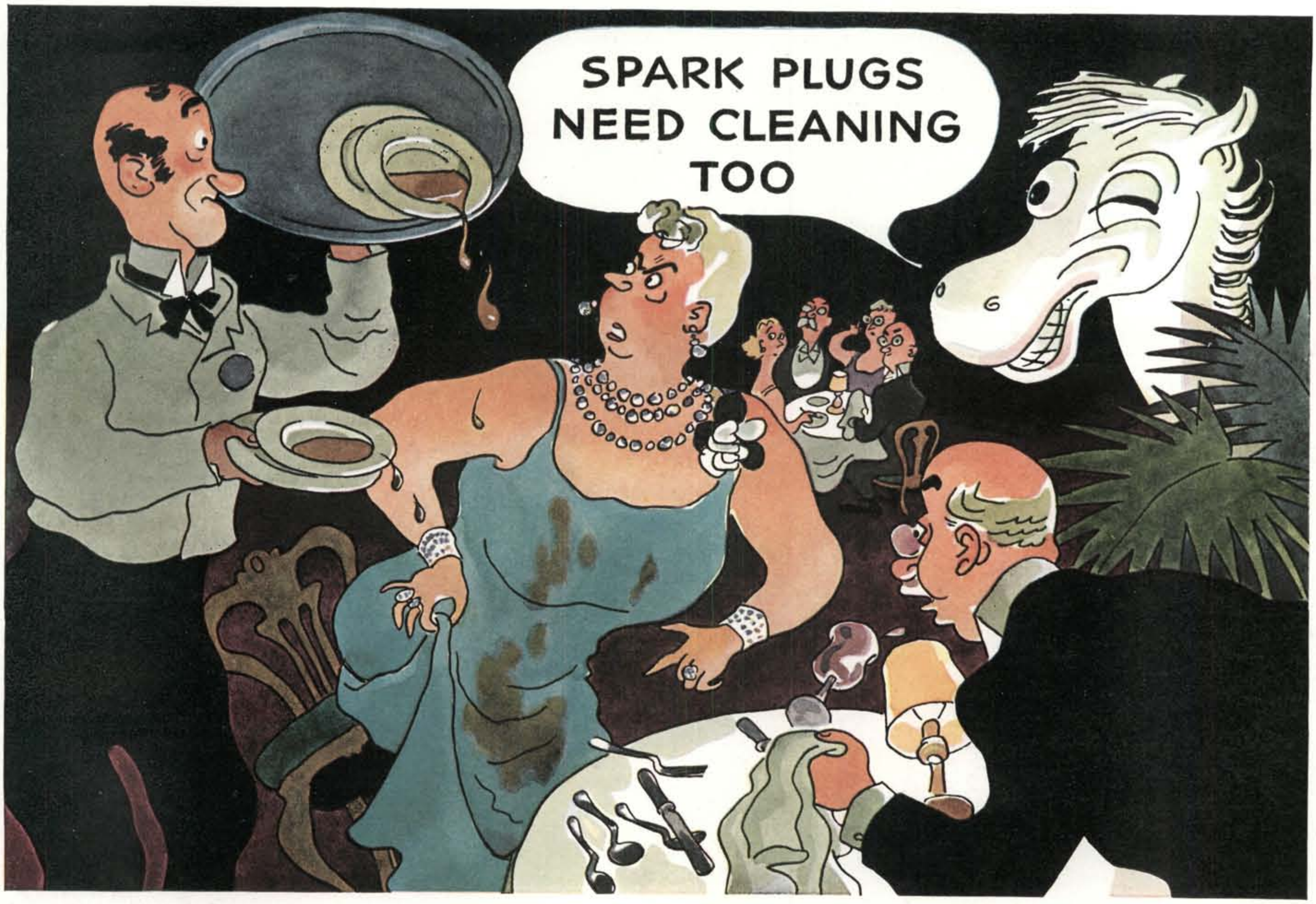
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Here's a portrait of the average spark plug, after 4,000 miles of driving. The dirt you see is a combination of Oxide Coating, soot, and carbon. Plugs like this (and worn plugs, too) rob you of as much as one gallon of gas in 10—and cause hard starting and loss of power. The scientific, thorough plug cleaning service, offered by Registered AC Cleaning Stations everywhere, will stop this gas theft and restore pep and power to your car—in a few minutes!

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AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY . Flint, Michigan . St. Catharines, Ontario

Good-looking hair is a Social Asset

Keep yours healthy and trim with

VITALIS

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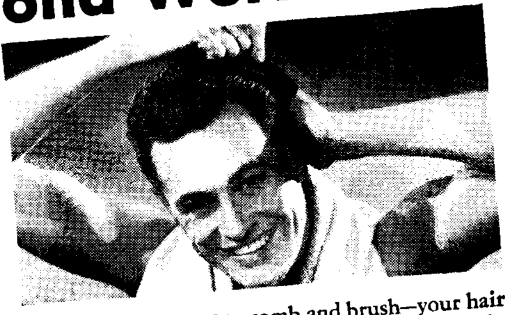
1. 50 SECONDS to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.



2. 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

GOOD-LOOKING hair alone won't carry you to fame and fortune and social success. But, unquestionably, it is an asset in any man's career.

For well-kept hair stamps him as a clean-cut sort of a fellow, properly respectful of himself and his appearance—it is a definite asset to his business as well as his social life. And yet how many men never think of it as a "plus"—never give their hair even the little time it needs for health and grooming.

Tight, dry scalp is often to blame for dull, lifeless, unkempt hair. And to waken your scalp—to bring your hair back to life and lustre—there is nothing like Vitalis and the invigorating and stimulating effect of the famous "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis and massage quickens the circulation of blood through the scalp—restores the flow of natural, nourishing oils—leaves your hair alive and lustrous and easy to comb and brush. Loose dandruff goes—and with it, one threat of falling hair. And yet there's no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look, just a healthy good-looking lustre.

Give your hair a chance. Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist. Start your first "60-Second Workout" and keep it up regularly.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. All over the land he is recommending Vitalis—and he is asking his customers to try it in the new single application Sealtube, because it is the *most sanitary package* ever made.

USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

"BOW Tamely to Me." That's what the lovely girl in the pith helmet said. The elephant showed no surprise; he bowed. Cardigan, the young forest officer, was practically dumfounded. His business in this remote corner of Burma was to find a murderer; he hadn't expected to run across a girl, much less a beautiful girl who was at the same time a competent elephant trainer.

It made things no easier to discover that the girl was engaged to the murderer. Her mistake, though, was in repeating his command to Cardigan. Kenneth Perkins shows you the romantic end of the man hunt.

DO YOU see those houses protected by screens and surrounded by moats filled with oil? They are a kind of Ellis Island, a place to test the fitness of plant immigrants before they are allowed the run of our land. And how do those immigrants get here? Behind that question lie a hundred stories of danger and high adventure. "Root of Riches," by W. B. Courtney, tells you about the plant hunters of the Department of Agriculture who, armed with pruning hooks and cutting shears, scour the earth in order to safeguard and increase our crops.

TONY DEERING was a good kid —just an ordinary undergraduate who played a little football, sometimes drank a bit, sometimes drove his car a little too fast. And he was in love, in love with Jean Ferriss, who sang at the Midway night club. Then Tony's father was nominated for President. In a dramatic short story Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain show you what can happen to a man when he becomes "Public Property."

ALL is not milk and honey for a movie star whose director happens also to be her husband. You can see how it is in "John Bull's Girl," the story of Jessie Matthews, by Henry F. Pringle.

"IT'S a Funny Thing"—funny that a swell-looking girl with red hair should come to Hollywood and meet a lifeguard at Santa Monica Beach and there'd be a story in it. Because thousands of girls with all colors of hair come to Hollywood and you never get a story out of any one of them. This one was different, though —she didn't want to go into pictures. Wilson Collison writes about her.

ROARK BRADFORD, Alan LeMay, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Kyle Crichton, Faith Baldwin, E. Phillips Oppenheim, O. B. Keeler, Jim Marshall and others complete the issue. Your move next.

This Week

●

October 24, 1936

Cover by Maxfield Parrish *

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea, Part I. Mystery and romance in the Philippines—the new serial. Page 7

COREY FORD
Good Joke. The bride laughed last. Page 10

JIM MARSHALL
Leg Hunt in Tokyo. Far Eastern revue. Page 11

JOHN T. FLYNN
What This Country Needs. Our wants will make us rich. Page 12

RICHARD POWELL
Put It on the Fisticuff. He thought tap-dancing was a sissy racket. Page 14

JOHN S. KELLY
Football for a Living. Postgraduate work with the pros. Page 16

WALTER DURANTY
Up Pops the Family. Human nature defeats the Soviets. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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ELMER DAVIS
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Matter of fact. Page 70

EDITORIAL
Continued Fair. Page 74

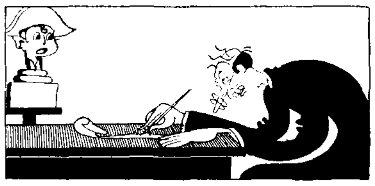
* *You May Have the Cover. See page 38*

●

Any Week

WE, FOR one, have an assured future. All we have to do is to quit our job, wrap ten thousand dollars in a neat package and, upon arriving in San Francisco, hand it over to Captain Julius Tubeen. The captain says that he knows where a million dollars is hidden on an island off the coast of Chile. It was put there by that fine old Pacific pirate, Captain Albatross Hately, in 1774. "There is a literary angle to it, too," said Captain Tubeen. "Captain Hately gave Samuel Taylor Coleridge the idea for his Rime of the Ancient Mariner. I'm willing and ready to cut you in for ten thousand and I'm doing this merely because I like Collier's and you."

BUT we aren't feeling any too adventurous today. Probably not nearly as much as Mr. F. B. Grandly of Fort Wayne, Indiana, when he wrote to us to ask, "How many men would turn out to be world benefactors in a big way if they weren't tied down by a family to support? I'll bet I know twenty married men who think they would have been great if they hadn't married."



NATURALLY a great deal depends upon what yardstick you use for greatness. We have an offer here from a gentleman in Berlin who, for a substantial sum, will "bring to you fame and to the writer a fortune by writing the truth about Napoleon Bonaparte, who has never been introduced to the world of literate for his true worth, which was false. I will," writes this ambitious gentleman, "American debunk Napoleon Bonaparte to general rejoicing. Let us be quick."

WHEN ideas of that sort are offered to us, the editors drop everything and consider them. There is a great deal of thoughtful talk which, boiled down, can be expressed in a single question: "Will anybody except the author give a dog-gone?" Sometimes of course there are complications. A couple of weeks ago we got a letter from a Mr. Lukatz who was pretty angry. "You have rejected my analysis of the future of the world's money," he said. "Because of this, thousands of my friends will never read your magazine again." But only day before yesterday we heard from Mr. Lukatz again. "Please disregard my previous letter," wrote he. "It was not to you that I sent my analysis."

WE WHO have ourselves made an occasional error are full of understanding. But we're not sure we'd be as quick were we in Mrs. LaFrance's place. A dog owned by Mrs. Maybelle D. LaFrance of San Diego, California, was run over by a motorist some time ago. The dog died. A week later Mrs. LaFrance received an unsigned letter from Lower California. "Dear Lady," it read. "I ran down your mutt. You know me and I know you. I had nothing against your mutt. It was all a mistake. Your dog was a white dog, which is why I made the mistake. It was not his fault but just bad luck to be a white dog."

AFTER a visit to Washington, D. C., Mr. Lou Winters of Des Moines, Iowa, wrote to us about his sensation after inspecting Statuary Hall in the Capitol. "Is it the law," asks Mr. Winters, "that statues of all Presidents be erected after they are through? And if so, who pays for it? Also, I do not know whether this is supposed to be an honor to the man or if those statues are put there to remind us of our folly and that our fathers and grandfathers were just as foolish."

WE'D much prefer regarding the whole question as Mr. Yates H. Gallaher of Atlanta, Georgia, does. Mr. Gallaher, while not a supporter of the Honorable Gene Talmadge, nevertheless is sorry that Mr. Talmadge has passed out of the picture—or is passing out. "Gene was all right in some ways," says Mr. Gallaher. "Gene's troubles began when he started taking himself seriously. That started a lot of voters doing the same. As soon as the folks found out Gene wasn't just funnin' they got rid of him."

AND here's another of those wholly understandable letters from people who know true wealth when they have it. Mrs. Marian O. Thunder of Fort Worth, Texas, has been reading Collier's for twenty years. More, she has saved Collier's for twelve years. Comes the question now of what to do with six hundred and twenty magnificent issues. Asks she, coming straight to the point (a trick she doubtless acquired from us), "What am I to do with them? I cannot bear the thought of destroying a single one."

READ 'em again. You can't lose.

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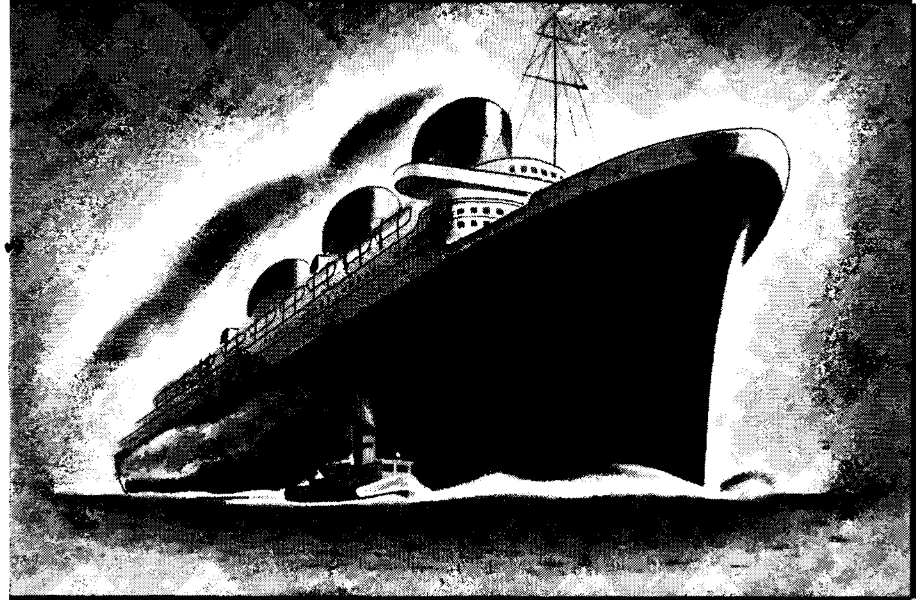
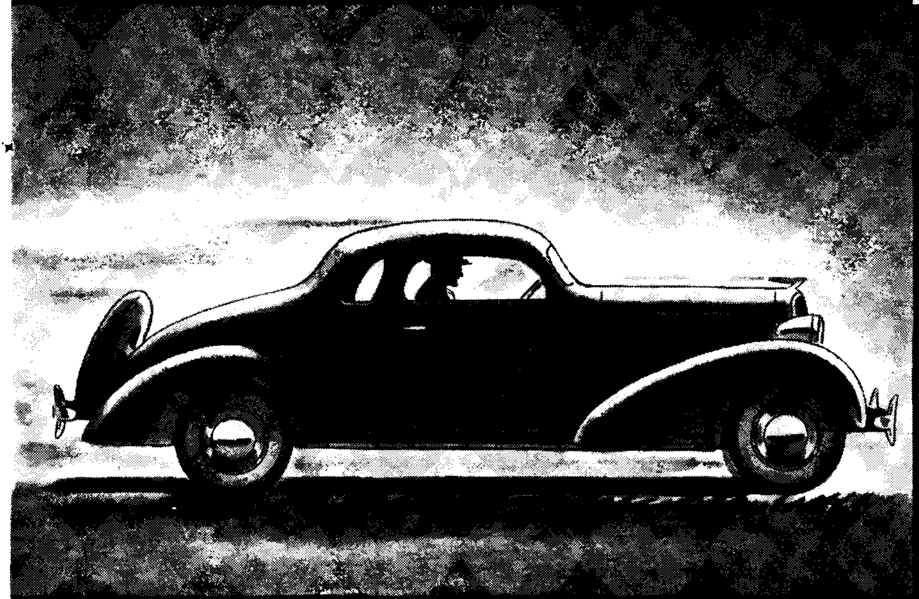


RIDE

DRIVE



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BUT FIRST TELEPHONE

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Long distance telephone calls are quick, convenient, inexpensive. Rates for station-to-station and person-to-person calls to most points are lower *after 7 every evening and all day Sunday*. Make *telephoning ahead* part of your *traveling* plans.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

He shaved this morning!

"John Henry! *when* did you shave?"

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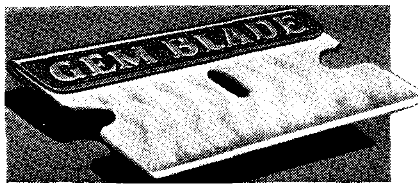
We can make Gems sharper because we make them of 50% thicker surgical steel—tougher steel hardened by a secret process in our own laboratories—a steel so strong we can give it 3 miles of honing and strop it 4840 separate times. Every blade is inspected and reinspected to be sure it will give you smoother, longer-lasting shaves and more of them!

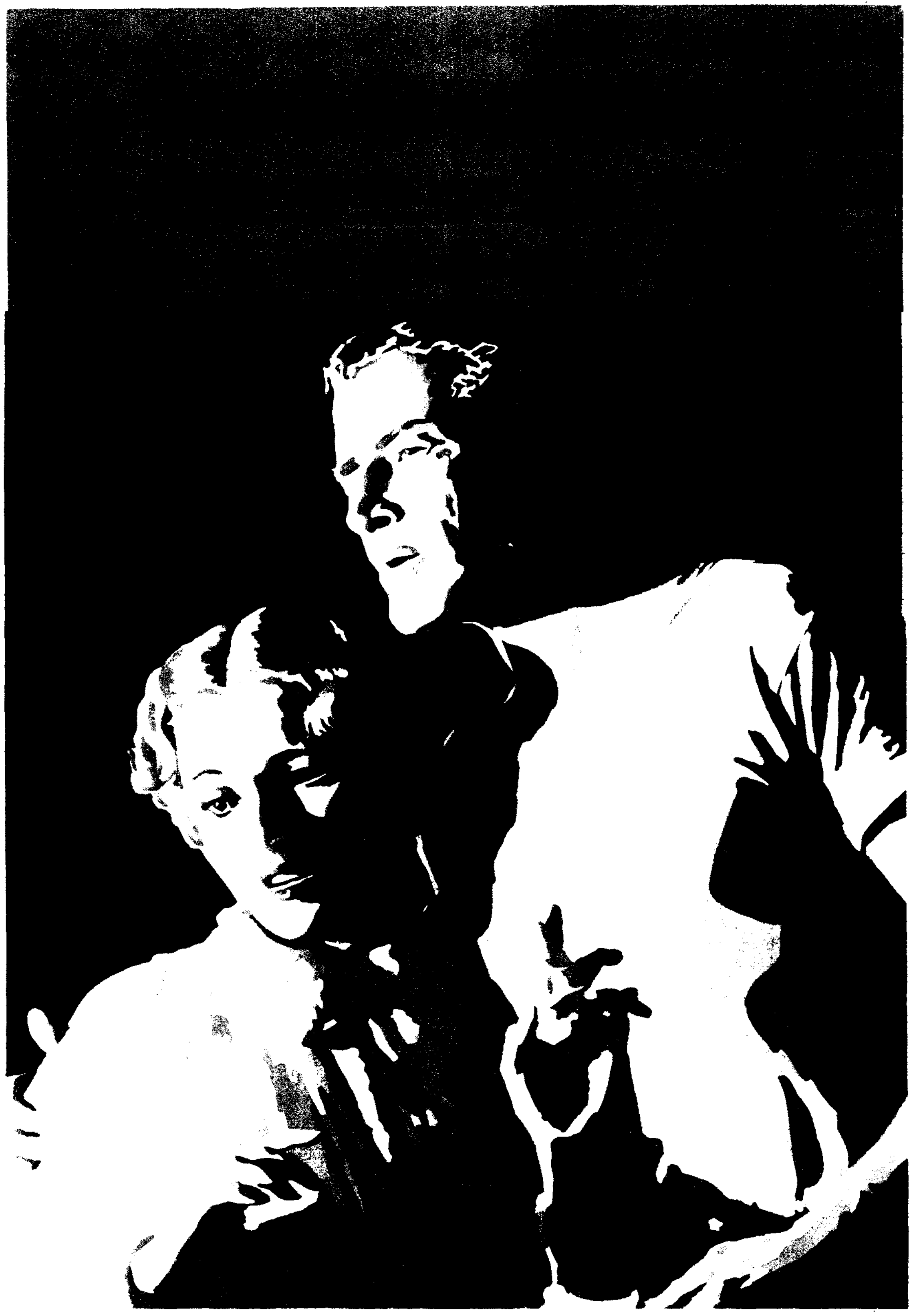
Prove It Yourself!

Get a new $1.00 Gem Razor set with 5 blades at your nearest dealer. See how the new, patented Gem Blade gives you *complete* shaves and complete shaving comfort. Or send 25c with coupon for special test set with standard $1.00 Gem Razor and 2 blades. Either way, your face wins!

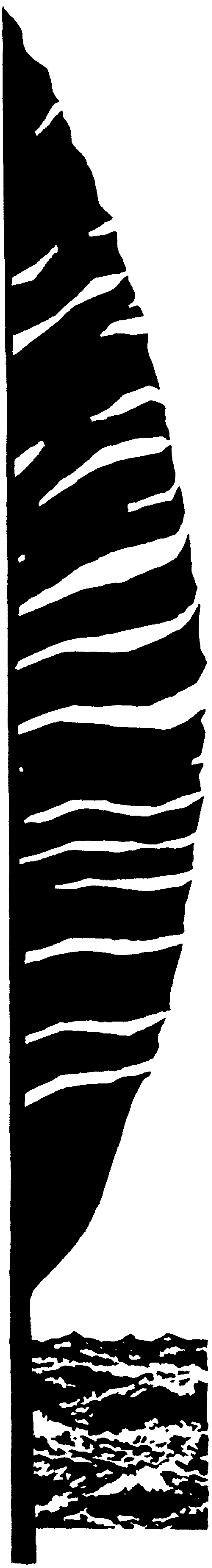


GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

Collier's The National Weekly for October 24, 1936



"Steady now," I said. "What the devil is this?" She answered me inarticulately



BEHIND me, I heard the door open and close, but I did not turn at once. I was hurriedly throwing together my great litter of mechanical drawing tools, getting ready to move out immediately; and my mind was busy upon a dozen other things.

Across my makeshift drafting table I could look out, through the roofed gallery of my shack, to a vista of Tunganan Bay, where the yacht Seasweep rode in a peculiarly treacherous and deceptive anchorage. For a mile beyond her the Celebes Sea was ragged with dots of coral, some marked by a few wind-swept palms, others awash in the sea; but no one knew better than I did that, without my proposed seawalls, the yacht could expect no decent protection here.

For three weeks I had been charting the ragged reefs and surprising abysses of Tunganan Bay, and I knew that I had found here what I had been hunting for a long time—a site where a harbor could be built at low expense, yet big enough to shelter the biggest ships afloat on the Pacific!

I thought I knew what to do with an opportunity like that. My head was full of audacious plans for a concentration port for copra, rubber, hemp—able to corner a good half of the rich trade held by Zamboanga, Labuan and Menado—even infringing upon Manila. I was able to dream of a city rising here, some day, where now was only a straggling fishing barrio of Samal Moros.

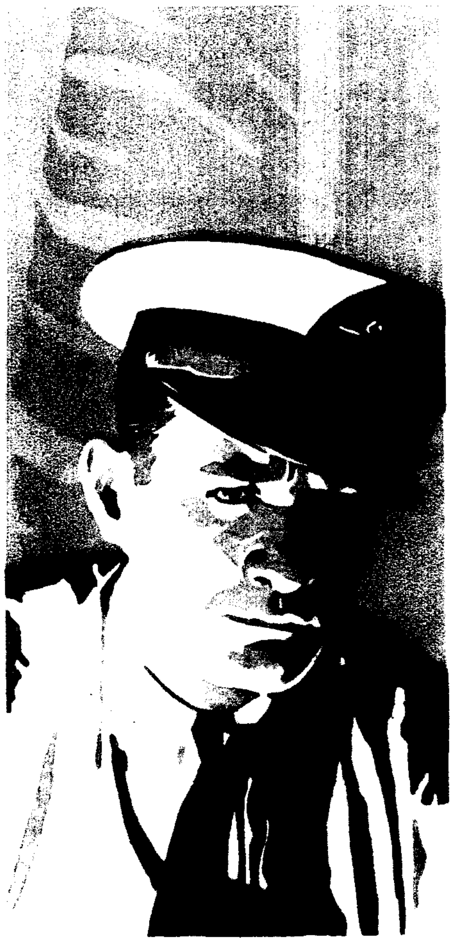
Because of all this I was angrily regretful that we must now leave Tunganan so abruptly. Justin Lowry, my backer, now out there in the bay aboard his yacht Seasweep, was revisiting the islands for the first time in four years. He did not mean to stay long, and it would be a long time before he would come again. Already he was backing me heavily in our big plantation upon Malangai, in which I, myself, had something like a quarter interest. If he was going to back me also in my long, daring plans for Tunganan, he must be persuaded soon. I wanted him to look at Tunganan long enough so that he would be able to see it as I saw it—as some day it must be made to look, many years in the future. It was a poor break of the luck that we had to up-anchor again, almost as soon as we had dropped our hook.

But something was happening on the face of the Celebes Sea which made it unsafe for the yacht to stay. All along the beach the fronds of the palms hung vertical and sad, unstirred by the faintest breath from the sea; but out there in the direction of Borneo a lightless, purplish bank of cloud was rising, shutting off the sky like an inverted roller shade. The sea was turning a dirty yellow color, except at the horizon itself, where it shaded to the color of a bruise. And across the best anchorage I could find for the yacht the slow rollers were running in great, unnatural, gray-green mounds. In the motionless and unspeakably oppressive air the whole island seemed to wait, appalled, for some unthinkable thing.

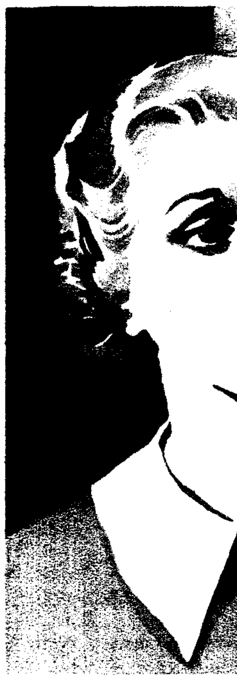
In addition to being chased out of Tunganan about as soon as he got there, Justin Lowry was going to get a nasty heaving about on our run back to Malangai. He was probably going to be seasick, and this was probably going to leave him cross and hard to deal with for days.

But worst of all was the fact that Marise Lowry was also on board, and she was probably going to be seasick too.

THAT Marise Lowry was Justin Lowry's daughter was a thousand per cent less important to me than that she was the girl with whom I was in love. In a tentative sort of way, and with cautious reservations, she was my fiancée. In short, every plan I had in the world depended upon those two people on the Seasweep. In every conceivable way it was all-important to me that the Celebes Sea do everything it could to help me achieve a favorable impression both of myself and of my islands. And what did I get? A *baguio*—one of those ugly southwestern near-typhoons! Apparently the thing was rushing all the way from Sulu to jump on the little Seasweep, and kick it around miserably, and make both Marise and her father good and sick of the whole affair. My hands moved angrily as I slammed my stuff together.



Lon Llewellyn



Marise Lowry

Because the screen door at the rear had opened and closed I knew that someone was standing behind me—my Filipino boy, I supposed. I did not bother to look.

"Mateo," I snapped without turning, "get this cargo down to the beach!"

There was a little silence. Then, in response, a small faint voice behind me said, "I?"

I whirled then, and my hands stopped their work abruptly. A girl was standing there—a white girl—and I had never seen her before in my life.

Now this thing, let me tell you, was flatly impossible. I knew, at least by sight, every native face upon the island of Tunganan, and if there had been a single white person among them, even an ancient sunshiner, I would have known it. She couldn't be standing here now, simply because there was no earthly way for her to have got here.

"In God's name," I said, "where did *you* come from?"

THE girl did not answer at once; she stood leaning against the closed door, rubbing her eyes with the fingers of one hand. I saw that she was deeply tanned, so deeply that someone less experienced in the islands might have assumed that she was of *mestizo* blood; but by her hair I knew better. It was a palish brown, and had to it a light, elusive sheen. And her face was cleanly and distinctly molded, unlike a half-caste face.

She was wearing a white silk blouse that came high about her throat, and it was clean; but her slacks, made of an excellent flannel, were stained thigh-deep with salt water, and her rope-soled *chinelas*, suitable for the deck of a ship, were heavy with wet sand. Unquestionably she had come by way of the beach. But she had certainly not come from the yacht Seasweep, which was the only vessel here. And it was outside the range of possibility that any other vessel had come anywhere near Tunganan without my knowing it.

"I think," the girl said, "that if you could spare a cup of coffee and a little quinine . . ."

"Everything I have here has gone down to the yacht," I told her. I was trying to collect my wits out of the muddle of my astonishment. "We'll get you whatever you need down there. But how in the name of—"

"The yacht," she asked, "is sailing?"

"She's got to sail. If she stays where she is she has a big chance of being kicked into the top of the coconut trees within two hours. Say—look here—are you sick?"

"I'm all right."

I thought, though, that I had seen her sway. "You'd better sit down."

I stepped forward, intending to steady her; but she moved away from my hands, and sat down in a rattan long-chair; then relaxed gradually, leaning back her head and closing her eyes.

"We can't stay here," I told her again. "There's a good old buster of a blow coming on—the barometer's dropping like a shot pelican. We've got to run for Malangai—right now. You'd better—"

"John Barrett," the girl said, "I am not going back to Malangai."

The mystery of her presence was increased by the fact that she knew my name, while I still had no clue as to who she might be.

If she didn't want to go to Malangai, there was an implication there that Malangai was also where she was from. Yet the assumption left me as greatly mystified as before. There was a little bit more to Malangai than there was to Tunganan—the big plantations which I had built with Lowry's money, and a sort of settlement built around the trading warehouses of Suva Jim Cooper—but I did not believe she could have existed there without my knowing it. And even granting that she had, I could not conceive how she had turned up here, across thirty miles of open sea. No one I knew of would have brought her, to set her down and leave her, alone and unannounced, upon Tunganan's open beach.

HEAVEN knows the Celebes and Sulu seas have done what they could to school me to an acceptance of the illogical. Their nipa-jungled islands and coral-fringed atolls were always breaking out with unexplained choruses from hidden animals, or the wild run of an amok Moro, or unannounced temblors of the earth itself. The long rollers of the tropic sea kept delivering to the island beaches a weird assortment of drift, human and otherwise—today a strangely figureheaded dugout canoe, tomorrow a sailing boat manned by almost any assortment of peculiar characters—white, brown, yellow, or blended. Nothing came here that could be called strictly usual, and if anything happened here which was to be expected elsewhere, it always chose to happen in some perversely irregular way.

More than eight years of it, though, had taught me that even the far outposts of the sea have their own way of doing things, and their own peculiar rhythm. This applied to the ways and motives of the far-wandering Dutch, British and Americans, as well as to the more obscure doings of the several races of Malays. At the age of twenty-nine I would not have supposed that the sea could deliver anything whatever which could so completely puzzle me as I was puzzled now.

"But—look here!" I persisted. "You can't stay here. That's out."

"If your boat is going to Malangai," she said, her eyes shut again now, "I most certainly *am* going to stay here."

I HAD to grin a little at that. Except for the nipa and bamboo huts of the Samals, the makeshift shack in which I stood was the only shelter upon Tunganan. Even this shack itself might be twisted down and raked into the sea by the reach of a really good blow; it had not been built nor located to stand as long as it had. And, when we were gone, there would no longer be a single white person upon Tunganan.

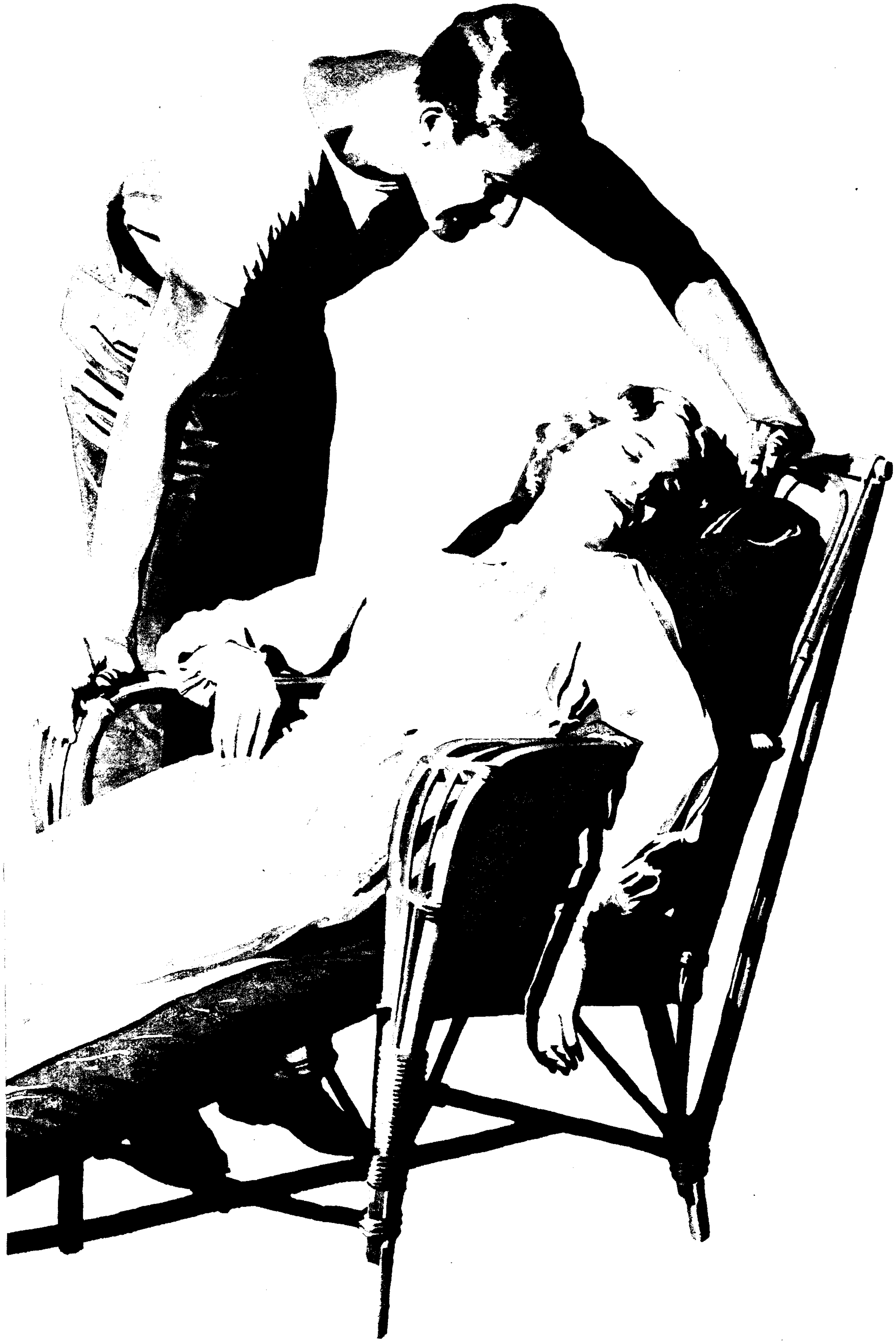
"That's out," I said again flatly. "I can't imagine how you got here—except you look as if you waded; but you certainly cannot stay. And what's more, I'm in a great hurry to get going. If you think you can walk as far as the beach—"

I stopped, baffled all over again, for the girl appeared not to hear me. She was lying back in the long-chair, her whole body perfectly still except for a harsh, sharp tremor that was coming into her shoulders, her knees.

After a moment's hesitation, I found a thermometer among my stuff, shook it down, and gently worked it under her tongue. While I gave it time to work I stood looking at her, studying her quiet face with its closed eyes. I know now that there was no least detail of the way she looked, as I saw her then, that I was ever going to forget.

Her face seemed small and delicately drawn, with her eyes closed; it was a face marked by full lips and long suave brows, and her skin had the incomparable smooth beauty of youth. Had she

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



"We can't stay here," I told her again. "There's a good old buster of a blow coming on—the barometer's dropping like a shot pelican. We've got to run for Malangai—right now. You'd better—"

been of another, coarser type, I might have been able to picture her as a coaster, knocking about the islands to end up, somehow, at Malangai; but this girl I could not place at all. As I watched her, her lower lip thrust out a little, quiveringly, as she tried to suppress the increasing rack of the chill that was coming over her. It made her seem appealingly small and ineffectual, like a lost child.

Suddenly, without knowing exactly why—I certainly had seen fever enough before—I found that I was deeply moved by this girl. I made a halting movement toward her, then picked up a Manobo hemp-cloth sarong in which I had meant to roll the last of my things, and pressed it around her. I took the thermometer from between her lips; surprisingly, but to my great relief, it showed almost no fever at all. Fatigue, and nervousness, rather than malaria, were causing the girl's chill.

I turned, and for a moment or two stared out through the screen, looking across the water at the yacht Seasweep again. I could see the unhappy long swing of her radio masts as she pitched slowly to the swells. And now I saw that Charley Vaughn, skipper of the Seasweep, was trotting up the path from the beach, a bull-like impatience in the lurch of his big shoulders. I turned, and finished gathering my things together.

In another minute the door burst open and Vaughn stepped in. He was swearing as he came, in the forcible but largely harmless way he had when he was trying to get something done.

"Barrett," he roared at me, "if I don't haul that hook in the next ten minutes, I'll be damned if I don't—"

HE STOPPED short, aware suddenly of the sarong-wrapped girl in the chair. His big, bellowing voice checked; and after a moment of dumbness his next words came out ridiculously changed and small.

"*Who's* that?" he asked blankly.

My own mystification turned to a sudden annoyance. "How the devil should I know?"

Vaughn's blond-scowling stare showed an outraged disbelief. "Shenanigan, huh?" he grunted at last.

"I tell you," I shouted at him, "I've got no more idea—"

"Stick to what story you want," Vaughn conceded, his own voice rising again. "We got to sail—can you get that into your head? For God's sake, bring her and come on! What's the matter with her? Can't she—"

"I don't know that, either!"

"Of all the damn' things I ever saw—"

He broke off, rousing himself into action. "Well, bring her, and come on!"

Vaughn gathered an extraordinary load of chart cases, blueprint frames, and general duffel under his long arms, and went bumping and crashing out the door.

I tried to persuade my extraordinary visitor to her feet, but when I offered to help her she shook off my hands.

"Once and for all, I tell you I'm not going to Malangai!"

"If I've got to carry you to the beach," I said, "that's exactly what I'll do. Please try to be as quiet as you can."

Her answer was faint and shaken. "I won't!"

Without further argument I stooped, and gathered her up into my arms.

Her body stiffened; she forced an elbow effectively into my throat, and for a space of ten seconds struggled to free herself with a surprising strength. Then abruptly she went limp, so suddenly that I almost dropped her.

"I'll come," she decided. "Put me down."

I set her down, and kicked the door

(*Continued on page 26*)

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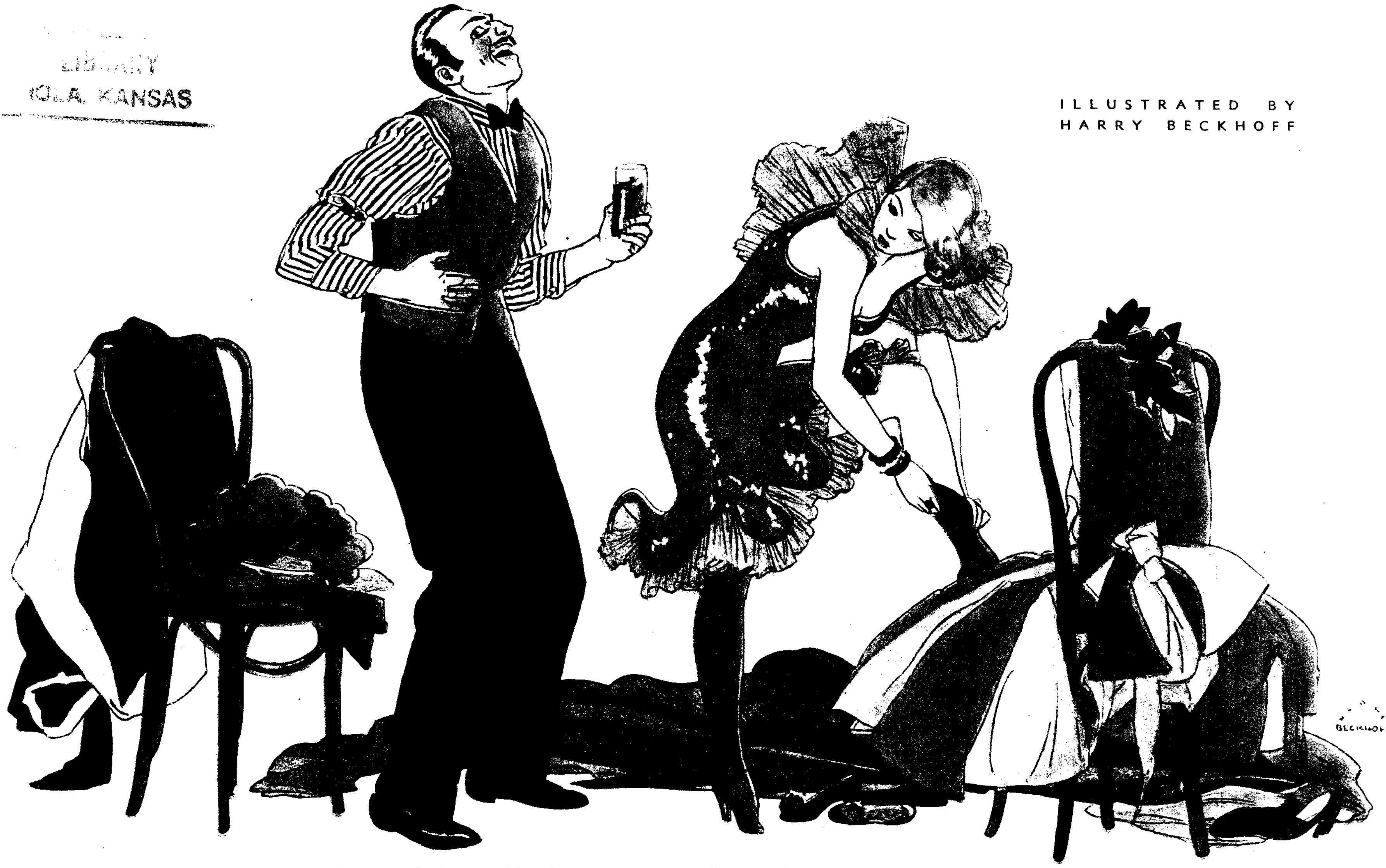


ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

"He says he bets you'd make a man a mighty nice home," Joe laughs, choking on his drink

Good Joke

The crowd at Joe's may think this is funny. But our heart goes out to Joe. He's a card

By Corey Ford

YES, sir, what'll it be?

That's right, mister, you're right about that. That's just what I sometimes say myself. Yes, sir, women are funny—

Straight or with a little water?

Sure, cheer up, that's what happens. Sure, you mustn't take it too hard. You never can tell about women. Sure, they drive a man to—

Fill her up again?

Yes, sir, it's like I always say. You got to learn about women one at a time. For what they do to the law of averages, mister, they could be arrested. There's only one thing about them is always the same: each one is different. It's funny.

Sure, I know how you feel. Sure, that's what happens, I guess. It don't do no good to try and be smart about them, either. Women don't like them to be smart. Did you ever notice how a woman will go for a dumb guy every time, and pass up a smart guy entirely? I meet a lot of guys acrost the bar like this that tried to be smart, too, which is why I meet them like this acrost the bar.

Yes, sir, you're right about that, sure, that's right, mister. You never can tell. It's like I was saying to Joe. Yes, sir, it's like I was saying about Connie.

Sure you do, sure you remember Connie, that used to sing upstairs? Sure, that's her, the good-looking blonde with the big brown eyes and the kind of a husky voice and a low-cut evening gown that was all spangles and come way down to—sure, that's Connie. That used to sing here. The one that Joe was so crazy about. That's right.

Fill her up again?

Yes, sir, I've tended bar around here a good many years, and I've seen a lot of different talent that Joe has hired to sing upstairs, but Connie had the prettiest voice I ever saw. Whenever she came out and sang they had to lower the curtain now and then to give the audience a chance to blink. In fact, she would have everybody's eyes on her, and very little else besides. She would stand over there in one corner beside the piano without moving, but even standing still she could toss more curves than Dizzy Dean. Yes, sir, I know I used to sneak upstairs every night and listen to her myself, and I never used to be much of a hand for music, either. I guess it wasn't the songs so much as it was the lines.

HERE'S looking at you.

But what I was going to say about Connie, there was a girl you'd say she could've had her pick of the smartest guys here in town. They was all crazy about Connie. Not that she couldn't take care of herself, of course. She knew her way around. Them smart weisenheimers never got to first base, trying to fool with Connie. She was a real decent kid; as a matter of fact, she was just a little down on her luck is how she happened to drift north here and Joe give her this job singing upstairs. Yes, sir, you had to hand it to Connie. She could handle herself, and, what's more, she wouldn't let nobody else.

Well, of course, you'd say, a girl like that, she'd ought to gone big for a smart guy like Joe. There ain't a better feller than Joe, even if I do work for him myself. He's full of fun, and he's always getting off jokes, like for instance the ones he used to get off on that kid around here they called the Swede; maybe you might remember the time he even slipped him a Mickey one night, because of course Joe's full of fun; but that's one thing about Joe, though, he ain't ever mean. Whenever he'd get off a good one like that, he'd rub his hands and grin and say to everybody: "Well, boys, I guess that calls for a round on the house!" And he'd set up the drinks, too, no matter how many there was here in the bar at the time—

Why, say, mister, I don't mind if I do. Just a quick one. Thanks.

Joe was crazy about Connie, of course. I guess she hit him pretty hard. He used to carry a picture of her around in his wallet, and every night after she was through singing he'd drop upstairs to her dressing-room and have a couple of drinks with her, and he used to say when he got money enough he was going to take her outside, to Seattle or some place, and they would have a lot of fun. He was crazy about her, but it's like I was saying about women, instead of falling for him Connie more or less give him the run-around, and kept putting him off, and she had Joe so goofy he would've done anything, he'd've even married her, he said, if it hadn't been he had a wife somewheres already. Can you imagine Connie passing up a smart guy like Joe? It's funny, ain't it?

THAT'S right, mister. You're right about that. That's just what I sometimes say myself.

But I was saying a while back about this young cheechako that they called the Swede. His name was Oscar; maybe you might've noticed him around here; he come here from Minnesota. He was just a farm boy, with blue eyes and a big round, innocent face like a baby, which he ain't even started to shave it yet. He was shy, too; he never went upstairs to dance; and if one of the girls so much as spoke to him, he'd lower his eyes and get red all over. Joe used to have a lot of fun with him about that, because he was scared of women. He was a nice-looking kid, too, with a pair of forearms onto him he must've got from milking

(Continued on page 32)

Leg Hunt in Tokyo

Musical comedy in Japan has triumphed over obstacles—one of them being the lack of straight legs among Japanese beauties. But they do their best to make up for that. As you can see

By Jim Marshall

The new Japanese revue is very modern, and all the roles are played by girls. It is the desire of each diminutive actress to resemble some Hollywood star

IT WAS all very jolly and confusing. This Japanese girl, up on the stage, was made up in the early Crawford manner and costumed as Priscilla Wayne. This made it very intricate, because the program said she was Miss Ranko Edogawa and portrayed Venus. She might have portrayed Venus more in the traditional manner, save for the harsh moral whims of the Tokyo police force, a body of stern and rock-bound men whose mission it is, among others, to discourage dangerous thoughts of every description.

Venus sang a little song, vaguely reminiscent of some forgotten American musical comedy, and was then joined by Miss Suzoko Igusa, made up in the Harlow manner and costumed as Julius Caesar. She was really Apollo, the program said in Japanese and English. Apollo joined Venus in the song and then Miss Tamae Mitsukawa, made up as Brunhilde, costumed as Ophelia—but representing Diana—stepped forward and stabbed them both with a scimitar—made up, strangely enough, to look like a scimitar.

Both Venus and Apollo sank gracefully onto the stage, moaning piteously. Miss Takiko Mizunoe, a fetching figure in a white silk suit with a black shirt, tripped on, singing Red Sails in the Sunset. Miss Takiko portrayed Richard, a revue producer. Richard had got mislaid, somehow, in an Aztec temple in Mexico, inhabited by twenty Egyptian priestesses, who danced in the early Ginger Rogers manner. As Miss Takiko came on, to great applause, Venus and Apollo got up a bit sheepishly, and walked off. Eight men, behind the scenery, hammered furiously. Then the stage revolved, and everybody, plus Jupiter, Mercury and a tango-torturing cutie called Lolita, started dancing amid the exhibits in the Palace of Machinery at the Chicago fair.

All this, and a great deal more besides, cost less than fifty cents—for an orchestra seat in the Shochiku Theater in Tokyo. The Shochiku is one of half a dozen theaters the length and narrowness of Japan in which modern musical revues are presented—and how!

The show starts at six o'clock, and American producers who get $6.60 a seat for three acts of musical comedy may be interested to learn what a Japanese theatergoer can look at for fifty sen, which is less than 15 cents.

The Shochiku revue starts off with Peter Pan in ten scenes. The plot follows the original pretty closely, but detours into tangos, jazz music and Tiller Girls formations at odd moments. While one scene is going on, the other is being hammered together on the other half of the revolving stage. The scenery flaps around and the audience often is treated to a glimpse of the sweating stagehands at work. The actresses raise their voices to be heard above the din, and the hammermen bang louder and louder. There is no working up to a climax and at the end of the scene everybody just strolls off. The stage whizzes around and the

(Continued on page 72)

IFOR THOMAS

The building of new highways gives employment to thousands of road workers and more thousands of men in allied manufacturing industries

What This Country Needs

By John T. Flynn

There's no need to be proud of what we haven't got, but in it lies the hope of the future. Our immense needs—in trains, roads, houses, machinery, power—are the basis for a new prosperity. Mr. Flynn shows the way

THIS, of course, is the land of abundance, well known for its milk and honey. But for some reason our model 1929 secondhand horn of plenty hasn't been disgorging the usual supplies. This might be all right for a little while. But when the faithful old horn stops pumping for any length of time you begin to notice after a while that you are short a lot of things. You begin to realize that you need things. And right now, after six years, we are face to face with a very important fact—*that we need plenty*.

It is an important fact because out of that need will probably grow some very important and fortunate results. When we need things badly enough we will proceed to supply ourselves with them. And when you provide yourself with something you need, you not only help yourself, but you confer a benefit on the fellow who supplies the need.

If you need a new car, you can't just draw one out of the bank with a check. Someone has got to be hired to make you a car. And the money you pay to him doesn't stop with him, but goes on floating around society from cash pocket to cash drawer and from cash drawer to pocket, making income and doing good work wherever it wanders. And so, perhaps, the most important fact in this country now is that we need so many things and need them badly.

For instance, I passed a school building in a large city in the Middle West last winter. It was one of those strange, dark, smoky, red brick affairs full of funny turrets and bay windows. On a small square tablet in one corner was the legend: A. D. 1861. That was the year the Civil War started. I didn't know any of those old Civil War structures were still doing duty as schools. Fashions in school buildings have changed as much as fashions in wars. We don't put them up any more as we did in '61, any more than we fight battles the way we did at Bull Run. This building, I was told by the principal, was condemned in 1928. Plans were made for a new school. But the new school was never built. The old, condemned building is still full of perfectly good children, working every day in a building which the city authorities said eight years ago was unsafe.

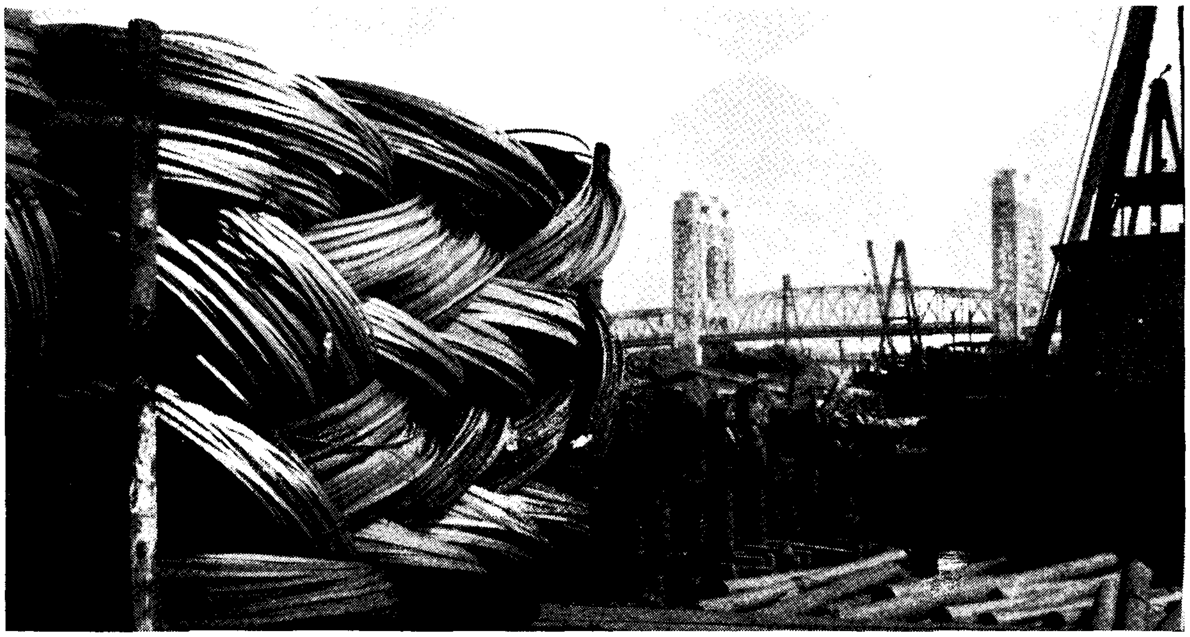
The principal felt a little cut up about it. But he said in extenuation, "This is not the only condemned building that is being used as a school. There are hundreds of others. I have looked it up."

I looked it up myself. I found that there are perhaps ten or eleven thousand condemned school buildings still housing during their school hours at least a million children. Most of these old buildings would have been torn down in the last five or six years but for business conditions. So right off the bat, talking about schools, there are at least 10,000 school buildings needed to replace these villainous old fire- and deathtraps in which a million little lives are being menaced every day. There are more than 20,000 school buildings that were built before 1870.

Over in New Jersey there is one venerable public-school building that was launched before the Constitution, and there are about twenty-three school buildings that were erected over ninety years ago. You may think old buildings are nice and quaint. And you can really do marvelous things with an old house if you have plenty of money to spend on it. But these old school buildings are no place for boys and girls.

There are about two million or more kids getting

NESMITH



IFOR THOMAS

Many industries and their employees—foundrymen, steel workers, construction men—were aided by the demand for materials and labor on New York's new Triboro Bridge

only part-time schooling in portable, inadequate or condemned buildings.

Now think of the number of men who would be put to work if we began putting up all the school buildings we need to replace these old firetraps. Mull this fact over—that there are now about two million more children of school age than there were in 1928, *but there are about 12,000 fewer school buildings.*

And, by the way, what became of those 12,000 school buildings that don't exist any more? The little bugs got them. What little bugs? Why, the same little bugs that have been at work on a certain textile mill up in Connecticut that I know about.

Doldrums in the Textile Towns

One day this year I found myself in one of those small Connecticut towns in which the textile industry once had a stronghold. I knew the mills in this little town, during the war, particularly, when they were hives of feverish energy, the streets of the town crowded at night with gay crowds of workers spending extravagantly their high wages made on war orders. Now the mills were dark, long rows of low brick walls, the windows closed and dark, the streets deserted. I visited one of these mills where only a small group of spindles were at work.

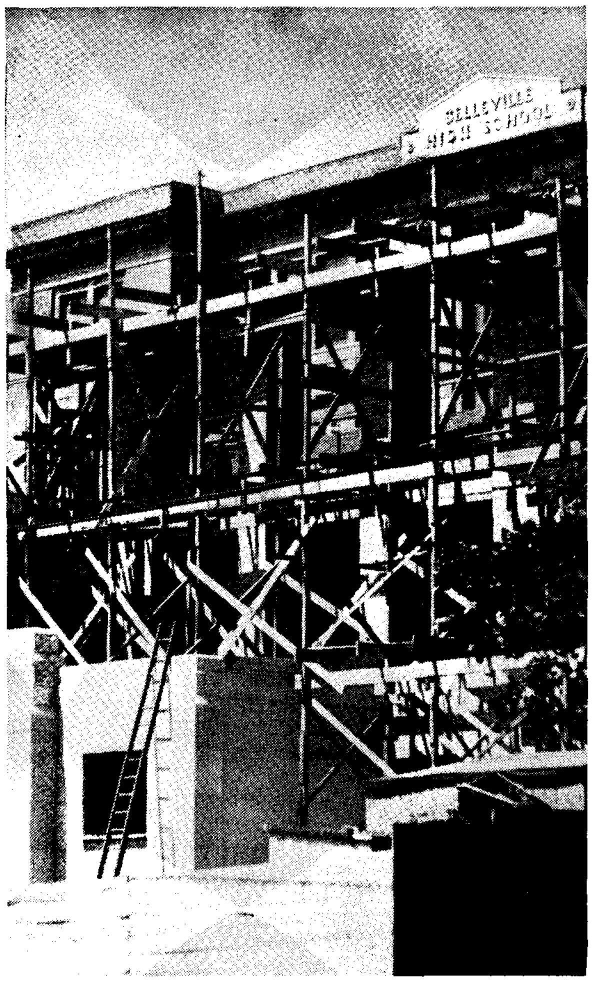
I found the manager—partner-manager—sitting a little gloomily at his desk in a large office, where there were a number of other deserted desks. He is an old-time Yankee spinner, tall, rangy, white-haired and bronzed, hard, preternaturally solemn. He had been spinning cotton yarn in his own mill for forty years. And he felt he knew the business.

He took me through his almost silent mill.

"Look at these spindles," he said. "They haven't earned their lubrication this year. Do you know anything about machinery? Look at these! Have you ever seen machines in better shape? The men and women who worked these spindles are just about the thriftiest, most industrious, loyal people in the world. We never had a labor quarrel in this mill. We always paid the best wages and looked after our people. Here is capacity to turn out billions of yards. But we don't do it. Why?"

The old gentleman's answer to this question is very simple. There is something the matter with almost everything in the textile industry but one thing. From the men who plant the cotton to the people who buy it, everything seemed to be wrong in this business save at one spot. That one spot was his mill and himself.

He could entertain you by the hour about the troubles of his industry. Go all over New England, he said, and you'll find mills just like this—idle. And the reason is simple. Too many mills; too many spindles; too much competition; not enough buyers. About a dozen years ago, he told me, there were thirty-six million spindles. Men like himself, he said, had put in another three million. But in the meantime we have thrown out nine million. We have six million fewer spindles than a dozen years ago. But in spite of that we have millions too many. We could work these spindles double time—two shifts—and throw out another nine million. And still we'd have too many.



IFOR THOMAS

A new school under construction. Thousands of obsolete school buildings should be replaced

That made a pretty doleful picture. But I have seen some other mills—some of those extraordinary mills in the South as well as some of the newer ones in New England. It is hard to believe that they are in the same business as that old mill in Connecticut. One of these younger and more modern textile mill managers told me he knew that man.

Obsolescence at Work

"You hear a lot," he said, "about the so-called excess capacity of the textile business and almost every other business—too many mills, too many spindles, too many looms. Well, that old gentleman in Connecticut is part of that excess capacity. Of course—too many spindles! But what kind of spindles? The kind he has in his mills.

"You know," he continued, "this is the oldest business of the machine age. So old, in fact, that many people think it is finished. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Machine and technique changes go on constantly. Look at some of the newer New England mills where the bale of cotton goes into a window on the top floor and then moves slowly down around a circular ramp from machine to machine until it emerges a finished product into the freight train on the track. And compare this with some of those sprawling old New England mills you can still find. Look at these spindles, for instance.

"You probably know a bale of cotton is a pretty bulky thing. You can't feed it into a machine and have it come out the other end a fine-spun thread. It has got to be reduced gradually to a thread by a series of operations. This reduction is called drafting. Now if you will go back to your old friend's mill you will see that the first operation reduced the bale into masses one tenth the size of the bale. The next operation does the same thing. It takes a good many operations and time, machinery and labor, and of course money, to get it down to a thread. Now look at our spindles. They are the newest long-draft spinning machines. They cut the bale at the first operation to one eighteenth its size and hence bring it down to the proper size for spinning swiftly and in few operations. The mills which operate with the old machines against these new ones are carrying weight—literally weight—for age and old age instead of youth."

In short, to get down to the ugly word which describes all this—it is obsolescence at work. Time and tide, change, taste, fashion, technology—these are the bugs which eat away at our school buildings, our machines and the plants in which they are housed, at our homes, our hotels, our theaters, our streets, at our cities, at everything we possess.

Wear and tear, speed—ever more speed—age, the subtle cruel internal breakdown of the very particles of substance; the termites, rust, corrosion and erosion, decay—the fate of all things. Education and taste, the whims of men and women, fashion which sends us from the rage of white in our bathrooms to the era of green and pink and mother of pearl, which makes the gewgaws, the turrets, the friezes and frescoes and cornices of yesteryear look hideous beside the new art of simplicity and mass and form;

(Continued on page 42)

Put it on the Fisticuff

The only case on record in the history of the fight business when a boy justifiably leads with his jaw. The climax, needless to say, is smashing

By Richard Powell

A CONE of light oozed down from the murky rafters of the Holiday Fight Club. Tobacco smoke steamed in the glare, coiling and uncoiling above the two welterweights in the ring. Holly Riordan pinned her glance to the top of the cone. Her brother was fighting. If she watched him she would begin throwing imaginary uppercuts at his opponent. It was not ladylike to throw uppercuts. Anyway, it left her stiff and sore.

The crowd yelped. Holly's glance skidded down a notch and clung, trapeze-fashion, to a fat blue layer of smoke. She tried to concentrate on the spot where the veined smoke melted into shadows. It was useless. Another roar pulled her glance to the ring. Chink was shuffling after a lanky boy who skipped around with a queer, jerky grace. As Chink tried to close, the boy spun himself into a pinwheel of knobby joints and fists. Chink's head rocked back three times. Without changing expression he slipped a left hook into the boy's middle. The boy shot away like a jack-in-the-box. The gong smacked flatly.

Chink's friend leaned toward Holly. "The kid's pretty good for a substitute, ain't he? Fast. Took that first round off Chink."

"I bet he could dance," she murmured.

"Dance? I hope he can duck. He'll need to when Chink slows him."

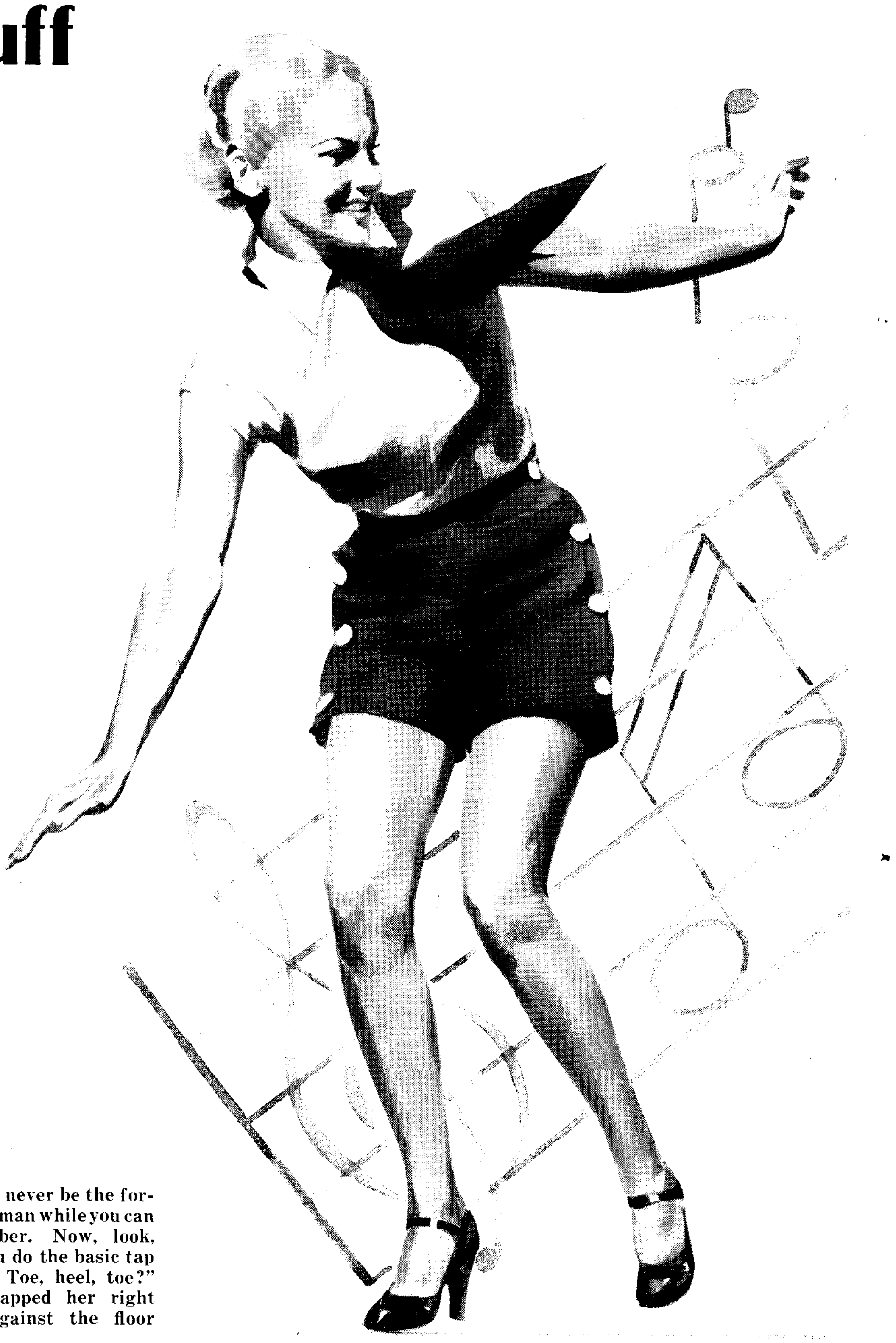
The girl stretched her slim legs under the next row of seats. Tensing her thigh muscles, she traced the tiny aches burning all the way to her toes. Eight hours a day of tap-dancing practice did that to you.

"Don't know where I can get a dance partner, do you?" she asked. "Only two shows in town using a chorus and the night spots loaded with solo hoofers."

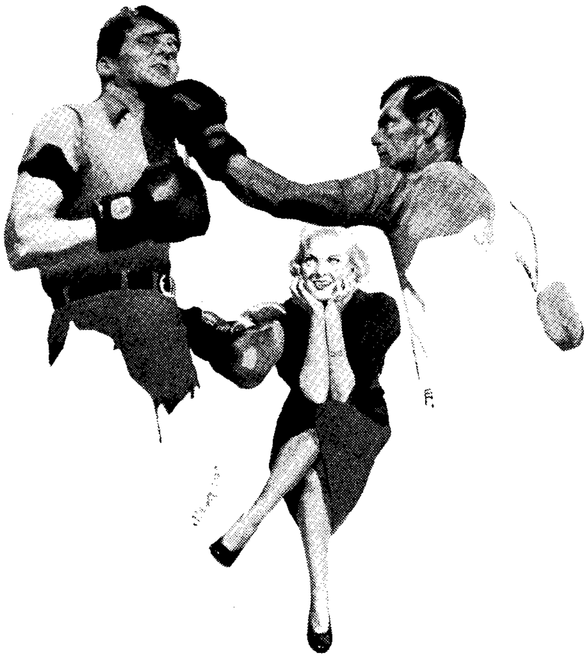
"You can get this kid cheap in a couple more rounds. But maybe he won't feel like dancing by then."

THE echo of the bell slapped between the walls. Chink padded out, trapped the boy in a corner and waded in, swinging hooks. They clinched. After the referee broke them Holly saw that something had happened. Chink was mad. She could tell by the way he was cocking his right. The boy danced around him, jabbing and jabbing. Chink started a left hook, stopped it and crossed the right. The boy went down like a bird smothered in a pattern of shot.

Holly started up the aisle as they cleared the ring for the final bout. Men turned to look at her. A few whistled. Holly was faintly pleased. It was nice to know you looked all right, to know that last year's coat still had some dash to it. She perked her hat over her left eye and patted the whiffs of escaping bronze hair. Nice, kind men, who didn't know that the newest style hats couldn't be worn over one eye.



"You'll never be the forgotten man while you can remember. Now, look, can you do the basic tap step? Toe, heel, toe?" She slapped her right foot against the floor



She waited at the dressing-room exit. Presently Chink ambled out, struggling into his coat. He always bought clothes a size too small because he liked looking bunchy in them. Now he deflated his chest to let his fingers explore a vest pocket. He brought out a celluloid toothpick and propped it in his mouth.

"Good scrap, Holly?" he asked hopefully.

"Rotten."

"Yeah. I was afraid of that. But"—he added more brightly—"it'll look good on my record. K. O. Two rounds. Get this. That punk ast me to carry him till the fourth. Got me mad. That's the trouble with the fight game."

"Good old Chink," she laughed. "So straight they never thought of calling you Honest Chink Riordan. Maybe if you played along more you might have had a shot at the title."

"I'll get my chance."

"Who's the boy you were fighting? Maybe I could make a dancer out of him."

"Nobody ever knows the names of substitutes."

"I'd like to meet him."

"Say." He tilted the toothpick down to express disgust. "You don't want him. Crooked fighters make crooked dancers. If that kid went in for dancing he'd try to trip hisself if he thought no one was lookin'."

Holly tried to button the collar over his red neck. "Just let me talk to him anyway."

"Oh, well—"

HE TURNED back to the door, then stopped. Racing feet drummed along the corridor inside. His recent opponent, necktie streaming and coat flying off one shoulder, burst from the building. He stumbled and went to one knee. In that instant a flat-nosed man caught him. The boy writhed in his grasp.

The man growled, "Sneakin' out on me, huh? Come acrost wit' a couple bucks. I ain't gonna second no bum just fer fun."

"I haven't a cent," the boy cried.

The other backed him against the wall and raised a hairy fist. Holly nudged her brother.

"Take it easy," Chink yelled. He jumped over and grabbed the fist.

"Hi, Chink," the man grunted. "This Skeeter McGee tried to take a run-out powder. I'm after a couple bucks for bein' his second."

Skeeter muttered sullenly, "I haven't a cent. You're the guy I fought, aren't you? If you'd carried me till the fourth like I asked I'd've made ten bucks. The

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

promoter told me I'd get nothing if I didn't stay that long."

Chink searched the boy's pockets. "Nope. Nothin' there. Maybe what really happened was you bet your dough on stayin' four rounds with me. That's it, ain't it?"

"If you say so, I guess it is."

Chink pulled out two crumpled dollars and gave them to the handler. Skeeter ducked his head in thanks and started away.

Chink called, "Hey! My sister wants to see you."

The boy stopped and leaned against the wall. "Okay. Only I hope she don't have the family failin' of battin' guys in the jaw."

Holly walked up to him. Her eyes photographed details: the faded, damp hair; narrow jaw and cheekbones that pushed sharply against his skin; the coat with frayed buttonholes; the cracked seams of his shoes.

"You look like you could dance," she said.

"Never any complaints from the girls when I cut in," the boy replied.

"I mean professional dancing," Holly explained.

He raised a solemn hand. "Mother told me to lay off the dime-a-dance boy racket."

"Did she say anything about tap, ballroom or adagio dancing? I need a partner. Maybe you'd rather get calluses on your feet than on your jaw. I'd train you."

"Does food go with it? And a place to sleep? I'm a stranger in town."

HOLLY noted the yellowish pallor around his mouth. "We'll fix you up at home," she offered. "But you'll have to promise to work hard. Eight, ten hours a day practice. No time to carouse at night."

"I'll settle for one night out a week."

She laughed. "Sold."

Chink caught the last words and edged nearer. "What's that I hear?" he asked anxiously. "Who's payin' for this kid's keep while you polish his footwork?"

Skeeter grinned at him, grinned as he slid weakly into a heap at the wall's base. "Sister says you pay," he whispered. "Charge it to my account. You can put it on the fisticuff."

They jammed him into a taxi and returned to the small house Chink had bought with his fight savings. After a day's rest Skeeter bounced back to health. His hair crisped. The glaze melted from his blue eyes. His thin nose poked into every corner of the house. On the second afternoon Holly told him to report in the basement.

When he came down she was winding an old phonograph and fixing a repeat attachment to the record. Her burnished hair tumbled over the collar of a white shirt. Satin shorts cut across the long trim sweep of her legs.

SKEETER whistled admiringly. "Do you expect people to watch your feet when you got legs like those?"

"Keep the pressure down," she snapped. "Haven't you ever been on a bathing beach?"

"Yeah, but not the right ones." He peered slyly at her. "I hope you'll wear long skirts if we get a dance job. I don't wanna be the forgotten man."

"You'll never be the forgotten man while you can remember. Now look, can you do the basic tap step? Toe, heel, toe?" She slapped her right foot against the floor.

Skeeter watched several times and repeated the step.

"Fine," she nodded. "Now hop on the left foot and do that tap with your right."

She turned on the phonograph. Chink heard them and clumped downstairs.

"Think I'll go to the gym," he explained. "Uh, you be all right, Holly?"

"I don't think you ought to leave," Skeeter said. "Can't tell what might happen if a bum like me is left with a nice girl."

Holly nodded gravely. "I don't feel safe with him."

"She's threatened to yell for you twice already," Skeeter added.

Chink swung from one of them to the other, glaring. "Is this a rib?" he snarled. "If it is, you oughta know you can't fool me. If it ain't, remember any guy touches my sister settles with me."

"The modern dawnce," Skeeter explained, "goes in for body contact. I'm just tellin' you so I won't get smacked for dancing with Holly."

"That's right," Holly said. "Tell you how to judge, Chink: If the music's on, it's all right for Skeeter to have an arm around me. If the music's off, smack him."

Skeeter murmured, "I'm gonna carry a mouth organ for emergencies."

Chink frowned and turned to the stairs. "Both nuts."

SKEETER called after him, "If you get a chance at the gym, book me for a prelim, will you? I could use a few bucks and I could pay you back a little."

Chink shook his head. "Stay off the fight game. You ain't the type. Too soft. Guys like you ruin the business, askin' other guys to carry them a few rounds. I'll put the slug on you myself if I catch you fighting." He trudged heavily upstairs.

The boy shrugged. "First time I ever heard a guy called a sissy for wanting a fight. Listen, I asked him to carry me because—"

Holly patted his shoulder. "I know. I believe your story. But Chink's crazy about honesty in the fight racket."

"Then you speak to him. Ask him to get me a match."

"Not little Holly! What good would you be as a dancer if you got a couple of cracked ribs? And a smashed nose or cauliflower ears don't show up well under spotlights."

Skeeter wandered around the cellar, which Chink had fitted for light training. He fingered the skipping rope, took a pull on the chest weights and played a drumming tune on the punching bag.

"There," Holly said. "That's the rhythm. When you can do that with your feet we'll be set for a night-club date."

"Aw, dancing's a sissy racket."

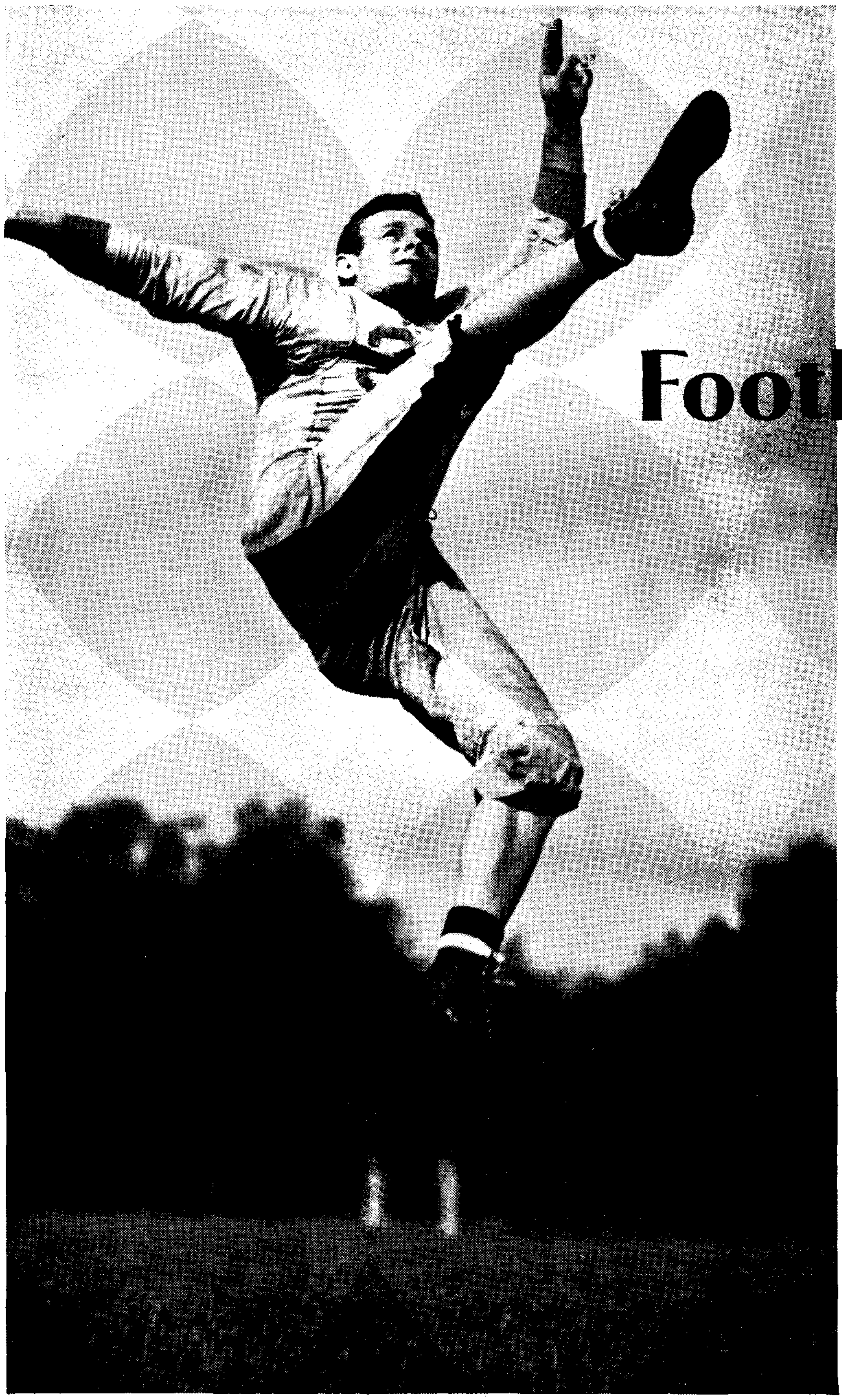
"Oh, it is?" Color sponged upward in her cheeks. Her rippling bronze hair tossed. "I'll show you."

She gave him an easy routine to learn and danced with him—one hour, two hours—until he sank to the floor and begged for mercy.

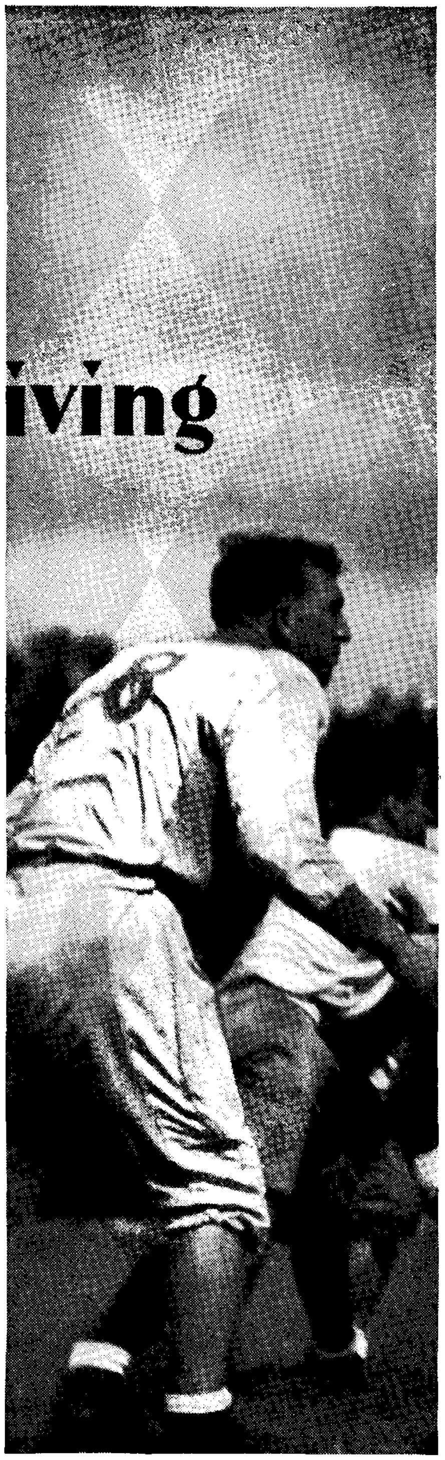
She sniffed. "A sissy racket! You can't even keep up with a girl."

Nothing more was needed to make him work. Day after day, for a month, he struggled with the steps. First the flesh melted from his legs until they were nothing more than bones wrapped in ropelike muscles.

(*Continued on page 61*)



Ralph Kercheval of the Dodgers, the league's greatest kicker



Football for a Living

By John S. Kelly

"Touchdown" Gish may have been the three-year star of his varsity team but he's only an apprentice when he joins the pro ranks. And he has to learn much more about the game before he gets the master's degree that frees him from the subs' bench. "Shipwreck" Kelly, who has been through it all, ought to know

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer

THE big kid on the rubbing table groaned softly. The doctor turned away.

"It's a concussion all right," he said. "And a tough one, too. He'll play no more football for three or four weeks and you'll be lucky to get him then. I've been afraid of this, hitting the way he does out there."

He glanced back at the blond young giant of a football player who a few minutes earlier had been half carried, half led from the muddy field.

"I suppose we used to hit just as hard when I was playing football," he said. "But it begins to seem a little silly to me now to play any game so hard. Getting banged up that way carrying a football. Still, you've got to admire the boy. People have died for sillier causes."

There came a roar from the stands that could mean nothing less than a long run, perhaps a touchdown.

"Get back to the bench," said the doctor. "You're making me nervous. I'll stay with this boy."

There was nothing more that I could do, so I headed back to my seat on the side-line bench. That roar of the crowd, indeed, had meant a touchdown. This was a spectacular football game and the score was Brooklyn Dodgers 0; Chicago Bears 0.

Yes, that's the surprise. This was a professional football game. The boy down there under the stands who had given everything he had carrying the ball off tackle in the drive that knocked him cold was Stan Kostka. You know the name. You read about him as a member of Minnesota's all-conquering "Giants of the North" in 1934. You read perhaps less about him last year. He was less outstanding in the professional ranks as a halfback for the Brooklyn Dodgers. That was not because he wasn't just as great a football player. It was because he was playing with and against football players who were stronger, faster, more mature, more skillful than had been most of his college rivals.

It's Not Checkbook Football

But the point I'm trying to make is this: Stan Kostka never played harder, never gave more in any game for the glory of the old Maroon and Gold of Minnesota than he was giving for his team and his teammates that afternoon. And when he put on that last ounce of drive to get the extra yard, young Mr. Kostka wasn't thinking about the pay check he was to receive on Monday morning.

That's why I'm getting tired of this windy talk about "checkbook football," written by people who don't know much about the present-day professional game and repeated by people who know even less.

I played college football, a full three-year varsity term of it at the University of Kentucky. Then I came north, got a good job and thought my football-playing days were over. But three years of playing any sport isn't very long. Your average baseball player is still a rookie after three years. Your tennis player or golfer is still learning the fundamentals after three years of even top competition. Fall came around and I wanted to play some more football. I figured that I had just begun to reach my peak in my last year at Kentucky. They called me "Shipwreck" Kelly then, a nickname that my friends still afflict me with.

So I played that fall with the New York Giants. The next year it developed, through conversation with my friend George P. Marshall, owner of the Boston Redskins and one of professional football's outstanding benefactors, that the Brooklyn Dodgers' franchise in the National Professional Football League was for sale. Owning a football team would fit in nicely with my business. Chris Cagle, whose name you haven't forgotten as a West Point star, came in with me and we bought the Brooklyn club. In 1934, Cagle sold his interest to Dan Topping and I found myself up to the neck in this business of professional football.

Why Not Make It a Business?

Business, did I say? Yes, I'll admit that in these days I find myself counting the house sometimes. In that regard I feel almost like a college graduate manager, except that we don't have to make up our schedules on a money basis nearly as much as the collegiate money men. But that's neither here nor there. I'm only explaining that I believe I have seen enough of the varied angles of this game, as player in college and professional football and as an owner who has also done some coaching, to have established a fairly comprehensive view of the psychology of the game and the players involved.

And I'd like to make a little bet that if we could contrive to drop you, a complete stranger, into the dressing room of the Brooklyn Dodgers or the New York Giants or the Chicago Bears a few minutes before game time or between halves some afternoon, you'd have plenty of trouble saying with certainty whether

The Brooklyn Dodgers in action. Two 220-pound lines heave as a short pass crosses the line to an end crossing over

this was a college or a professional football team.

You would see all of the tenseness, all of the eagerness to win, all of the varying psychological reactions here in the Brooklyn dressing room before the squad goes out to meet the Giants or the Bears that you would see down at Princeton's Palmer Stadium on the day of the annual battle with Yale.

The slim boy over there in the corner pulling his sock on inside out may be whistling—but nervously. The big center is chewing his fingernails. That end looks as if he's fighting to keep back the nervous tears. I've known some great crying football players. We had one of them down at Kentucky. The harder they cry, the harder they fight.

Every member of a professional club is, judged by college standards, a great player. You know that's true. There are in the National Professional Football League nine clubs. There are in the country approximately five hundred colleges and universities playing varsity football. The country in these days is combed for professional players by the league clubs as carefully as the major-league baseball clubs scout out their recruits. And yet a scant few of these college players who want to become professionals are able to make the grade.

Any college coach will tell you that the great football player is one who loves the game for itself. These are the boys who come up to play professional football.

They come up for two reasons. They need the money and they haven't had enough of football. To most of them, coming out of college to face the necessity of raising funds for graduate study in the professions or getting a start in a business world that isn't exactly crying for young executives at six or eight thousand a year, the chance of playing football for a respectable stipend is a welcome opportunity. Add to this the fact that they are exceptional college players before they are even selected for professional tryouts and you find that you have on your hands more real football enthusiasm and spark than the average college coach ever has an opportunity to welcome.

Champions, with All the Secrets

Perhaps this tense enthusiasm for the game is not so apparent to you in the stands at a professional game as in the college stadium on a Saturday afternoon. That's because these boys, one year, two years, three years older than they were in college, have learned the valuable secret of poise and the ability to relax between plays. They're champions. They're sure of themselves and of their ability. The great college players have this same quality. George Gipp of Notre Dame was one who had it. It was the trait which gave "Sleepy Jim" Crowley of the Four Horsemen his nickname. Princeton's great team of last fall had that quality to a marked degree.

But that attitude doesn't mean that the professional isn't having fun and that he isn't piling it on when the ball is snapped and the play goes. Don't try to tell me with a straight face that you think such fellows as Bronko Nagurski, Jack Manders, Dutch Clark, "Father" Lumpkin, Ken Strong, Dale Burnett and the others like them don't enjoy playing football.

They used to accuse professional football of selling college football reputations and I believe there was once some weight to the accusation. The season that found Red Grange leaving college to surround himself and his haloed "77" with an all-star troupe did more to alarm the cloistered academic gentlemen who see themselves responsible for the well-being of college football than any other one thing. And in that case I didn't wholly blame them.

But professional football has undergone an extensive reorganization since then. Because of professional football's organization today, such a money-grabbing circus tour by any star would be impossible now. Boys aren't leaving college now to play professional football. League rules prohibit negotiation with them not only until after they are out of college but until after their class has been graduated.

And we're looking for ability these days, not names. Often, of course, they go together. But not always. Did you, for instance, ever hear of Dale Burnett of Emporia Teachers College? Or of Dutch Clark of the University of Colorado? Or of Arnold Herber of St. Regis? Or of Steve Owen of Phillips University? To be entirely honest, did you ever hear of Phillips University and do you know where it is? Yet these men, picked at random, have meant more perhaps to the National Professional Football League than any half-dozen big college "All Americas" that might be named.

In searching out the hidden gridiron gold that so often is 'way back in them thar hills we have a scouting system more variegated, more complete, than that of major-league baseball. Our friends among the college coaches are willing to provide us with information

(*Continued on page 70*)

Up Pops the Family

The Bolsheviks, busily housecleaning Czarist Russia, swept away among other things the Family. It was, they said, a child of capitalism. Away with it! Now, oddly enough, it has turned up again and seems to be there to stay. Mr. Duranty, from his long and intimate acquaintance with Russia, shows you the unchangeable course of human nature under the Soviet government

By Walter Duranty

A crèche wagon in which Soviet mothers and babies are brought to the fields where the mothers work

SOVIET PHOTO

WIDE WORLD

The marriage ceremony, or registration, is a simple affair in the U.S.S.R.

LOOKING backward from 1936 it is hard to realize how profoundly the Bolsheviks believed when they made their revolution in 1917 that they were abolishing an old heaven and creating a new earth. "You have nothing to lose but your chains, comrades," they told the Russian proletariat, and in their own estimation the chains were: first, Capitalism, and therefore War, because wars were caused by capitalist rivalries; second, Religion as exercised by a corrupt and reactionary church; third, the Love of Money, that ancient root of evil; and last but not least, the Family, which gave parents power over their children and made a wife little better than her husband's chattel, yet which bound together husband and wife and parents and children, however incompatible, with a tie that was difficult, expensive and often socially degrading to dissolve.

The Bolsheviks set themselves to break these chains with vigor and enthusiasm, and in no field was their action so broad and sweeping as in the case of the Family. Marriage, henceforth, was a civil contract to be undertaken freely and as freely dissolved. True, it took two to make the marriage or "free union between man and woman" as they preferred to call it, but only one was needed to make a divorce. Either party at will and without preliminary notice might sever a union which had become unwelcome. Certain adjustments might have to be made with regard to common property or children, if any, and in case of dispute these would be settled by the People's Court. It was as simple as that. New freedom, too, was assured for children. Coercion on the part of parents was henceforth taboo and anything like actual violence, such as spanking, might warrant criminal proceedings like other cases of assault and battery.

Nevertheless the Bolsheviks, even in those days, were not wholly foolish in altruism. Their initial legislation, however hasty and ill-considered it now seems, was honestly devoted to improving the condition of the masses, upon whom the expense and difficulty of getting a divorce and the hardship of raising a family in overcrowded and unsanitary tenements pressed most heavily. Particularly, too, the Bolsheviks wished to improve the status of women, which was deplorably low and miserable among the working and peasant classes of Czarist Russia.

Golden Days for Lovers

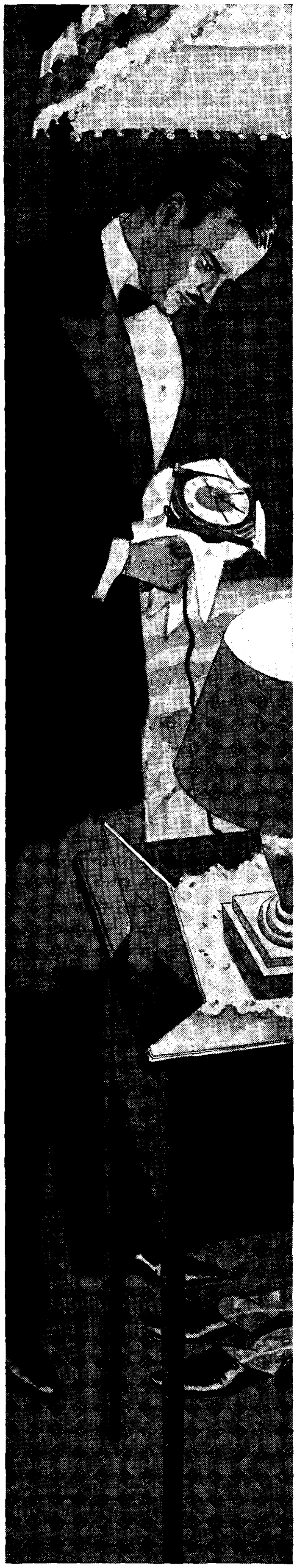
Accordingly they announced that any proletarian couple who should "register"—that is, go through the form of civil wedlock—would receive a free "apartment," if it was only one room, with furniture and kitchen utensils which had been confiscated from the vanquished "exploiting class." Should their union be blessed with offspring, the little stranger would receive a complete layette from the municipality or the state. Finally, should the young couple not desire children, the resources of medical science could be legally enlisted to check the course of nature.

For a brief period those were golden days for the more amatorially inclined of the Soviet proletariat, until the authorities discovered that—so naughty and ungrateful is human nature—couples were getting registered in every precinct of the city and winning a trousseau—that is, the furniture, room and kitchen utensils in each precinct—then selling the same to their no small profit. Worse still, such rascals hired children of the tenderest age to justify their demand for layettes, which they promptly sold on the open markets to anyone who would buy, because they did not receive the finished garments but sheets of fine lawn and cambric from the houses of the rich. In those days and for some years later such articles of loot had a positive value in Russia and were continuously smuggled abroad.

This was doubtless a disillusionment to the Bolsheviks and might have led to changes in the law had it not been that for the next two or three years their attention was distracted by civil and foreign wars. When at last the land had peace at the end of 1920, there was no more furniture or sheets of superfine linen left to be distributed. The country was exhausted and starving, and the "children's homes" and crèches which had been intended—honestly intended, of that I am convinced—to relieve poor working mothers of the worst drudgery of raising their families were now hopelessly overcrowded by the pitiful jetsam of revolution, war and famine. But the decrees so altruistically and optimistically enacted still held good. Marriage and divorce remained equally cheap and easy, and to spank a child might bring its parent into conflict with the law.

Suddenly domestic or family relations were changed by the introduction of NEP, the New Economic Policy of 1921. NEP was not, as many foreign observers imagined, an admission of defeat on the part of the Bolsheviks or a return to the capitalist system. It was, however, as Lenin admitted, a retreat and a partial revision. It established, for the time being, a system of what one might call sub-capitalism; that is to say that the essential means of production remained in the hands of the state but that individuals were allowed to undertake manufacture or trade for their personal profit. At this point there arose a bogy to menace Soviet citizens. Its name was *Alimenti*, which was generally

(Continued on page 64)



He gave a twist to the little wheel that set the clock going

The False Alarm

By John Paine

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

BEFORE Carrew Travison had spent ten minutes in Colonel Wentworth's house he knew that luck was with him.

He had come unwillingly, almost fearfully. Not because he was afraid the Colonel might have found out how he had gathered the reins of power at the Mercantile into his own hands. Everything that he had done so far could be explained as zealous regard for the Colonel's interest. No one but a mind reader would see what use Travison planned to make of his power later on. The one obstacle was Buddy Wentworth, the Colonel's son. If Buddy had decided to give up the night clubs of Broadway for the offices of the Mercantile, he and not Travison would vote the Colonel's stock. And Buddy, for once, was to be present at dinner.

Two other guests were already there when Travison arrived—George and Susannah Mott, middle-aged friends of the Colonel. But their presence was not enough to conceal the fact that Buddy and his father had quarreled. The atmosphere of the house was heavy with suspended rage, and at dinner the storm broke.

Buddy, it became clear, had announced that he was about to marry. The girl was a telephone operator. The Colonel disapproved. Threat and counterthreat flew across the table, until at length the Colonel remembered his guests and apologized.

"My son and I are short-tempered," he explained. "We shall thresh this matter out in private. It is inexcusable that we did not begin it there."

Travison concealed a smile. If the quarrel could reach this pitch in public something irreparable would be said as soon as the two men were alone. He could almost see the words forming behind Buddy's smoldering eyes. The young man's face was flushed with anger. He had been drinking heavily, and he had a reputation for recklessness. Travison was sure there would be a break. For his purposes it need not be permanent. One year, six months even, and he would have the Mercantile squeezed dry from the inside. After that he could toss the rind back to the Colonel—and the receivers.

SHORTLY after dinner the Colonel excused himself, on the plea of doctor's orders, and went upstairs. Travison hoped that Buddy would follow so that the climax might come before their tempers had had time to cool. But young Wentworth devoted himself to the Motts, as though in an attempt to make up for his previous bad manners.

A little before ten the Colonel summoned Travison to his room. The old gentleman was already in bed, looking frail but pleased.

"Come in, my boy," he called. "I have a special apology to make to you. I'm afraid you were hoodwinked by my little show this evening."

"Show?" Travison faltered, fighting against a feeling of consternation. "What do you mean, Colonel?"

The old man chuckled. "That was staged for Buddy," he explained. "I've wanted him to get married for years. Now he's picked a nice girl—I've found out about her—and I'm delighted. Only I couldn't let him know. He's a cantankerous young fool; he might change his mind."

Travison forced himself to laugh. "You certainly had us fooled."

"All set to fight for her, wasn't he?" The Colonel smiled. "Looked as if he'd like to kill me. Practically said he would. That's the sort of spunk I like to see." He leaned back on the pillows for a moment and closed his eyes. "Of course I won't keep it up too long," he went on. "By tomorrow morning he'll be sorry. Then I'll tell him and he'll jump at a chance to get into the office and settle down. Take some of the work off your shoulders, eh?"

"That's right," Travison agreed. "We'd all be glad to have him." But his mind revolted against the monstrous injustice of the situation. Here lay an almost helpless old man whom he had time and again tricked and deceived, and this weak old man was snatching away from him the fruits of years of scheming. Just a little more time and they would have been his. He could have laughed at Wentworth and his son. Now he was licked, beaten by a whim. With Buddy in the office, his plans were impossible.

Travison's glance wandered across the room and came to rest on a door. That door led to Buddy Wentworth's rooms. What had the Colonel said? "Looked as if he'd like to kill me. . . ."

Travison continued to talk, but the back of his mind was assembling with mechanical precision the details of what he was about to do. Before he rose, the action was complete in his mind; he had surveyed it from all angles and found it perfect. At the door he turned. "Will your man be back, Colonel? Or do you want me to put out the light?"

The old man answered testily: "You ought to know I have no man. I can manage nicely, thank you."

"At least let me help you with the pillows," said Travison, moving toward the bed. . . .

When it was over, Travison was surprised to feel so little emotion. The old man had been stronger than he had expected. There had been a scuffle, and Travison had had to hit him. But that would leave no fingerprints. Nor would the pillow he had used show any. All that remained was to pin the guilt on Buddy.

Travison went into the young man's room and found a dressing gown laid out on the bed. As though acting a part he had rehearsed, he tore the tassel from one end of the cord, carried it back to the Colonel's room and dropped it beside the dead man's hand.

He looked over the scene with satisfaction. This was the way things would be when the Colonel's alarm went off at eight next morning. Buddy would be lying in a drunken stupor in the next room; Travison would see to that. By eight o'clock it would be too late to fix the exact hour of death.

Travison looked at the electric clock. It had stopped. He swore under his breath, took out his handkerchief and carefully reinserted the plug that had been pulled out during the struggle.

He consulted his watch—two minutes of ten: less than five minutes since the clock had stopped. Still using his handkerchief he adjusted the time and gave a twist to the little wheel that set the clock going. . . .

He prided himself on the coolness with which he paused to adjust his tie before turning out the lights.

On the stairs he met Buddy. Travison's voice was casual as he stopped the young man. "Better wait till morning," he counseled. "Your father said he didn't want to be disturbed. Come and have a drink with me." He put his arm through Buddy's and led him back to the living room.

The Motts were still there. They seemed to feel it their duty to stay and try to calm Buddy.

THEY were still trying at twelve o'clock when Travison got ready to catch his train back to the city.

A feeling of elation filled him as he rose to leave. In every particular his plan had worked. Buddy was drunk; the Motts were there to see him leave; they in turn would soon go; after that nothing would happen until eight o'clock. Suddenly from upstairs came a dry, whirring sound like the warning of a rattlesnake. At first Travison alone heard it. Every instinct in him rose in a panic call to flight. With an effort he controlled them. "It can't be the Colonel's clock," he told himself. "You're hearing things; it's just imagination. The Motts don't hear anything."

But the Motts had heard it, and soon they were all in Colonel Wentworth's room.

For a horrified moment no one said anything, and the space was filled with the remorseless insistency of the alarm. At last Buddy spoke; he was white now and sobered by the shock: "That tassel, it's from my bathrobe." His voice was unsteady.

George Mott put a hand on his shoulder. "You weren't up here, Buddy; we all know that."

Buddy was dazed, as though half believing he was guilty. "I started up," he said. "But Travison stopped me. He said Father didn't want to be disturbed."

Travison tried desperately to keep calm, to think logically; but the steady buzz of the alarm filled his mind intolerably—an inhuman and infallible accuser. His head seemed to burst. "For God's sake," he shouted, "shut it off!"

George Mott turned off the alarm and looked at the dial; it said eight o'clock. Mott stared at Travison. "When did you see the Colonel?"

"About ten."

"Two hours ago," Mott said. "And two from ten leaves eight. Look at the clock."

Travison looked. He saw why the alarm had broken the silence of the night to brand him as a murderer. The long second hand was making its deliberate sweep around the dial—but counter-clockwise. He had turned the starting wheel the wrong way.

The clock was running backward.

The Youngest Delegate

A love story set in the fascinating turmoil of a national convention

By Elmer Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

THE delegation from Ilconsota, described by the irreverent as consisting of Senator Warren F. Storrs and a lot of stooges, was arriving at the Broad Street station. The senator, first off the train, stepped into a group of newspaper photographers. For a moment he held his pose—tall and slender, his hair raven-black for all his sixty-odd years—as flashlights blazed in an incessant flicker; but only a moment. Then, for perhaps the first time in his life, he turned his back on the cameras to lead forward a dark-eyed girl in canary linen who was just getting out of the Pullman.

"Here's the real news of this delegation, boys," he announced. "Ruth McCulloch, of Ayresville—only twenty-six, and a delegate at large; the youngest delegate at the convention." Then, in a reassuring undertone: "Play up to them, Ruth; do what they ask you. It's part of the game."

She took his arm, smiling, her eyes blinking against the ceaseless flashes. Then the photographers wanted her alone; the senator stepped aside, turned to the newspaperwomen who were waiting their turn with her.

"There's a great story in this girl," he told them proudly. "She was the only child of Tom McCulloch, who just about ran Ayresville—owned the chair factory and the bank and the local paper. When he died four years ago Ruth took over his job—kept the bank open and the factory running, and just about saved the town. She's still got her hands full, but I've managed to persuade her that she could spare some time for politics too."

THE women edged toward her—all but one, who had known him for years.

"So that was the way of it," she said. "Mrs. Bates, the National Committeewoman, told me this girl was a protégée of yours." He reddened.

"Mrs. Bates must be sore because Ruth is getting the publicity. I've known the girl all her life—her father was an old friend of mine. She's not only a businesswoman, but a woman. Just what the organization needs."

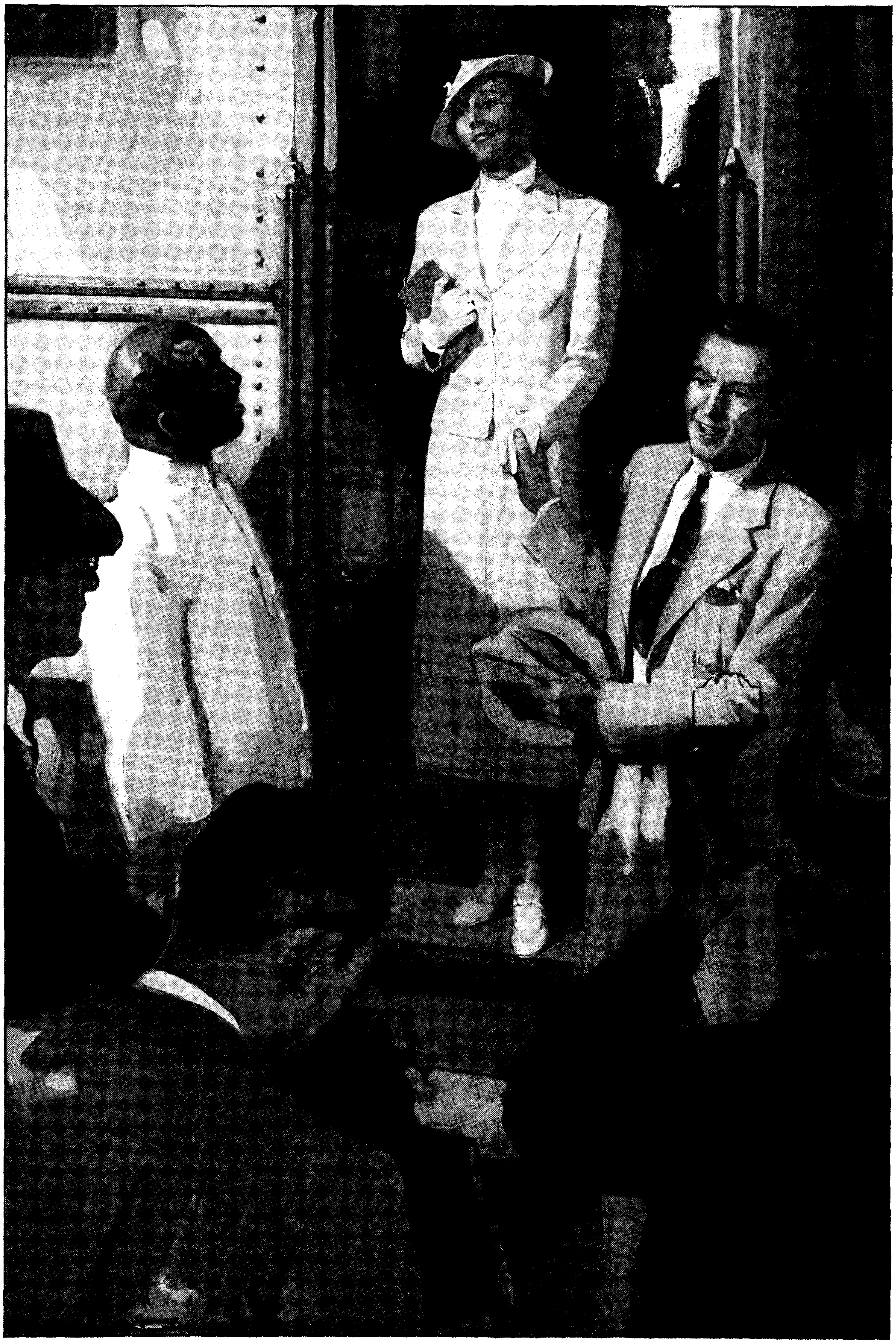
"So you've changed your mind about women in politics," she observed. "There was a time when you thought their place was in the home." (But not his home; his stubborn bachelorhood was part of his attraction.)

"Now, look here, I never said anything that could be construed as—"

"I know you never said it." (He never said anything that might cost him votes, if he could help it.) "But that was the way you felt."

"Well—off the record," he said in a husky whisper, "I was afraid we'd have to deal with a lot of—of impractical women, who'd think you could reform the world overnight. But we've found plenty of women who understand that you have to go along with the organization." She nodded.

"You have. But there's one type of woman that isn't in politics yet. They'd split your organizations wide open."



"Here's the real news of this delegation, boys. Ruth McCulloch, of Ayresville—only twenty-six and delegate at large"

"What kind is that?" he asked in quick apprehension.

"Women. Realists who see through all the hooey, and know what they want, and are ready to smash anything that happens to be in the way."

"Er—yes. I know the type you mean. But Ruth McCulloch isn't that kind," he assured her. "She's got a high sense of civic responsibility; she'd never be a disruptive influence in the organization."

THE photographers had finished with Ruth at last; the reporters crowded in—the senator hovering around till he judged they had their story.

"Come, Ruth," he broke in. "We'll have to join the rest of the delegation at the hotel. I've taken care of your baggage." Two minutes later he was handing her into a beflagged official car. "Renton Hotel," he told the driver; and they rolled away, the screaming sirens of motorcycle policemen clearing their way down the street.

"Well?" he said, grinning down at her wistful dark eyes, the dark hair curling about her neck, her smart slimness. "How do you like it?"

"I love it," she said simply. "I've been working so hard for years, with hardly a thought for anything but my job, that I needed this." She looks like a kid at her first circus, he thought with a catch in his throat. "I hope I didn't do anything wrong—say anything wrong—"

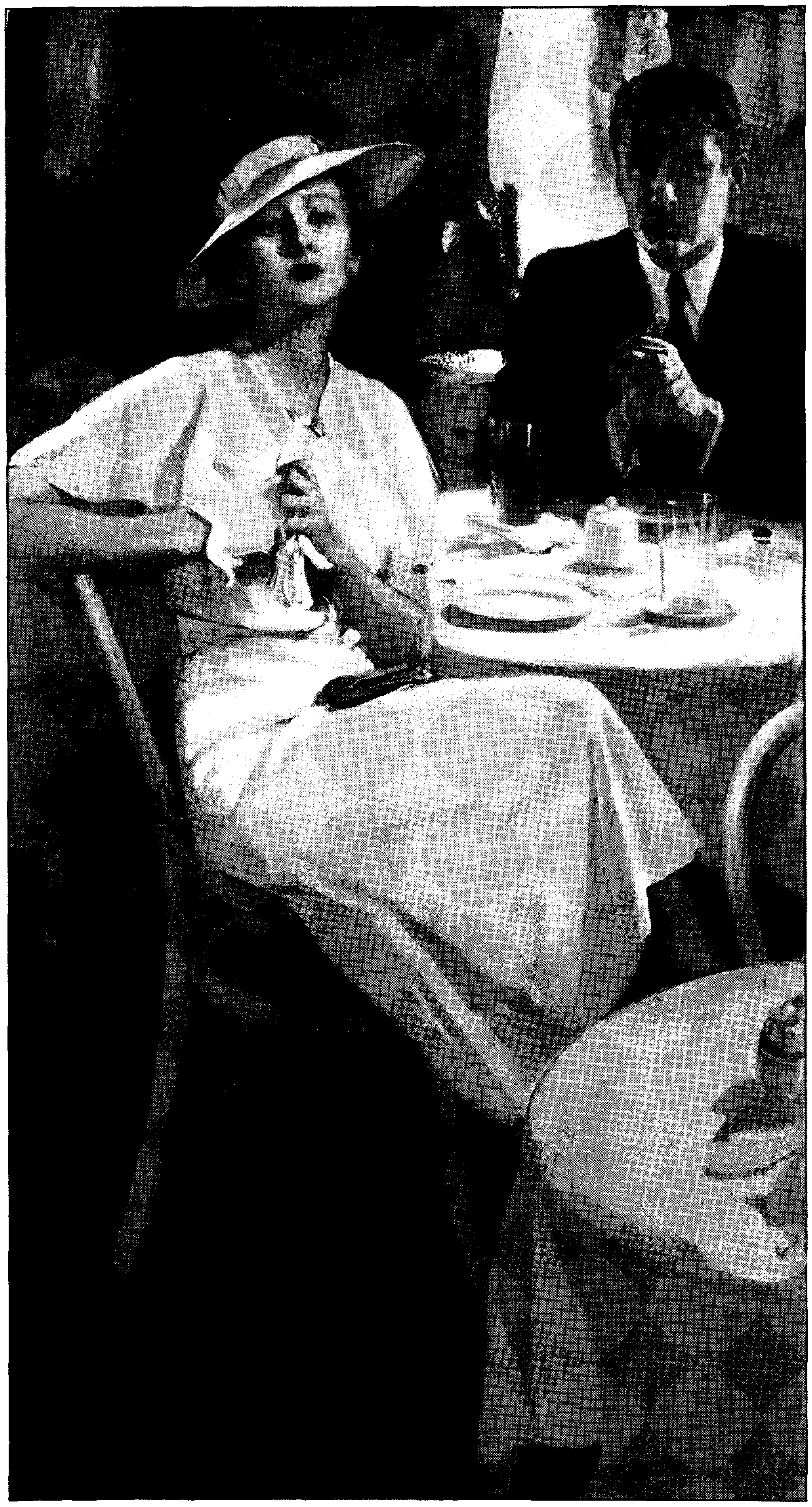
"You were fine," he assured her. "Great publicity for the state—not only the youngest but the most beautiful delegate." He took her hand, paternally—or was it paternal? she wondered. "I've got another job for you, Ruth. There's to be a speech seconding the President's nomination from every delegation. I want you to make the speech for us."

"But Mrs. Bates expects to do that. She's got it almost written."

"Who told her to? Mrs. Bates is a good worker, but she's fat and fifty-seven. We want the state to make a good showing. You do it, Ruth."

She felt she ought to say no; but before she could say anything the car had pulled up before the Renton, and the policemen were clearing away the crowd that packed the sidewalk—all but the newspaper photographers. Again she stood beside the senator, blinking at the flashlights; then he was opening her way through the crowd that swarmed in the doorway, milled around the lobby. As they moved toward the elevators she glanced about—and saw a tall young man staring at her across the crowd; a man who looked like Dick Thurston . . . who could be Dick Thurston. When last she had heard of him he was a newspaperman in Washington; he'd probably be here. . . . As she stepped into the elevator he was still staring, miserable but stubborn—just as he had looked the night they parted, seven years ago.

And she was no longer having such a wonderful time at the convention.



"Save your money," she said, "and buy a nice desert island"

ALONE in her room—next door to the state headquarters, just down the corridor from the senator—she relaxed wearily in a negligee, and decided to lunch in her room after her bath. The senator had wanted her to lunch with him, but she had put him off. The veterans didn't like her being pushed so suddenly to the front—elected a delegate at large by the state convention when she was still a novice, and then getting all the publicity; and she didn't want to be a disruptive influence in the organization.

As the senator, her father's friend, had put it to her, it had seemed her duty to go into politics, and for seven years she had been doing her duty. But unmistakable symptoms told her that now she must stop thinking of her father's friend, the senator, and consider Warren Storrs, a man. . . . Well? He was certainly more worthy of considering than any of her recent suitors—a man of distinction, whose wife would be somebody in Washington and would have time to keep an eye on her Ayresville interests too. She liked him; she trusted him; with his trim figure, his raven-black hair, he looked—and doubtless felt—twenty years younger than his age; and, if you cared for that sort of thing, it would be something of a triumph to capture that renowned and wary bachelor. In a world where you had to take not what you wanted but what you could get, it would make sense.

Or would have made sense if she hadn't seen Dick Thurston.

Staring drearily into the smoke of her cigarette, she wondered if she would ever feel again what Dick had made her feel that summer seven years ago. She had just finished school and he, just out of college with all sorts of honors, was taking a holiday at home before he went to New York to carve out a career; they were a natural match, the Bright Boy and the Golden Girl of Ayresville—but the attraction that swept them together had been simple and direct. And headlong; she was in his arms before he realized that the man who married Tom McCulloch's daughter married not only a fortune but a job—before she realized that a boy who was so sure he could make his own career in New York had no relish for staying in a small town where for years he would be only Tom McCulloch's son-in-law.

SHE could see his point, now; but then— Her father wasn't well; before long his only child must take over his responsibilities, and it had seemed simply incredible luck that she had fallen in love with the very man who was best fitted to help her. But he couldn't see her point either.

"The life I want," he told her, "the work I want, is in New York—or Washington; and I know I'm good enough to put myself over. If you love me as much as you say you do, you'll go with me."

"And live on dividend checks while employees do my job? Anyway, I've seen New York and I prefer Ayresville. I hate to see all the ambitious young people leaving the small towns; it's bad for the country. There's a life, a culture in places like this that's worth saving; and a girl who gets all her money out of Ayresville ought to try to save it. If you loved me as much as you say you do, you'd stay here and help me."

That was a dilemma with no exit; so after a week of heartbreaking argument he went off to New York, and she stayed in Ayresville and did the best she could. . . . And now? She had her life and he had his; she seldom heard of him any more but she supposed he was getting along all right, and if they met now they probably would have nothing to say to each other . . . And perhaps a meeting would be the best way to get this off her mind.

She got up, began to run a bath. In her pile of luggage she found the black bag that held her toilet articles—bought just before she got on the train, too late to be initialed; she opened it—and stared at a man's hairbrushes, a shaving set. Whose—? But the monogram told her—WFS. Of course—her baggage and the senator's had come in together, and this was a common enough type; no wonder the bellboy had mixed them up. . . . There was a bottle in the bag, too. Curious; since repeal you didn't need to bring a bottle to a convention. . . . But this seemed to be a very special bottle.

Her dark eyes studied the label a long time, somberly reflective. Then she telephoned for a bellboy to exchange the bags, and as she waited for him she wondered if anything made sense.

DICK had turned abruptly away as she vanished in the elevator, only to run into a man who seized his hand. Bill Foster, Washington correspondent of the New York Dispatch; Dick had worked for him till a year or so ago—and almost wished he were working for him again.

"Hello, Dick. These conventions are like college reunions; you meet everybody you used to know. . . . Going somewhere, or just standing around?"

"I'm on my way to have a drink; I seem to need one. How about you?"

"Oh, no doubt I could stand one, too." And presently, at a table—"You're doing a little lobbying, I hear," said Foster. Dick stiffened.

"Well—if you care to call it that. I'm representing the League for Cultural Rehabilitation—trying to get their plank into the platform."

"Lobbying," said Foster, "is exactly what I'd call it. However, I suppose they pay you a lot of money for it, so I can't blame you—much."

"They don't pay me a cent! I'm not a lobbyist; I make a living as a free-lance writer." (Not so good a living as when he had worked for Foster; but he wouldn't admit that.) "The league's got no money, anyway—but it's got a good idea; I'm for it. And since I know a lot of politicians, and the others don't, I promised to get something done about the idea."

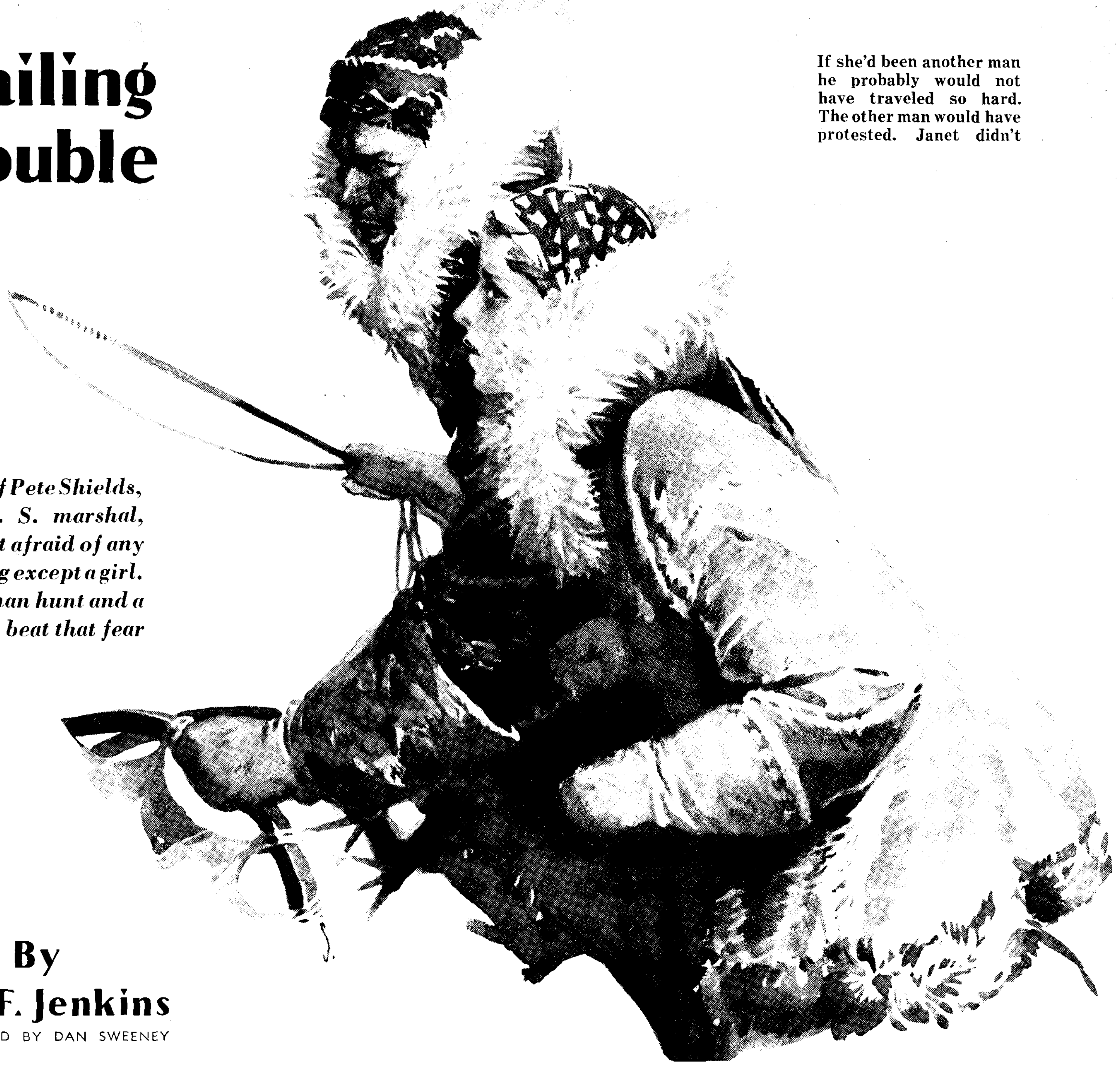
"For nothing, eh? That's different; but— Looking for a cigarette?" said Foster. "Here . . . Dick, you certainly are the damnedest fellow—kicking yourself out of good jobs and then wasting your time and money on some impossible gesture of altruism. Better go feed the birds in a park."

"It's not impossible. The Republicans took our plank at Cleveland."

"An opposition can afford to take anything harmless that might bring in some votes. But you'll have a heck of a time getting it into this platform; these people are defending a record, and sticking to it. I've read your plank; it's a good

(Continued on page 46)

Trailing Trouble



If she'd been another man he probably would not have traveled so hard. The other man would have protested. Janet didn't

The saga of Pete Shields, deputy U. S. marshal, who wasn't afraid of any living thing except a girl. It took a man hunt and a capture to beat that fear

By

Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THE last steamer to come down the Tanana before the freeze-up brought a letter which took Pete Shields upriver again. He was a deputy marshal then, and the letter was not originally written to him. Janet Blair had it—the Janet Blair who was Grace Blair's sister, Grace being the prettiest girl in Fairbanks. Janet had gone through high school with Pete, and they seemed always to be seeing each other to speak to, but that was all. Janet was a public stenographer now, and spent the summer working, when she said polite things to cheechako clients. In winter, when cheechakos were rare, life was less polite and much more natural.

She gave the letter to Pete Shields. He looked at the first line, which began, "Darling!" He looked up, embarrassed.

"You don't want me to read this!" he protested.

Her cheeks were pink, but she nodded.

"Nothing to be ashamed of," she said calmly. "Tom Holmes. Wedding in the spring. Read it. It's about Tom's partner."

Pete read on, and his face changed. He was, you remember, a deputy marshal. His work was supposed to be definitely limited, yet he was expected to see that nobody sold whisky to Aleuts and Tlingits, keep an eye on divers matters of game and mining laws, act as *de facto* justice of the peace, and be health officer and general maid of all work. But he was human.

He read this letter carefully, then handed it back.

"Thanks," he said. "It's a tip."

Janet looked at his face. It was hard now, and purposeful.

"Tom's trapping," she told him. "He says he's found the one place where he's bound to make a stake by spring. He saw two silvers, this summer. It's a trapper's paradise. Is—his partner Jules Farmier?"

Pete Shields shrugged, but his face remained hard.

"I'm not sure," he said reservedly, "but I'm going up there to see. I'm rather anxious to catch Jules."

He was. Janet Blair knew it. Everybody knew it. Jules Farmier was once a salmon fisherman, and he turned poacher, and things got too hot for him and he went inland. His strength was monstrous and his ideas of humor were also monstrous. Pete Shields' best friend had died because of Jules' idea of a jest. It had seemed exquisitely humorous to him, after a holdup, to pour water upon a bound and helpless man in a temperature of twenty-two degrees below zero.

"TOM will be all right," said Pete. "Anyhow until I get there. Jules will be amused to watch Tom making a stake for him."

Janet caught her lip between her teeth. Then she said:

"I'm going with you, Pete."

"Hardly," said Pete. "Hardly!"

"If Tom's got Jules for a partner," insisted Janet, "and Jules is going to kill him in the spring for his furs, then Tom needs somebody to look after him. He does, Pete. You know it."

Pete was thinking exclusively of Jules Farmier. She could see it. His face was savage. He had hunted for Jules for a long time, and he was already planning how to get upriver, now that the last steamer had come down. He turned impatiently away.

"Don't worry about Tom," he said curtly. "I'll go up at once. And you stay here. It's best."

"I won't stay here," said Janet. "I'm going with you."

Pete did not hear her. He was thinking about Jules. Until the next morning, when he was ready to start, he would have sworn that Janet could not and would not go. He'd said he'd make her stay home.

But he didn't. She went along. After all, Pete Shields was human.

They went up the river. It was unconventional. Highly unconventional. But this was winter, when cheechakos are rare and men and women are judged by their friends instead of public opinion. Pete and Janet had gone to school together. He felt no more impulse to politeness or romance with her than he would have with his sister. Probably less, which may have pleased Janet. Maybe! Pete thought exclusively of Jules Farmier, who had killed Pete's best friend. He drove hard. He talked little. He paid no more attention to Janet than he would have to another man. In fact, if she'd been another man he probably would not have traveled so hard. The other man would have protested. Janet didn't.

They camped. They camped again. And again. And again. The strain told on Pete Shields.

JANET grew thinner too. Her eyes began to look bigger. When night came and they camped, she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Once, she tried to go without food because every muscle in her body cried out for rest. But Pete raged at her. She would go without food? Grow weak? And he'd have to wait for her to grow strong again? After all, he was traveling to get the man she was going to marry, to save him from a danger growing out of his own folly!

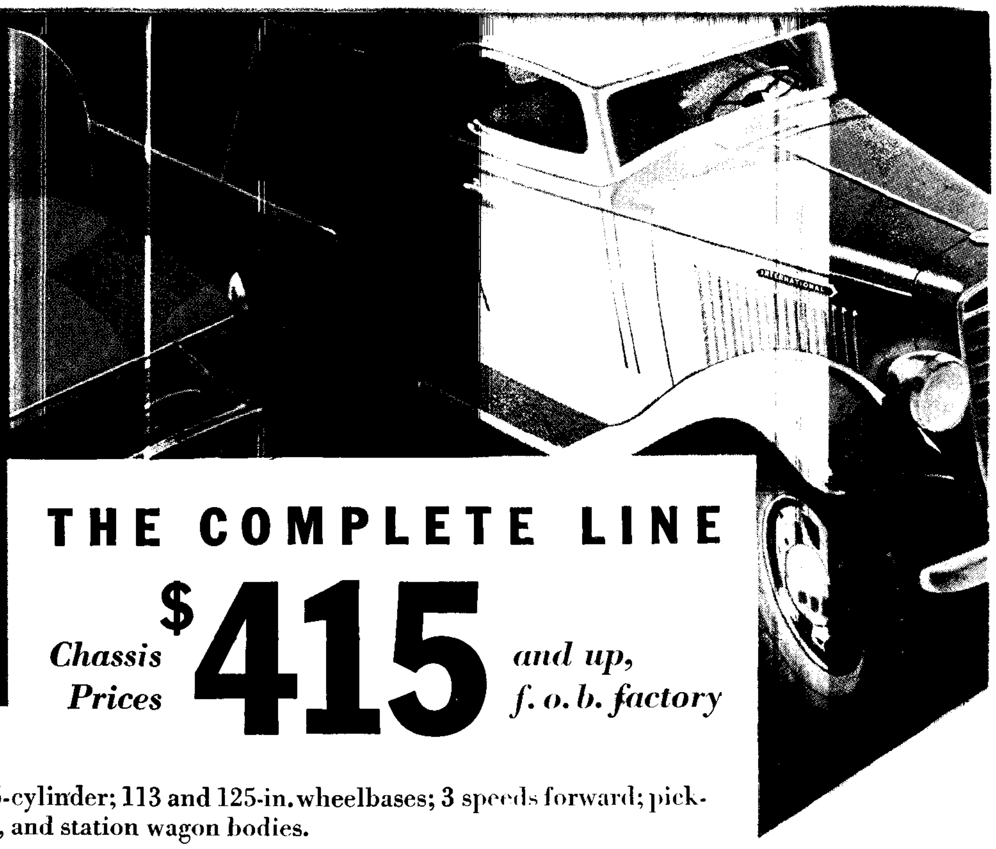
Janet looked queerly at him when he said that. She looked as if she wanted to correct him, somehow. But she did not.

She looked truculently at him. And the fire cast a ruddy, flickering glow upon her face. Pete growled to himself as he looked at her. But he gave her his entire attention for the first time, probably, in his life. He saw her with her face framed in the dark wolverine fur which lined the hood of her parka. Firelight beat upon her, and showed her as

(Continued on page 25)

HALF-TON *to* SIX-WHEELER

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



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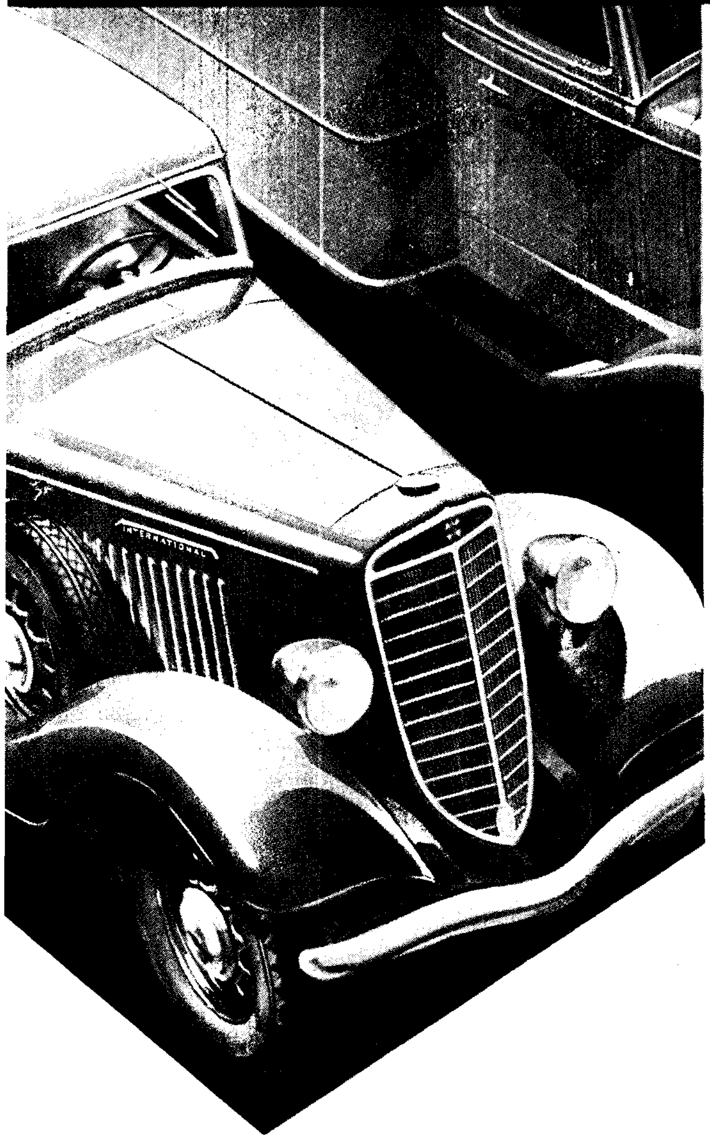

Model C-1, ½ Ton—6-cylinder; 113 and 125-in. wheelbases; 3 speeds forward; pick-up, panel, canopy-top, and station wagon bodies.

Model C-5, ½ Ton—4-cylinder; 113 and 125-in. wheelbases; 3 speeds forward; pick-up, panel, canopy-top, and door-to-door delivery bodies.

Model C-10, ¾ Ton—4-cylinder; 133-in. wheelbase; 4 speeds forward.

Model C-15, ¾ to 1 Ton—6-cylinder; 136-in. wheelbase; 3 speeds forward.

Model M-3, 1 Ton—Door-to-door delivery—4-cylinder; 118-in. wheelbase; vacuum or manual-controlled clutch; 4 speeds forward; special milk-delivery body.

Model C-20, 1 to 1½ Ton—4-cylinder; 133 and 157-in. wheelbases; 4 speeds forward.

Model C-30, 1½ Ton—6-cylinder; 133, 157, and 172-in. wheelbases; 4 speeds forward. Model CS-30—2-speed rear axle; 8 speeds forward.

Model C-300, 1½ Ton—Cab-Over-Engine type—6-cylinder; 99 and 117-in. wheelbases; 4 speeds forward.

Model C-35, 1½ to 2 Ton—6-cylinder; 136, 160, and 175-in. wheelbases; 4 speeds forward. Model CS-35—2-speed rear axle; 8 speeds forward. Model C-35-T, 1½ to 4 Ton—6 wheels; trailing axle; 168 and 186-in. wheelbases. Model CS-35-T: Same as C-35-T, except with 2-speed rear axle; 8 speeds forward.

Model C-40, 2 to 3 Ton—6-cylinder; 145, 155, 170, and 185-in. wheelbases; 5 speeds forward. Model CS-40—2-speed rear axle; 10 speeds forward. Model C-40-T, 2 to 5 Ton—6 wheels; trailing axle; 168, 186, and 204-in. wheelbases. Model CS-40-T: Same as C-40-T, except with 2-speed rear axle; 10 speeds forward. Model C-40-F, 2 to 5 Ton—6 wheels; dual-drive; 15 speeds forward; wheelbases same as C-40-T.

Model C-50, 3 to 4 Ton—6-cylinder; 145, 156, 170, and 185-in. wheelbases; 5 speeds forward. Model CS-50—2-speed rear axle; 10 speeds forward. Model C-50-T, 3 to 6 Ton—6 wheels; trailing axle; 170, 188, and 206-in. wheelbases. Model CS-50-T; Same as C-50-T, except with 2-speed rear axle; 10 speeds forward. Model C-50-F, 3 to 6 Ton—6 wheels; dual-drive; 15 speeds forward; wheelbases same as C-50-T.

Model C-55, 3½ to 4½ Ton—6-cylinder; 140, 156, 170, 190, and 210-in. wheelbases; 5 speeds forward. Model C-55-T, 3½ to 7 Ton—6 wheels; trailing axle; 170, 206, and 224-in. wheelbases. Model C-55-F, 3½ to 7 Ton—6 wheels; dual-drive; 15 speeds forward; wheelbases same as C-55-T.

Model C-60, 4 to 5 Ton—6-cylinder; 140, 156, 170, 190, and 210-in. wheelbases; 5 speeds forward; double-reduction final drive. Model C-60-T, 3½ to 7 Ton—6 wheels; trailing axle; 170, 206, and 224-in. wheelbases.

Model A-7, 5 to 7½ Ton—6-cylinder; 160, 180, 200, and 225-in. wheelbases; air brakes; 5 speeds forward. Model A-7-F, 5 to 7½ Ton—6 wheels; dual-drive; 190, 208, and 226-in. wheelbases; air brakes.

Model A-8, 7½ Ton—6-cylinder; 160, 180, 200, and 225-in. wheelbases; air brakes; 5 speeds forward.

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Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

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. . . WILLARDS COST LESS TO OWN

Trailing Trouble

Continued from page 22

slim and lissome even in the heavy garments of the trail. Her mittens were tiny. Her feet were ridiculously small.

"You make me mad, Pete," she said.

He shrugged.

"You shouldn't have come."

"I'm not Grace," said Janet shortly. Grace was her sister and very beautiful and very, very helpless. Therefore many men wanted to marry Grace and have her keep house for them—at which she would also be helpless. "I've kept up, haven't I?"

Pete nodded impatiently.

"And you're in a tremendous hurry, if you don't think Tom is in danger," added Janet. "That's more reason for me to be here. Jules Farmier is dangerous. And you're brave and strong and all that, Pete Shields, but women have fought for their men before now when they were needed. And I can shoot!"

After a moment she added again:

"And Tom isn't clever. He might believe whatever Jules has told him. He might not believe you. He might be—silly when you try to arrest Jules. And I can handle him."

"He's a damned fool!" said Pete savagely. "Wanting you to think for him when—"

He stopped and knocked out his pipe. Janet said quickly:

"Wanting me instead of Grace? But you're wrong. She is pretty. But she wouldn't have the nerve to go up with you. She'd sit around home and cry. Tom'd be in a bad fix if he had to depend on Grace to get him out of this mess he's in."

"Perhaps," said Pete Shields. "But I'm going to keep on traveling hard."

But he didn't. He eased up. It was really necessary for himself as well as Janet. And because he had come really to look at Janet, he thought about her, of which his easing-up was proof. And because he thought about her and liked her, he began to form a very high ideal for the man she married to live up to. And because he knew Tom Holmes, he doubted greatly that Tom Holmes equaled it.

Pete Shields was human.

THEY stopped in midmorning, twelve days out from Fairbanks. The dogs waited, panting, while the leader turned and cocked inquiring eyes at Pete.

Pete went forward and looked at the regularly spaced, irregularly shaped depressions in the snow ahead. Then he turned his head.

"This is Tom's trap line. We're near his cabin."

Janet drew a deep breath.

"What are you going to do?"

"Go ahead and arrest Jules. Tell Tom you're here. Then out with Jules. Take you and Tom too, I suppose, to a preacher, if he needs looking after so much."

His voice was professional, dry. Janet swallowed.

"Pete—how'll I know everything is all right?"

"Old woods signal. Three shots."

He strode away. Janet stood motionless, watching his broad back swinging out of sight. Her face was very white despite the cold . . .

Pete followed the line of irregular depressions in the snow, searching warily for the cabin of Tom and Jules. Presently he saw it.

Pete stalked it. Slipping from one clump of thicker tree trunks to another, he edged toward it in a fashion that took him almost completely around it as he drew closer. In the circling he came upon a relatively fresh trail. He studied it intently. Snowshoes. The wide, short kind that a woodsman uses because he can weave in and out of thick timber without jamming them, while the long slim Creek shoes are faster, but unhandy in brush. Pete nodded to himself. Jules Farmier was a hunted man. He was, moreover, a predatory animal. He would inevitably think in terms of speed. So this broad snowshoe track leading away from the cabin was the track of Tom. He was away. And smoke came from the cabin chimney. So Jules was within.

The problem became simple. Pete continued his cautious advance.

At last he stopped, no more than thirty feet from the drifted-up wall of the cabin. He got out his revolver. He wriggled out half a dozen cartridges from his belt, under his parka. He tossed the first of them.

The world was quiet. There was no wind nor any sound anywhere. The little clatter of the bullet on the split-log roof was extraordinarily loud. It would be louder yet within. But it would not be alarming, because it was on the roof.

He tossed a second. A third. He waited and tossed two more in quick succession. To Jules they would sound not quite like small animals scampering, but also not quite like anything else. Pete heard stampings inside the cabin. A heavy bar came away from inside the door. Snow crunched as someone went to look.

"Look, dear. He's trying to steal our car!" STEPHEN DONAY

Pete tossed the sixth shell and ran swiftly forward. Before the cabin, he abandoned his snowshoes to run on the hard-packed surface there. His last bullet had been accurately timed. It kept the cabin's occupant staring upward just long enough to let Pete get into position.

JULES FARMIER saw nothing to account for the queer noises. He scratched his head and started back to go within. He rounded the corner of the cabin and saw Pete Shields, crouched and ready. And Jules clawed at his hip even as Pete jumped him. He was snarling when a constellation of stars burst in his head. And he went down in a sprawling heap.

The cut on Jules' head was trivial, but Pete bandaged it conscientiously before Jules opened his eyes. He had him safely tied up by now.

Jules stirred, and Pete looked down at him.

"It's a pinch, Jules," he said grimly. "I'm taking you back to jail."

Jules' dazed eyes cleared. He snarled at Pete. But he was not unhandsome. Nearly a giant in stature, he would seem good-humored simply because he did not look malevolent. An average man or woman might be flattered if so huge and upstanding a mortal offered a seeming friendship. It was evidently the case with Tom. But Tom was not in the cabin, just now. He was away, and he might be gone for two or three days, or he might be back within five minutes. Actually, he came back in ten.

That ten minutes Pete spent in an examination of the cabin.

HE WAS interrupted by snarls from Jules, whose eyes now flamed, and who began to swear furiously at him for a fool who had mistaken him for someone else. He raised his voice to a shout.

"That means," said Pete crisply, "that you hear Tom, eh?"

He faced the door as Jules' cursing took on new depth and sincerity. And he was wholly alert when the door crashed open and Tom Holmes came in, blinking in the sudden change from out of doors. He looked around belligerently until he saw Pete. Then he grinned sheepishly.

"H'llo, Pete. I heard a riot goin' on. What's the matter?"

Jules Farmier's face was savage in disappointment.

"Your partner," said Pete Shields grimly, "is Jules Farmier. I came up to get him. You've heard of Jules."

"Sure," said Tom. "But he ain't Jules Farmier. He's my partner. He looks like Jules, sure. He's had a lot of trouble on account of it. We been partners for"—he lied loyally—"for a coupla years!"

"All right," said Pete sourly. "Go outside the door and shoot three times. You'll find out he's Jules, all right. There's somebody who'll convince you."

He handed Tom the revolver he had taken from Jules. And Jules Farmier spoke cajolingly for the first time since he had recovered consciousness.

"Tom! You promeesed! *Nomme de*—"

"Yeah," said Tom resolutely. He straightened up and the weapon Pete had just given him now bored suddenly into Pete's body. "Stick 'em up, Pete! I promised my partner I wouldn't ever let anybody pinch him for lookin' like Jules. Because there's guys that got a grudge against him an' they'd swear his life away. Jules' friends, they are. So—"

The gun was thrust back as Pete surged forward, choking with wrath.

"You damned fool!" raged Pete. He thrust his face close to Tom's, and Tom moved back half a pace, still holding the weapon. "You fool! Jules would let you work for him all winter and murder you in the spring for the furs you've taken! You'd turn that damned killer loose—"

Tom gave ground to Pete's seeming fury. And he stumbled and went over backward, Pete having forced him against a clumsy stool. Pete snatched the gun away as Tom went down. He flung it furiously to one side. Then, seething, he stripped off his parka.

"Get up," he raged, "so I can knock you down again!"

Tom got up, protesting as he rose: "But he ain't Jules! He's—"

Thud! Pete knocked him down again. He was quivering with rage, with a wrath out of all proportion to Tom's muddle-headed interference. Tom scrambled to his feet a second time.

"You'd plug me, eh?" *(Thud!)* "To give Jules a—" *(Thud!)* "chance to murder you! And there's Janet—" *(Thud! Thud!)* "come to marry you—" *(Thud!)* "and damn you—" *(Thud!)* "you'd let him find her—"

Tom suddenly stepped back and dropped his arms. His face was bruised and already swollen. His lip was split. One eye was badly battered and the other looked suspiciously unwell. But he dropped his arms and panted helplessly:

"For God's sake! What are you talkin' about? I just want to let my partner go."

"There's a gun!" snarled Pete, pointing. "I told you to go outside and shoot three times. Now do it! And if you try to plug me I'll kill you!"

TOM blinked. But Pete was dead-white with an inexplicable rage. Tom picked up the gun, his face bewildered.

"S-shoot heem!" snarled Jules. "Queeck!"

Tom blinked again. Pete regarded him with so baleful a glare that he went docilely to the door. He opened it and fired three shots outside. He turned bewilderedly back to Pete.

There was silence. Stillness. An illimitable quietude all about. Then the crack of a dog whip.

Far, far away through the open door, dark specks showed upon the snow. They came near. They were dogs. There was a sled. Janet drove it. They came closer yet. Pete Shields regarded Tom with a bitter satisfaction. He did not look like a romantic figure prepared to welcome a fiancée. He wasn't.

Janet halted the dog team. Tom's mouth dropped open. She turned and looked at the two men in the cabin door.

"Janet!" said Tom Holmes blankly. "Where's Grace?"

"Home," said Janet. "She worried about you. So I came up."

Pete Shields stiffened. His eyes opened very wide. He stalked forward. Janet faced him defiantly.

"Confound you!" he growled. "You said—"

"I never said I was engaged to him," she insisted defensively. "You took it that way, but I didn't say it. Grace is, and—"

"And she's a ninny who sits back home crying while you see about things for her. God bless her!" said Pete Shields grimly. "But you're going to get married just the same!"

"I won't!" she cried fiercely. "I won't."

"To me," growled Pete. "And try and get out of it!"

"I—won't," said Janet. But her voice was only shaky. "I—I w-won't. . . ."

So Pete kissed her. He could have taken her words to mean a refusal. But he didn't. Pete Shields was human.

Why Millions Will Want to SWITCH TO 1937 DODGE

DETROIT—"I was fortunate enough to get an advance look at the new 1937 Dodge," says Eugene B. Meek. "If everybody 'falls' like I did, millions will want to change to Dodge this year. Dodge certainly gets my vote for giving America such a big, economical car at such a low price."

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—"I have just seen the gorgeous new Dodge for 1937!" exclaims Mrs. Ursula C. Dinegar. "I am certain that thousands will want to switch to this lovely looking new car. For a combination of safety, beauty and economy, I don't think there is any car like Dodge."

CHICAGO—"I'm not inclined to get over-enthusiastic," says Paul L. Dowty, "but I've just had a look at the new 1937 Dodge and I really am excited. I expected to see improvements but I wasn't prepared for a car as big and handsome as the new Dodge. It isn't difficult to see why thousands want to change to the new and bigger 1937 Dodge."

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 9

wide with a boot that half tore it from its faulty hinges. Then, keeping a good grip upon the girl's wrist, I followed Vaughn beachward across the gritting sands.

The wind had not yet struck us. Behind the beach, the tangled jungle of palms and buri stood perfectly quiet in the oppression of the waiting air.

Yet in that motionless air there was no silence.

We followed Charley Vaughn out to the rickety small-boat pier. The girl was looking angry and sullen, but I didn't dare let her go. A hundred feet out, the light gig from the yacht was groaning its rope-woven buffers against the pilings as it rose and fell, but I managed to get the girl down into the forward cockpit. A stocky Dutch boy who was handling the gig's outboard engine stared with stolidly astonished eyes as he saw what I had brought with me, but he crouched over his motor when I turned on him.

WE SWUNG out into the restless water of the anchorage, pointing at the Seasweep. The ninety-three-foot yacht was nosing unhappily at her chains. Her lower ports kept running under the tops of the tall swells, with a curiously unpleasant effect, like the eyes of something floating unwholesomely awash.

Her boarding ladder was dipping three or four feet into the sea and out again as we came alongside. Somehow, though, we got the girl up the streaming ladder and onto the deck.

At the companionway I hesitated a moment, uncertain as to what I had better do. In the end I took her to my own minute stateroom, where she sat down, dripping, upon a locker, and rubbed salt water out of her eyes.

I said, "How are you?"

She looked at me bleakly. "Just—perfectly—elegant. Don't be a fool. I feel awful."

"I'm sorry. Would you mind telling me now who you are?"

She said jerkily, "I—I'm Tonai Merriam. I mean, Mrs. Neal Merriam."

Neal Merriam, I knew, was a coconut planter over on the Davao Gulf. "Well, where the devil is your husband?"

"I don't know where he is." Her voice was husky, hardly more than a whisper. "John Barrett, you don't know what you're getting into here."

"Forget it," I told her. "Take it easy. What you need is some dry clothes, and a rubdown with a coarse towel."

Something puzzling, very like a glint of humor, showed in her eyes for a moment. "If you think," she answered me, "that you are going to rub me down with a coarse towel, or anything else, you're very much mistaken."

The glint died. She closed her eyes again, ducked her head miserably, and gave herself completely to wholehearted shivering.

I stood looking at her a moment more, swaying to the twisting pitch of the Seasweep as I considered. Besides Marise Lowry, only one other woman belonged aboard the Seasweep. This was a Mrs. Holderness, an elderly dragon of some indefinite relationship to Marise which I did not yet clearly understand. Under a former social regime, Mrs. Holderness would have been considered to be traveling as a chaperone to Marise. As things are, I hardly know whether Mrs. Holderness was meant seriously as a chaperone, or perhaps simply happened along for the ride. Whichever was true, I had a pretty clear idea that she disapproved of me very much.

Instinctively, therefore, I now turned to Marise. Four steps down the passage brought me to her door, and I knocked.

"Marise—may I talk to you a minute?"

The pleasant, smooth-toned voice of my fiancée came to me clearly. "Certainly not. I'm waving my hair."

Aboard the Seasweep, luxurious as it was, Marise always suffered from an impression that she was roughing it upon the face of the sea, under conditions severe in the extreme. This must have been because the Seasweep had no room for personal maids. Inasmuch as she dressed herself all over again three or four times a day, just as she would have done aboard a big luxury liner, I suppose this lack did put her to a lot of work.

I shouted impatiently through the door. "You're what?"

"I'm waving my hair."

"Darn it, Marise, I don't care if you're waving the Union Jack! I have to see you—do you hear?"

A certain amount of frosty silence followed this effort; but presently she opened the door.

Always, whenever I saw Marise again after a few hours' absence, I was surprised all over again at how lovely she was. This was true now. She was wearing an ultramarine peignoir which flounced at the bottom like an evening gown, around small blue-veined feet in white fur slippers. Marise would never have let herself be seen with her hair in a mess, so instead she had thrown a soft white towel over her head, and pinned it at the throat with a gold buckle as big as a cigarette case. There was something oddly chaste in appearance about that white cowl, perfectly becoming to the oval of her face, and her quiet, wide-set blue eyes.

"Marise," I said, "just before we sailed, some girl or other turned up on the beach, full of chills and malaria. God knows where she came from. But I had to bring her on."

"Well, really, do you have to be so deadly earnest about it?"

"She's drenching wet from coming out in the gig, and she's having a chill, and I think you ought to help her."

"Of course, I'll help her in any way I can. What color is she?"

"Color? White! A nice-looking girl. Go see for yourself. She's in my stateroom."

MARISE stared at me. "I don't believe it," she decided. She slid past me, and went to the door of my room, swinging suavely to the roll. Then she stood there staring blankly, and the girl on the locker stared back.

"How do you do?" my stranger said coolly.

"Nicely, thank you," Marise replied, "and how are you?" She turned on me sharply. "This is incredible. You expect me to believe—"

"I tell you, I don't know *where* she—"

The door across the passage opened to emit Mrs. Holderness. She was dressed in maroon corduroy, with an unbecoming large bib of lace, and she looked put out.

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded.

My patience was at an end.

"If I can't get one of you to get her into something dry, I'm going to—"

"Why didn't you call me in the first place?" Mrs. Holderness snapped. She touched the girl's forehead, pushed back the damp hair.

"For heaven's sake," the girl said, "will you people let me alone?"

Marise Lowry turned without comment, and went out.

"Get me some hot water," Mrs. Holderness ordered me.

As I went down the passage, the door of Marise Lowry's suite shut with a sharp metallic click. I think now I never heard any sound more expressive than that particular small click. It was somehow like the contemptuous twitch of a lip, when a slam would have been like a foolish outraged shout.

I sent a steward to my room with hot water, then went to stand in the wheelhouse behind the immensely broad back of Charley Vaughn, who was himself wrestling with the Seasweep in an effort to give her exactly the easiest course through the howl of the seas.

"Well," Vaughn boomed over the voice of the ship, "did you get your extra girl taken care of?"

"Charley," I said, "how in tarnation do you suppose that girl got onto Tunganan?"

A grim amusement appeared in Charley Vaughn's big face. He went through the motions, but not the reality, of spitting on the deck.

It was already becoming pretty plain to me that a situation had arisen in which I was unlikely to be believed, and which was going to leave a very peculiar taste in everybody's mouth when it was over. Considering my ambitious plans, the interruption was peculiarly ill-timed and unfortunate. Already, in the face of a hundred obstacles, I needed more tact and diplomacy than I knew anything about. With matters in the balance as they were, the meaningless intrusion of this mysterious, unknown girl might well be all I needed to set me back ten years, and perhaps lose Tunganan forever.

IN THE days of little sailing ships, Malangai's shallow, sheltered anchorage, with its gentle beaches and typhoon-fearless cliffs, had promised to become an important island port. It's nothing now. The anchorage will not let in the big oil-burning ships. A shacky native village, a few Chinese *tiendas*, and some Japanese agricultural projects on a small scale are the bulk of what's there.

Besides this, there are some big warehouses, and a group of houses that go with them, built by a trader named James Cooper—more familiarly known throughout Asiatic waters as Suva Jim.

Then, of course, there is the big plantation which I myself hacked out of the jungle and the cogon grass, with money which I obtained from Justin Lowry. There stand the *camarines* I built, and the big bodega, and the copra dryers. There are the long orderly rows of coconut trees I planted, and the rubber plantation, and the big planting of hemp. And the experimental pineapple acreage, which ought now to be turned into something else. During the midday siesta, the carabao—the big, deep-horned work cattle of the Malays—wallow in the ditches that Justin Lowry's money built. All these things are the very best of Malangai.

And, more particularly, there is the very ambitious house which goes with the plantation. It is rebuilt out of a little fort the Spanish once had. Not a very pretentious fort; I know of more than forty stone ruins of the Spanish military that are better known. It was just a little outpost that had been set up against Malay pirates, long ago. The outside measurement of its bastions never covered an area more than a hundred feet square. But it had stood for

(Continued on page 28)

GUARD HIS EYESIGHT... AT THE OPENING OF THE "*Eyestrain Season*"

LONG winter evenings ahead . . . books to read . . . games to play . . . all kinds of activities that impose extra burdens on his eyes and your own, unless you have good lighting in your home.

These facts tell you why you need good light. On an average, twenty out of every hundred school children; forty out of every hundred college students; sixty out of every hundred adults, have defective eyesight. An appalling condition . . . and much of it is caused by improper and inadequate lighting in the home. Why risk the eyesight of your family?

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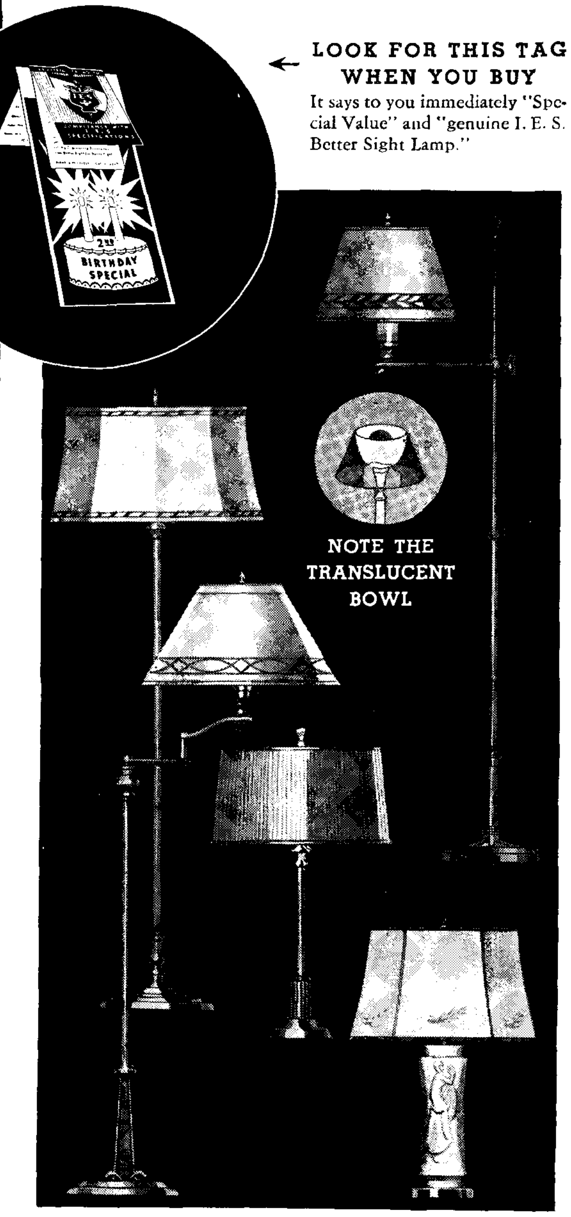

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Now you can have the finest lighting ever devised by science to make seeing safe in the home. The new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps give wonderful, soft, glareless lighting . . . much more light than ordinary lamps, for reading, study, playing cards, and all close work.

During October these sight-saving lamps are offered at remarkable savings in a nation-wide sale. These October specials include the newest types and latest styles of I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps. See these special values in sight-saving lamps at your department store, furniture store, lighting fixture store or at your lighting company. They are offered in a variety of models, and are specially priced for October. Write for an interesting folder entitled "Eyesight Protection for Young and Old." General Electric Company, Dept. 166, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

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Eyesight protection isn't complete unless you use good lamp bulbs in your home. Fill sockets with G-E MAZDA lamps. They give you full value of light for the current they use. *They Stay Brighter Longer.*

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This new Genuine CHEVROLET HOT WATER HEATER will give you both this winter

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Genuine Chevrolet heaters are available in two sizes—one for average temperatures, the other for extreme cold. Both are exceptionally low in price. The defrosting attachment is extra, at an attractive price.

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COMPLETE LINE OF CUSTOM-BUILT WINTER ACCESSORIES

(Continued from page 26)

more than half a century, and the Spanish had kept trying to improve it, so that there was plenty of stone.

A lot of my thought had gone into the conversion of that ruined stone. Ever since I had taken over, there had always been a few native artisans, and a bunch of tao laborers, working away at fitting the old coral blocks into something new. The labor, persistent though it was, never cost very much on the island scale. Neither did the furnishings. I used all the Moro ironwork I could, for it is fine work, but has no market, so brings no money considering what it is. And I used a lot of old, forgotten wood carvings, and native fabrics, such as sell for junk, or are easily traded for. The plumbing was the worst obstacle, but I had managed it, by putting into it just about everything that was coming to me from the plantation.

It wasn't finished yet; not even after the four years in which Justin Lowry had never set foot on Malangai. But it was fixed up well enough so you could see its possibilities. I would not have been ashamed of it wherever it was set down, any place in the world; and I thought that it fitted here.

You see, all the time I was building it I was thinking of Marise. I wanted Marise to be proud of this place, where, I hoped, she was going to live. More than that—I wanted it to be a place where she could be comfortable, serene, and happy. She was accustomed to an awful lot of stuff. I was more than a little proud of what I had accomplished with the coral blocks of the old fort.

This was the place to which the people of the Seasweep now retreated. Malangai is a good thirty miles from Tunganan, but the Seasweep clipped it off in short order—speeded up a good deal, but was not made more comfortable, by a stern wind that seemed to be trying to kick her out of the sea. We came reeling and plunging into the Malangai anchorage well ahead of the worst of what was coming, but mighty glad to come to anchor just the same. By dusk the Seasweep's gig had set ashore her passengers—an altogether cross, wet, disgruntled group of white people.

The girl who was so embarrassing me by her unaccountable existence was somehow got to bed by Mrs. Holderness. I was sorry to note that Mrs. Holderness was assisted in this by some of my Bilaan houseboys, but not by Marise, who secluded herself in her room. When this was done Mrs. Holderness also retired, in a silence from which I drew no encouragement whatever.

WHEN I had taken a fresh-water shower and a rubdown, I wandered disconsolately about the big rooms, listening to the rising howl of the wind. Sea and sky had blackened rapidly before sundown, and the air was turning damp and cold.

The dining room was well lighted up. (I had been going to call the dining room a refectory, but the Lowrys were from the Mississippi Valley, and did not take up with this.) Coming to the dining-room door, I perceived that the general situation, taken as a whole, had suggested to Justin Lowry that it was time to have something to eat. Either he had not been so seasick as I had feared, or he had reacted from it with a characteristic, stubborn ferocity. So there he was, stuffing himself, mainly with rice and tea.

I was hungry too, and I would have liked to join Lowry, but I shied off. Justin Lowry was a blocky, determined man of fifty-eight, and he did things in a determined way, and I did not feel equal to a determined conversation just now. The force of character which had won Lowry his millions was visible in the upper half of his face; the wide-set eyes and blunt nose had an implacable look, something like a maneless lion, so that few ever noticed that his mouth and chin were undistinguished. Those wide-set eyes could take on a singularly baleful look, and they were baleful now.

Out in the kitchen I found some cold chicken, and ate it standing up. Some flying cockroaches big enough to be birds of prey were batting back and forth from wall to wall, and I offered to pull my cook's head off if he didn't do something about it. And I ordered trays sent to the women in their rooms.

After that I went to the room which I used as an office—a good-sized room just off the portal—and settled myself to make the most of a cigar. But the thing was no more than well lighted when Henry Shane came and found me there.

Shane draped his meager frame irregularly over the arms and back of a chair and looked gloomily worried. Shane had been with me only a few weeks. By nature he was a professional worrier, and already he had taken all of my troubles, without in the least understanding them, and placed them on top of his own.

"I'm glad you're back," he said now. "I was half looking for you to get hung up behind the *baguio*. Which would then hang on for days, no doubt. Leaving everything here on my hands."

THAT was typical of Shane. He had the attitude of a conscientious corporal, and I really believed he held himself personally responsible for everything that went wrong anywhere. A long time ago Shane had come out to Manila as a fireman, and there jumped ship. Years of poor pay had combined with malaria, amoebic dysentery, and a touch of jaundice to make him permanently fretful. He was as unsuccessful in the islands as he had been at home, but remained knocking about, unwilling to go back. Like many another expatriate failure, he concealed a stubborn streak which kept him on the edge of the map. Such men are commonly untrustworthy, and not satisfactory to hire; but Shane kept moving, and stayed fairly sober, so I kept him on at low pay, mostly because I was sorry for him.

"Lon Llewellyn finally brought the Mindoro Maid back from Zamboanga," Shane reported now. The Mindoro Maid was my own boat, and Lon Llewellyn was her skipper and my friend. "I guess you saw the Mindoro Maid at anchor. It's a mighty good thing they got back. If they'd been held up much longer, we'd have run out of a lot of stuff. Like soap. Like kerosene."

I grinned. "I can imagine life without soap."

"Old Lowry—" Shane said, "I'll bet he'd raise hell. Two days without soap and everything around here would be crawling with ants, including old Lowry."

"Anything new here?" I asked.

"Suva Jim Cooper is back."

"Well—I know it. I saw his vessel."

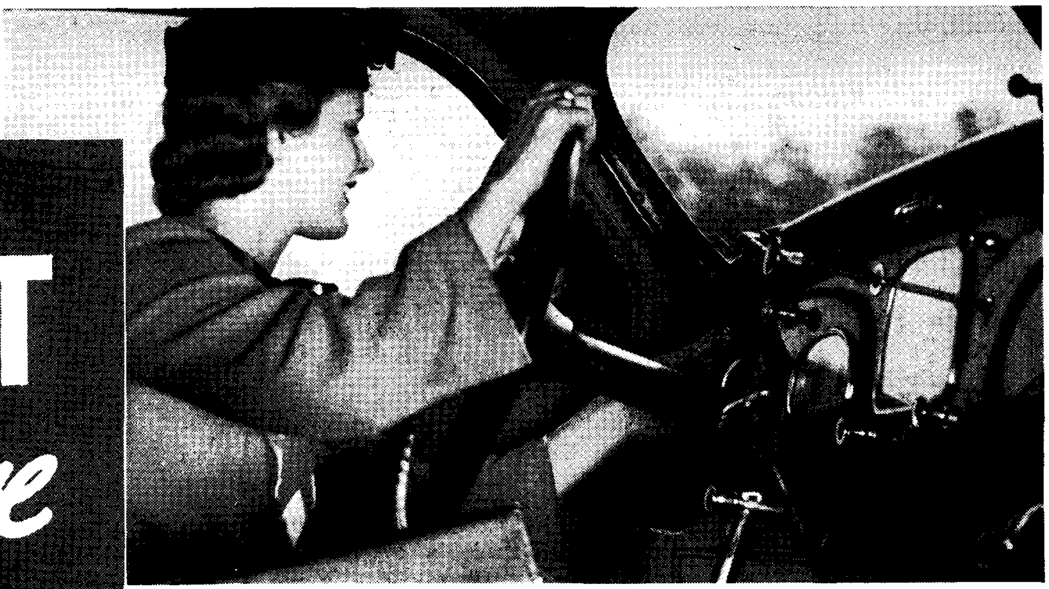
"Something funny is happening, John," Shane now said to me in a queer way, "and I don't like it. Up until the rollers began kicking hell out of his lighters, Suva Jim was unloading more stuff out of that boat of his than you'd think could be got in her. Two hundred sacks of cement, four thousand gallons distillate, two hundred and eighty-odd cases of canned goods—I don't know what all else. God knows what he's up to. You'd think he was figuring to move in a town. Where's the money come from? That's what worries me."

"We'll find out pretty soon. Probably nothing that's going to bother us."

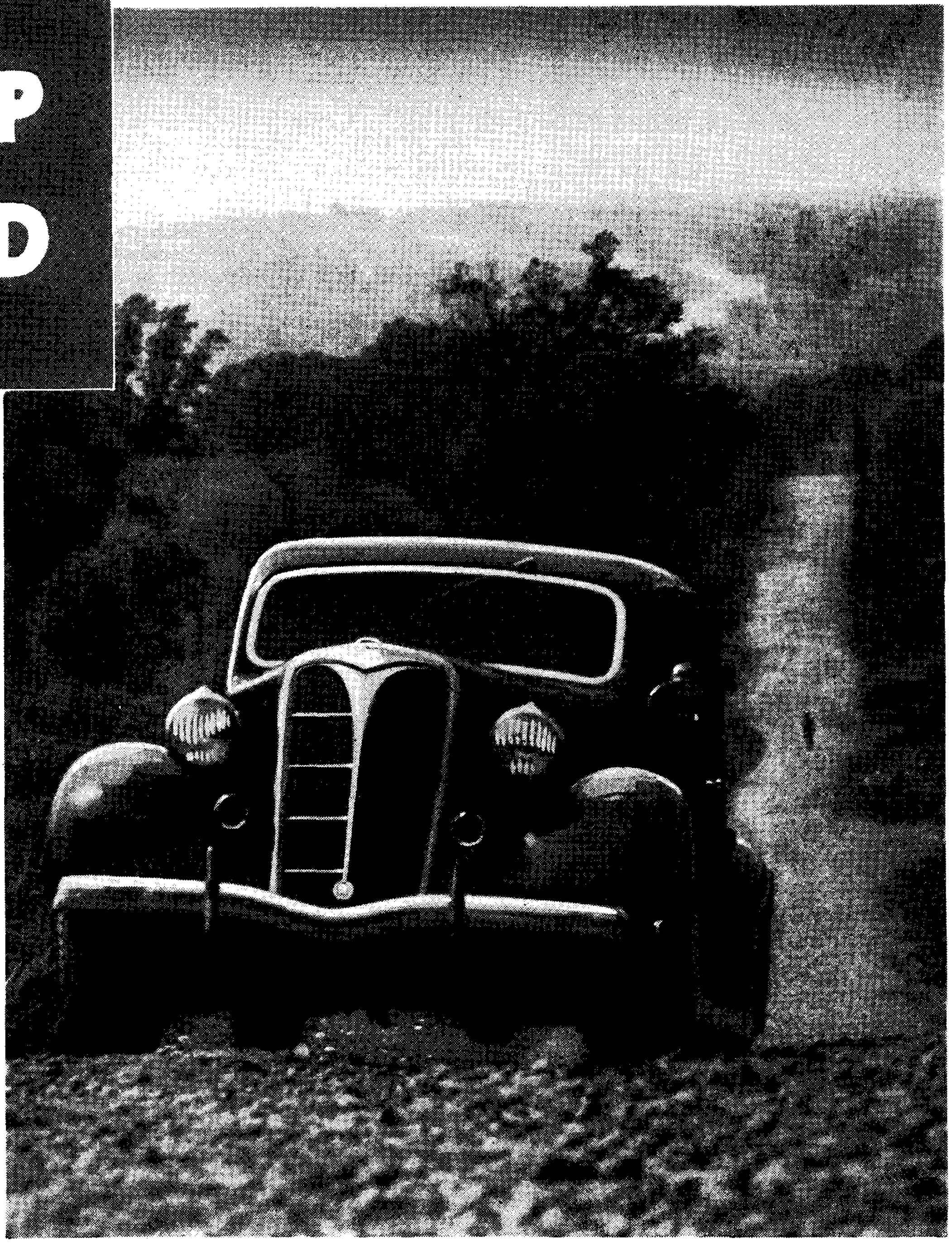
"Well, I don't like it." Shane was launched on his professional worrying again. "First thing we know," he predicted now, "Suva Jim will spring some crooked deal on us that will put us all out of business."

(Continued on page 30)

ONE START *can cause more engine wear than a* STEEP UPHILL GRIND



YOU NEED AN OIL THAT "STARTS" WITH YOUR STARTER. With slow-flowing oils, when your engine starts, over 100 moving parts rub together "dry" of lubrication. That's what wears out motors, runs up repair bills!



Starting causes ¾ of engine wear

ACCORDING to automotive engineers, it's not the long, high-speed trips that wear out your engine...it's the constant daily starts you make.

To cut down on this wear, you need a *fast-flowing* oil, one that reaches *all* parts of your engine instantly after starting.

New Fast-Flowing Oil Checks Starting Wear

But when your engine is warmed up, your oil must be *tough*... able to hold its body and resist breaking down into sludge and carbon.

These two qualities have now been combined in one oil. At a cost of $3,000,000, Shell engineers have produced Golden Shell Motor Oil... an oil that is both FAST-FLOWING and TOUGH.

Switch to Golden Shell Motor Oil today and keep your engine young a year longer. At over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.

The New Motor Oil

GOLDEN SHELL

Say... WHOSE FACE IS THIS?..
JOHN, DON'T BE RUDE ... IF DAD SAYS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS WONDERFUL FOR A TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN LIKE YOURS ... YOU MIGHT AT LEAST TRY IT!
WON'T YOU EVER STOP NAGGING? I TELL YOU—ALL SHAVING CREAMS ARE ALIKE!
BUT HE FINALLY GAVE IN
SO THIS IS A COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVE! WELL I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER HAD A CLOSER, MORE COMFORTABLE SHAVE IN MY LIFE ... AND NOT A TRACE OF STING OR BURN, EITHER!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

THAT NIGHT
I HATE TO SAY 'I TOLD YOU SO,' DARLING ... BUT YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO SMOOTH THIS LATE AT NIGHT.
YOU WIN, DEAR ... THESE COLGATE SHAVES SURE LAST—AND MY SKIN FEELS WONDERFUL.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

(Continued from page 28)

"I don't doubt he'll try," I admitted shortly. I was well able to make up for myself all the pessimistic prophecies I could use. I now swung abruptly to the point that interested me most. "Henry, did you see that girl, the stranger, I mean, whom we brought back on the Seasweep from Tunganan?"

Henry Shane stared moodily at the floor; his jaws worked slowly, ruminatively, as if he were chewing tobacco, which he was not. I saw, with surprise, that Shane approached this subject reluctantly, perhaps even with dread.

"Yes," Shane admitted at last.

"Know her?"

This time Shane's hesitation was slight; yet so definitely noticeable that I knew he was weighing the advantages of telling the truth.

"No," Shane answered.

I looked him over for a long time, but he would not meet my eyes. "Why are you lying?" I asked him now.

Shane glanced up with a flare of that unstable anger common to the failures of the sea. "Look out who you're talking to! You can't—"

"Well, you are lying, aren't you?"

The flare of temper gave place to doggedness. "No," Shane said.

I THOUGHT this over for a moment or two, and in the end decided to bear down. "Now you look here, Henry, I—"

A Bilaan boy of mine named Gagahan tapped on the door, entered without being told, and shut the door behind him. This boy was one of the Bilaans I had imported from Mindanao; he had had a terrible time learning to understand me, but I liked him because of his almost pathetic eagerness to do exactly as he was told.

"Señor Barrett," he said now, "Jefe Lowry, he say he see you now."

There you have a sample of the peculiar force that was in Justin Lowry, that square-set, petulant, aggressive little man. That Bilaan boy was working for me, not Lowry. Yet I objected to the boy's tone, for it was that of a boy bringing an order from a superior to an inferior. There isn't much you can do, however, about anything like that.

I was wishing that Lon Llewellyn was with me now. Lon Llewellyn was the skipper of my Mindoro Maid, and my friend. He was always a good man to have with you when things were going badly, and the worse the situation the more valuable he was. But Lon was a moody independent sort. Almost anybody else in that lonely part of the world would have rushed ashore to meet the party from the Seasweep on any excuse, or with none; but Lon was quite capable of keeping to himself a day or more, if he was working on something aboard the Mindoro Maid and didn't feel like coming ashore. This almost surly independence often exasperated me with Lon Llewellyn, and I was exasperated now.

"Gagahan," I said, "go down to the jetty and get some kind of boat. Go out to the Mindoro Maid, and tell Señor Llewellyn to come here—at once. Do you understand me?"

"*Si, Señor.*"

"Hurry!" I snapped at him; and he went out. I rose to go.

"Think this thing over, Shane," I said, "and damn' well watch what you're about. I don't mean to be fooled with, do you understand?"

From the door I glanced back at him. He was still sitting exactly where he was; his eyes were on his hands and he was alternately pulling at each one of his thumbs. Something hypnotic about that gesture. As if the man were in the grip of a terrible indecision. Or perhaps in the grip of something worse—perhaps a deadly fear. I suppressed a silly impulse to yell at him, to see how high he would jump.

He was still sitting there as I left him; and I never saw Henry Shane alive again....

Justin Lowry pushed back his plate deliberately and patted his short mustache with his napkin. From above it his leonine eyes studied me with a detached disfavor. He spoke with a casualness so out of key that it amounted to a danger signal in itself.

"I merely wished to ask," he said politely, "whether you have anything more to say in favor of this Tunganan project before I make a final decision. You will readily admit, I think, that I was able to see little or nothing in the short time we were at Tunganan. I cannot remain in this God-forsaken place forever. You will readily understand that I have other responsibilities and interests. If you have anything further to say in behalf of your—what shall I say?—'project' for Tunganan, I suggest that you confide it to me so I can make my decision and be done."

Somewhere along the line I had mislaid my cigar, and I missed it now. Behind me, between those tall black windows which were such a mistake, there stood a big old *aparador*, a sort of Spanish highboy, or sideboard, covered with carving. I stood up now, and rummaged in a drawer of the *aparador* for one of my pipes. I found one and filled it; and I sat down and lighted it, before I spoke again. I knew he did not want to talk about Tunganan.

"Mr. Lowry," I said, "I have already told you all I know about the girl that turned up there just before we sailed. She says her name is Mrs. Neal Merriam. There's a Neal Merriam planting coconuts on the Davao gulf. As to how she got to Tunganan, I don't know any more than you do."

Justin Lowry did not stall. "I'm surprised," he said, "and disappointed in you. I am positively amazed that you are unable to think of any way to account for that—that woman, yet."

"Doubtless," I suggested, "she will make her own explanations when she is ready to."

"I'm not asking for her explanations. I'm demanding yours."

I shrugged. "I haven't any. I don't feel any are necessary. I told you the truth aboard the Seasweep, and that will have to do."

His head moved a fraction of an inch forward, and down, like an angering animal. "I warn you, Barrett, I'm not accustomed to being confronted in that tone!"

"Neither," I said, "am I."

THERE was a short impasse, while we held each other's eyes. Then I grinned a little; and Lowry visibly passed up a desire to make an issue of tones.

"I'll be frank with you, Barrett," Lowry said. "In my very humble opinion, this whole thing is as brazen a piece of monkey business as I've seen yet!"

"I think," I answered, "I understand your meaning. I'm sorry to have to tell you that I don't like it at all."

"He doesn't like it at all," Lowry repeated. "Well, how do you think Marise is going to like it?"

"I conceive that to be one of the answers belonging to Marise."

"I suppose," Lowry snarled at me, "you expect us to think that this unaccountable woman dropped out of the sky—is that your idea?"

Before I answered, I took three long pulls on my pipe, trying to remember that this man's capital was the foundation upon which all my plans were laid. "Let me suggest," I said, "that there is a hell of a lot of talk going on here about something we know nothing about."

"You mean to insinuate that I don't know what I'm talking about?"

I said slowly, "I don't insinuate. I state it frankly—you don't know what you're talking about."

Lowry stared at me, apparently dumfounded by my directness. "I never in my life ran into such a brassy piece of effrontery," he exclaimed. "With my daughter in this very house—"

"Mr. Lowry, all I ask is that we call a truce on this silliness until we get a few facts."

Lowry shrugged and threw down his napkin. "The least you can do, of course, is to see to her prompt removal. I will not tolerate a situation which in any way reflects upon—"

"I certainly will do nothing of the kind."

"*What?*"

"The girl is sick," I pointed out, "and apparently without resources. She's welcome here as long as I'm running this station."

Lowry's unaccustomed quietness was the worst danger signal yet. "You definitely take that stand?"

"Definitely."

"In that case," Justin Lowry said heavily, "I have nothing more to say to you at this time."

I nodded, thanked him briskly, and promptly went out. I was glad to be away from there before I lost my temper.

Passing through the portal, I turned, on an impulse, and opened the small door that was set into one half of the huge gatelike ones that filled the gaping mouth of the portal. I stepped out, stood in the shelter of the big stone arch, and for a while stood filling my lungs with wet air and looking at the night. It had begun to rain, with a hard, concentrated fury.

I STOOD there for some time. Through no fault of mine that I could see, the people for whom I had planned this house had suddenly managed to make its interior disagreeable to me. But presently the rain began to whip in beneath the sheltering arch, and I went in.

My hand was already upon the doorknob of my *oficina* when I stopped abruptly. I did not know what sound had told me that something had gone wrong in another part of the house. A night full of rain and wind has a thousand sounds, but from among them my overkeyed nerves had picked out one. I turned, ran across the drafty portal, and into the long dimly-lit hall that ran along the sleeping quarters. I knew as I did so that I was going to look like a fool if nothing was wrong; but I was thrust into motion by a single small sound which I could not explain.

I had almost reached the door of the room which had been given to Mrs. Merriam when it was flung open, and the girl herself swirled out, directly into my arms.

I had a momentary glimpse, by the light from within the room, of her white face, her frightened eyes; then I was holding her up.

She clung to me for a moment, her breath jerking hard against my ribs.

"Steady now," I said. "What the devil is this?"

She answered me inarticulately, and her eyes flickered, as if against her will, toward the lighted room. Gently I leaned her against the wall, and went in.

Henry Shane was curled up in the window embrasure; he looked comfortable there, one arm under his head, as if he had gone to sleep. Only, one shoulder dragged from the ledge of the window; and from the middle finger of the dangling hand a dark trickle was dropping, beginning a small puddle on the floor. And he was dead.

Even in my first glance, I saw that the window was latched from within!

(To be continued next week)

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO

No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY
HALF AND HALF
BUCKINGHAM
CUT PLUG
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Reach new heights of pipe-pleasure with Half & Half. Cool as a bill for last year's taxes. Sweet as the proof you don't owe a dime. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

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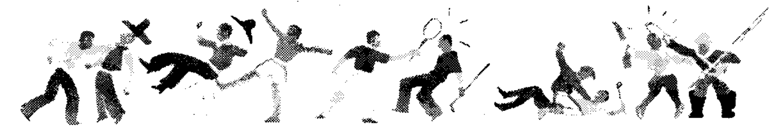
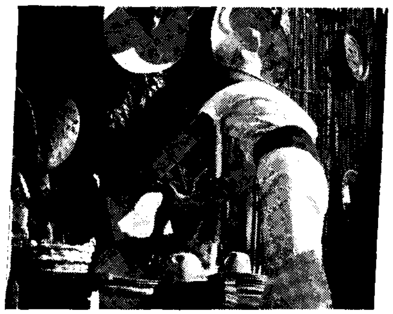
HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

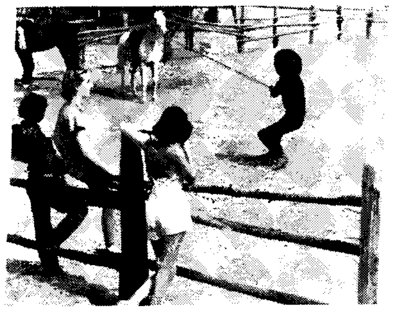
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VACATIONISTS DISAGREE

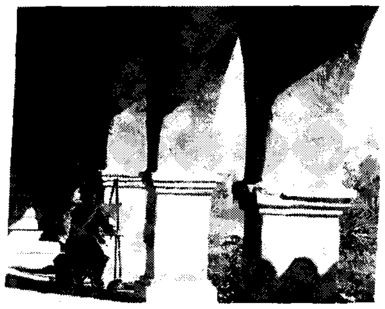




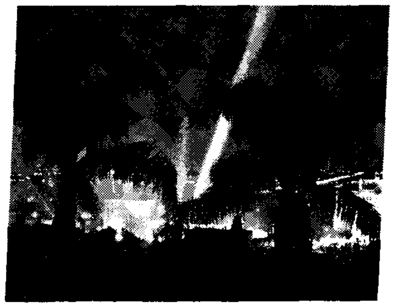
"IT'S FOREIGN!" Subtropic trees, flowers, customs, architecture... Old Mexico ... fiestas, siestas, *bailles* ...



"IT'S AMERICAN!" Cowboys, ranchos, rodeos ... cities, harbors, schools, industries ... sports, people, night life ...



"IT'S OLD!" Ghost towns, prehistoric fossil pits, 4000-year-old trees, Indian campgrounds, crumbling Missions ...



"IT'S NEW!" Highways, airports, bridges, aqueducts ... hotels, cafes, shops, styles, theaters, clubs, Hollywood ...

"IT'S FERTILE!" Palms, oranges, vineyards, dates, avocados, olives...cherimoya, papaya, sapote, acacia, jacaranda ...

"IT'S DESERT!" Sand dunes, joshua trees, mirages, horned toads ... smart oases, flowering cacti, salt seas, geysers ...

"IT'S RESTFUL!" Sunshine, sandy beaches, south sea islands, sleepy villages, mountain lakes, spirit of *manana* ...

"IT'S EXCITING!" Racing, tourneys, pageants, contests ... celebrities, movie premieres, polo, deep-sea fishing ...

THEY disagree, but all are right. Each finds his favorite vacation fun in this versatile playground made up of ocean, mountains, islands, valleys and resort cities like Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona—and Los Angeles County's interesting citrus, oil and movie industries.

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Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________
State ____________

Good Joke

Continued from page 10

a cow, I guess, but all his strength was from the neck down. Like Joe says, he'd have to take his boots off to count up to twenty.

Dumb?

Say, I never seen anybody in my life as dumb as Oscar was. I'll never forget the time he showed up here with a pickaxe and shovel because he must've heard all you had to do in Alaska was stoop over and scoop the gold right up offen the ground, and he ast Joe where would be a good place to dig a mine. Well, Joe give us all the wink, and he tells Oscar there is a big stampede on, over to Discovery Creek. Oscar is so dumb he don't even know he is being kidded. He believes what Joe says, and he goes over to Discovery Creek, where they're doing a little placer mining down in the creek bottom, and he asks the boys where he should start digging. Joe has tipped them off, of course, and they tell him to start 'way up on the hill, and I'll be an Eskimo's aunt if he don't stick his pick in the ground and find color right away. He come in here the end of the week, with a sack as big as your fist, and he orders a glass of milk, because he don't even drink, that's how dumb he is. Well, he gets talking across the bar to Joe and Joe says how he ought to settle down and get married, now he's struck it rich. Oscar blushes and shakes his head.

"I don't know any girl," he says.

"That's all right," says Joe, just to kid him along. "Why don't you advertise?"

Well, Oscar is so dumb he swallows it whole. "How would you go about advertising, Joe?" he asks, very serious.

"Just give me the money," says Joe, "and I'll put an ad in the Matrimonial News."

Well, you wouldn't hardly believe it, but Oscar is that dumb he gives Joe the money. Joe can hardly wait till the Swede goes out, he's so tickled. He grins and rubs his hands.

"Come on, boys," he says to everybody, "I guess that calls for one on the house!"

Naturally Joe forgets all about it after that, but next Saturday night when Oscar comes to town again he comes in here and he runs right over to Joe.

"Have you heard anything from the ad?" he asks.

"What ad?" says Joe.

"My ad in the Matrimonial News."

"Oh, that," says Joe. All the rest of us is standing around and trying not to grin. "Well, now, Oscar, as a matter of fact, I just got an answer this morning. Yes, sir, I heard from the girl."

"What's she like?" says the Swede.

SO JOE give us all the wink, because he's a great kidder, Joe is, and he takes out his wallet and he hands the Swede the picture of Connie. "Her name is Constance," he says, "and she lives in—in Brooklyn. She lives with her folks."

"Gee, she's beautiful!" says Oscar, looking at the picture like it was a stained-glass window in a church. "She's so young, and innocent, I bet she'd make a man a mighty nice home. Can she cook?"

"Oh, sure," says Joe; "she can do anything."

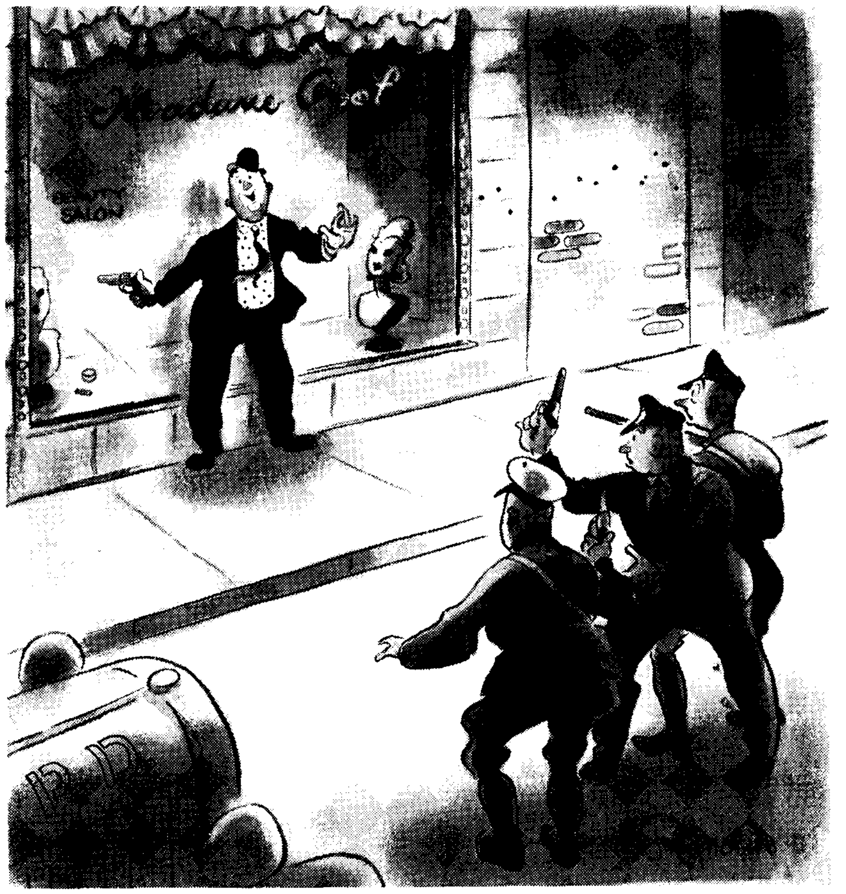
"All right," says Oscar, putting the picture in his pocket. "Tell her I'll marry her."

"Now, wait a minute, Oscar," says Joe, "you can't rush a girl like that. You've got to give her the right build-up. You've got to send her flowers, and presents, and little things—"

"Look, Joe, I don't know anything about courting a girl," says Oscar, and he takes the sack of gold out of his pocket. "You take care of it for me, will you, Joe?"

Joe stares at the money. "Sure, I'll take care of it, all right," he says thoughtfully, and he puts it in his pocket.

I guess that was where Joe first got his idea.



"I'm in front of a window! Ha! Ha!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Anyway, he can hardly wait to get upstairs and tell Connie, and as soon as her song is over he gets her to one side and he slaps down the money on the dressing table and tells her what's happened. "An' I give him your picture," he says, slapping his knee, "an' he looks at it an' he says: 'Gee, she's so young and innocent!' "

"What's so funny about that?" says Connie, a little sharply.

"He says he bets you'd make a man a mighty nice home," Joe laughs, choking on his drink. "Ain't that a riot?"

"I don't know," says Connie coldly. "I could think of funnier things than that."

"Now, don't get sore, honey," Joe says, and he winks. "You keep this money somewhere, because this is only the beginning. I got an idea. You wait and see—"

Well, next week the Swede can hardly wait till he gets to town, and he rushes right in here and buttonholes Joe. "Have you heard from Constance?" he says.

"Sure, Oscar," says Joe. "I got a letter from her today."

"Will she come?" asks the Swede, gulping nervously.

"Sure, she'll come all right," says Joe, "only first of course she wants an engagement ring."

"Tell her to buy the best in Brooklyn," says Oscar, handing over his week's take. "The best is none too good."

"Not in Brooklyn," Joe nods, putting the money in his pocket.

"You know what I been thinking, Joe?" says the Swede, shutting his eyes and smiling. "When I get married I'm going to give up gold mining, and I'm going to go back to Minnesota and buy a farm. Do you think Constance could milk a cow?"

"Oh, sure," says Joe very solemnly. "In fact, I hear her folks keep a whole herd of cows in Brooklyn. . . ."

WELL, from that time on, I guess, Joe was a different man. He kept brooding about the rest of that money, and you could see his mind wasn't on his work. He would sit in Connie's dressing room by the hour, telling her what they was going to do together.

"Because you know what we're going to do together?" he would grin at Connie. "We're going to grab the steamer out of here next month, and we're going to go to Seattle, or maybe even Frisco, and we're going to blow it all on ourselves and have a lot of fun."

Connie nods but she don't say nothing.

"Oscar is so dumb," Joe laughs, shaking his head, "he was even telling me how he wants to buy a farm in Minnesota." He nudges her and grins.

"I'd like to see him myself sometime," Connie grins back pleasantly, "just to see how dumb he really is."

"Be careful you don't let him spot you and give it away," says Joe. "He'd recognize you from the picture."

"I'll just peek at him through the door the next time he comes in," says Connie. "You know, just for the laugh."

Well, it seems the Swede don't show up after that for a couple of weeks, and I can see Joe is getting pretty worried. I guess he was afraid he might've carried the joke too far. He's half crazy by next Saturday night for fear maybe Oscar is suspicious, and when he spots the Swede he nearly jumps across the bar. Oscar's boots are covered with mud and he has blisters all over his hands, but he is holding a sack of gold as big as the first one.

"I guess I got enough to buy that farm at last, Joe," he says, setting the money on the bar.

"Well, it's certainly lucky you come here tonight," says Joe, eying the money, "because I just got another letter from Constance."

"What's the matter?" asks Oscar.

"She's stranded in Brooklyn," says Joe, "and she needs some more money right away for her traveling expenses."

"How much will that be?" says the Swede slowly.

"Well," says Joe, his mouth watering, "I should think you'd better let me send her the whole thing, Oscar. You want to make sure that she gets here all right."

"Easy come, easy go," sighs Oscar, leaving the money on the bar and limping out again.

Joe is still laughing by the time he gets upstairs and hurries into Connie's dressing room after her number. Connie is sitting there staring at the wall, and Joe sits down beside her.

"Well, did you get a look at him?" he chuckles.

"Yeah, I got a look at him," says Connie.

"That steamer gets here next week," says Joe, putting the money on her dressing table. "You better get the tickets so nobody won't suspect."

"Sure, I'll take care of the tickets," says Connie to Joe. "I'll take care of everything. You leave it all to me."

"We're going to have a lot of fun together, kid," says Joe, nudging her. "You wait and see."

WELL, next Saturday night before the Swede comes in, Joe gets everybody around him here in the bar, and he tips us all off there is going to be some fun. He tells us all to be sure and look very sad and shake our heads, that's all, and Joe would do the rest.

"Because I'm going to tell him that Constance has stood him up," says Joe. "I'm going to tell him she's run off and married somebody else. It ought to be a laugh on the Swede."

Well, we're all standing around the bar that night, looking very solemn, when the door opens and Oscar comes in. He is dressed in a new blue serge suit and shiny brown shoes and a straw hat, and he is carrying a suitcase. He is smiling from ear to ear.

"Joe, I just wanted to thank you," he says. "I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate all you done for me, Joe."

"Wait a minute, Oscar," says Joe, staring at him. "There's something I wanted to tell you."

"Never mind, Joe," grins the Swede. "I know all about it already."

"You know about Constance?" says Joe.

"Sure, she just got here on the steamer," says the Swede. "She said you was keeping it for me as a surprise. We was married this morning."

He opens the door and Connie walks in and puts her arms around him, and smiles very innocently at Joe.

"Ain't she beautiful, Joe?" says the Swede proudly.

Joe swallows but he don't say nothing, on account of there ain't nothing to say, and, besides, he couldn't say it.

"She saved all the money you sent her, Joe," says Oscar, his arm around Connie, "and we're leaving on the steamer tonight, and we're going to Minnesota and we're going to buy that farm."

"I've always wanted to cook," says Connie, smiling at Joe, "and learn to milk a cow."

Joe sags on the bar like a wet sock hanging from a line.

"Well, boys," says Oscar, taking out the sack of money and laying it on the bar, "let everybody step up and I'll buy a drink."

"No, darling," Connie says, pushing the money aside. She grins at Joe and rubs her hands. "This is one on the house.". . .

Yes, sir; well, it's like I sometimes say myself. You never can tell. That's right, mister, you're right about that. Women are funny. . . .

Another of the same?

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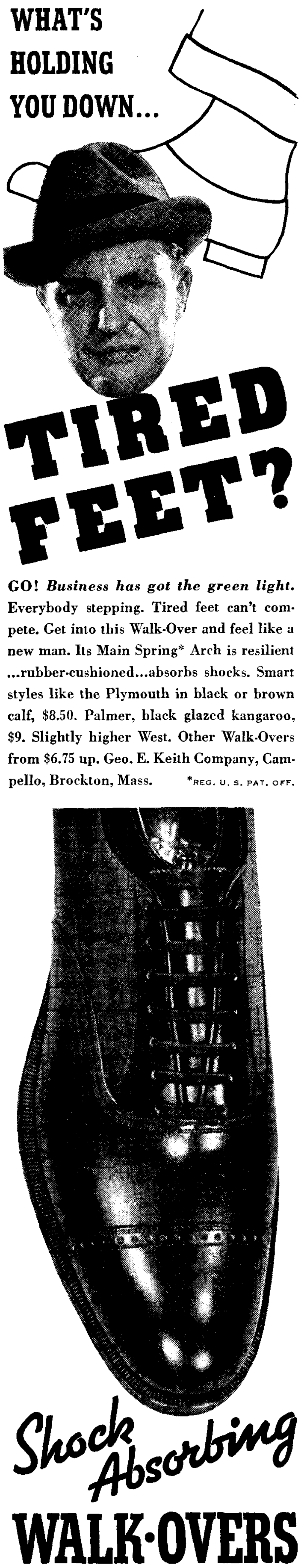
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TIRED FEET?

GO! *Business has got the green light.* Everybody stepping. Tired feet can't compete. Get into this Walk-Over and feel like a new man. Its Main Spring* Arch is resilient ...rubber-cushioned...absorbs shocks. Smart styles like the Plymouth in black or brown calf, $8.50. Palmer, black glazed kangaroo, $9. Slightly higher West. Other Walk-Overs from $6.75 up. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Shock Absorbing WALK·OVERS

As a scientist Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has made far more important history than he did as aviator

Dr. Alexis Carrel, Rockefeller Institute researcher, first American to win the Nobel Prize for Medicine

Professor Albert Fischer, who cooperated in demonstrating the artificial heart to the Cytology Congress

PICTURES, INC.

The Glass Heart

A new era in medical research opened with the announcement by Alexis Carrel and Charles A. Lindbergh of the invention of an artificial heart. In this device whole organs can be kept alive to be studied or produce secretions to order. Here is Colonel Lindbergh's contribution to science

By J. D. Ratcliff

A GANGLING, tousle-haired young man loped up the steps of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York. Laboratory technicians paid little attention to him as he waited for a parcel. They hardly glanced up from their work as he nosed about, like any other messenger, looking at row on row of neat cages containing healthy research animals; as he examined batches of sorry little guinea pigs with vital glands removed, weary Rhesus monkeys on the death road with infantile paralysis, and tired-looking dogs, sick with diabetes.

The privileged messenger wandered among vast racks, stacked with shiny glass retorts and tubes. He saw huge incubators with enough bacterial cultures in them to wipe out the people of a whole continent, and saw ice chests with enough serums and antitoxins in them to snatch thousands of human beings from almost certain death. Before him he saw record cases containing sharp, to-the-point pathologic histories of animals and men dead for decades.

The exploratory junket finally ended when a worker handed the messenger a compact little box containing a rare new serum. The messenger scrawled his name on a receipt: C. A. Lindbergh. The transaction scarcely caused a lifting of eyebrows in that back-page world, so far removed from the front-page world in which Lindbergh lived.

The famous pilot hopped into his car and hurried back to the life where his appearance always caused cataclysmic eruptions of emotions. At a flying field he stowed the serum in his plane, gunned up his motor, and headed north.

All this happened in 1928. In Quebec that year Floyd Bennett lay ill with pneumonia that ultimately proved fatal. As an experienced polar pilot—the man, in fact, who flew Byrd over the North Pole—he seemed like the logical pilot to rescue Koehl, von Huenefeld and Fitzmaurice, the ill-fated flyers whose westward crossing of the Atlantic came to grief on Greenly Island. Bennett left a sickbed to take the job and contracted pneumonia.

Somehow he had to be saved. How? One Canadian doctor remembered reading about a new experimental serum the Rockefeller Institute had developed. But it had to reach Quebec, whence Bennett had been taken, in a hurry. Reporters snatched at this information and put it on the wires. Within a few hours a dozen men had volunteered to do whatever could be done. Lindbergh's offer to fly the serum northward was accepted.

Had the story ended here it would have been merely another pretty tale of friend trying to help friend under rather dramatic circumstances. But the point is that it didn't end here.

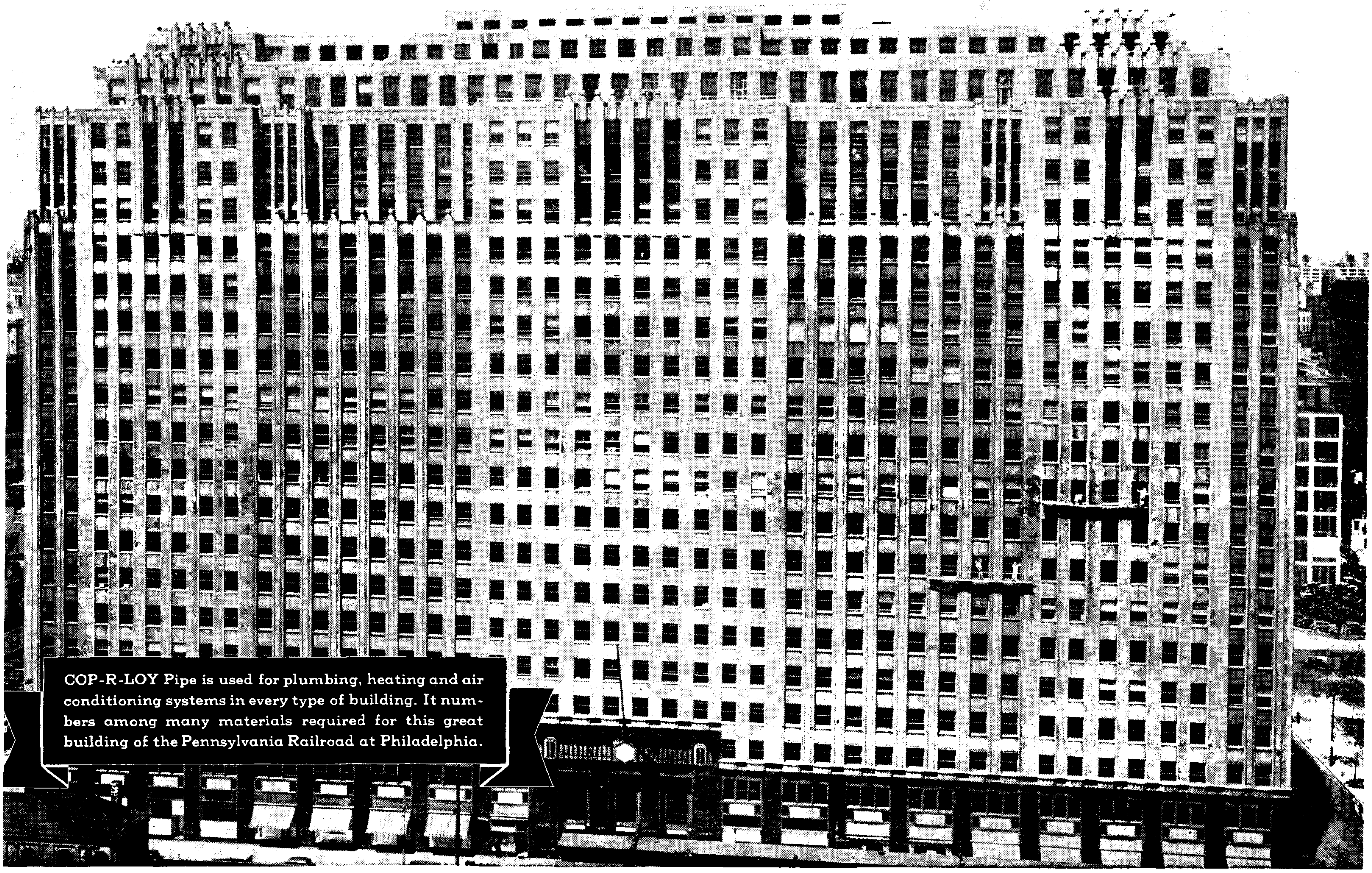
Lindbergh came back to the institute for more. When he did he met a small, bald, and electrically dynamic researcher, Dr. Alexis Carrel. People, and particularly young medical students, always had a way of tagging after the great Carrel. His brilliant mind, his exquisite manners, his patience with beginners and, above all, his tremendous accomplishments made him a white-cloaked piper after whom ambitious youngsters always scampered. Lindbergh was no exception. He applied for and got a job as Carrel's research assistant.

In his world Carrel had achieved fame equal to that which Lindbergh had won in his. In 1912 the French-born scientist had taken a potato-chip slice of still warm chicken heart and dropped it into a nutrient medium. Then he found that periodic baths in salt water washed away growth poisons and that occasional trimming kept it from literally growing out of the laboratory.

Carrel decided that if this procedure were followed religiously there was no

(Continued on page 38)

FIRST CAME STEEL . . . THEN COP-R-LOY



COP-R-LOY Pipe is used for plumbing, heating and air conditioning systems in every type of building. It numbers among many materials required for this great building of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia.

● ABOUT EIGHT YEARS ago a new kind of pipe was announced by this company—COP-R-LOY Pipe. For the first time the public was offered the advantages of a tried and proved copper-alloyed steel in tubular form. Today probably the best known of all ferrous metal pipe is COP-R-LOY—its quality, usefulness and performance, and especially its extra durability, set it apart. Pipe is not merely pipe if it is genuine Wheeling COP-R-LOY, because COP-R-LOY Pipe is steel pipe improved by an alloying process—a better steel pipe. COP-R-LOY in sheet form for sheet metal work and for innumerable industrial purposes likewise carries to the user the economy that arises out of long and satisfactory service. *It's Wheeling Steel!* Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Va.

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WHEELING STEEL

COP-R-LOY

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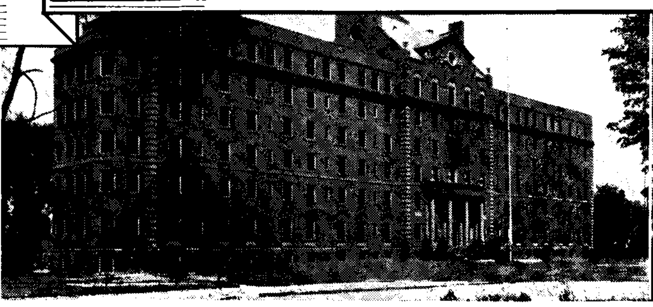
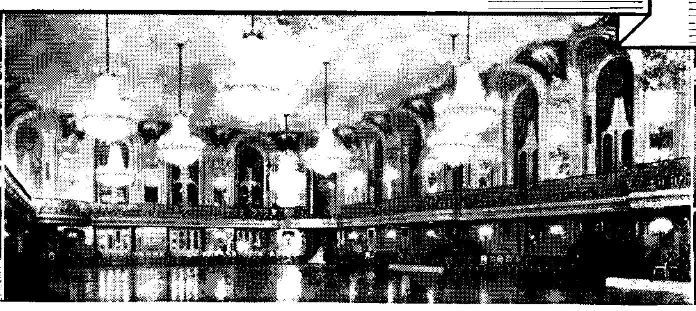
COP-R-LOY Pipe reduces repairs and maintenance in this apartment house. It's Wheeling Steel.



This large hospital has plastered walls on Steel Lath and Studs made of COP-R-LOY. It's Wheeling Steel.



Air conditioning systems for great hotels require COP-R-LOY Pipe and Sheet Metal. It's Wheeling Steel.

Leading makers of water heaters use COP-R-LOY exclusively for tanks. It's Wheeling Steel.

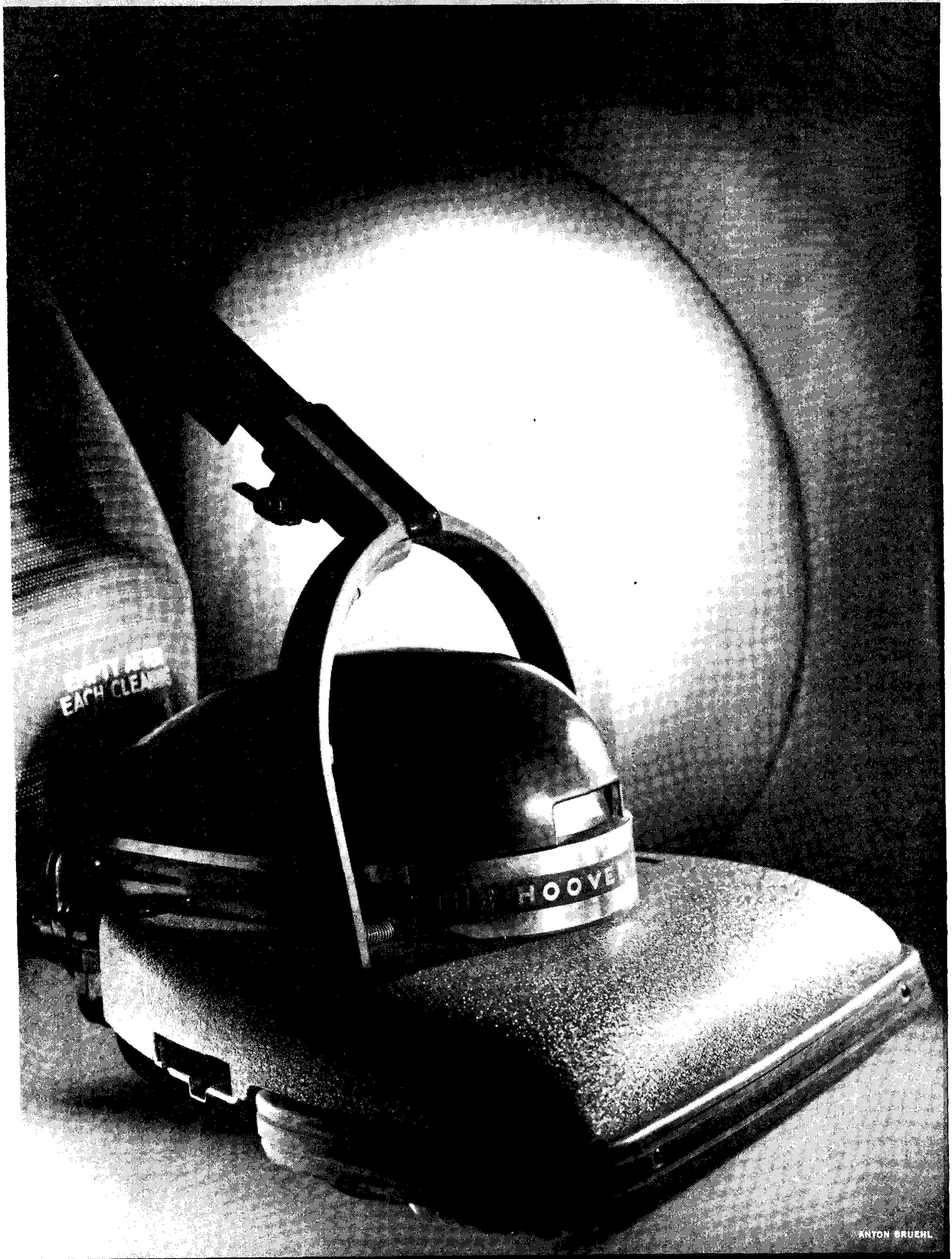
IT'S WHEELING STEEL

THE HOOVER

One Fifty

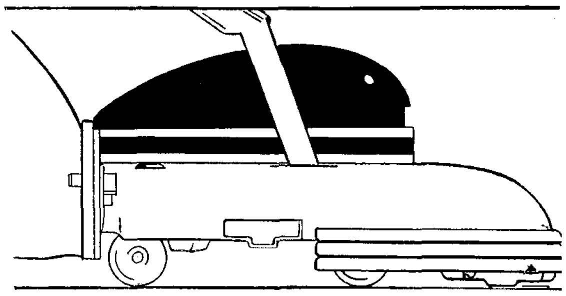
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CLEANING ENSEMBLE



IT BEATS · AS IT SWEEPS · AS IT CLEANS

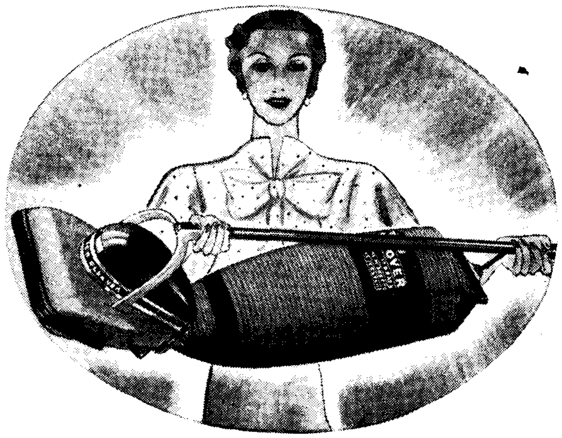
The First



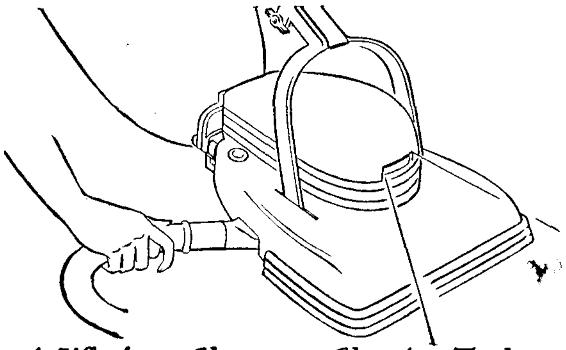
ONE quick glance tells its modern classic beauty. The eminent designer, Henry Dreyfuss, has given pure, functional modern lines to a household object that never had real beauty before.

One little lift or push says, "How light! How easily it rolls." Hoover engineers have brought into the home for the first time a new metal amazing for its lightness —*magnesium* —until now used only in airplanes. One-third lighter than aluminum, yet as strong. Only the new Hoover Cleaner offers the back-saving lightness of this new wonder-metal.

NEW METAL FOR NEW LIGHTNESS



But that's not all. The Hoover One-Fifty Cleaning Ensemble has mechanical innovations never seen before in any electric cleaner. Three years of research and invention by Hoover's engineering staff of 136 have produced exclusive conveniences which in themselves will make you say, "Now I'll get rid of that old cleaner."

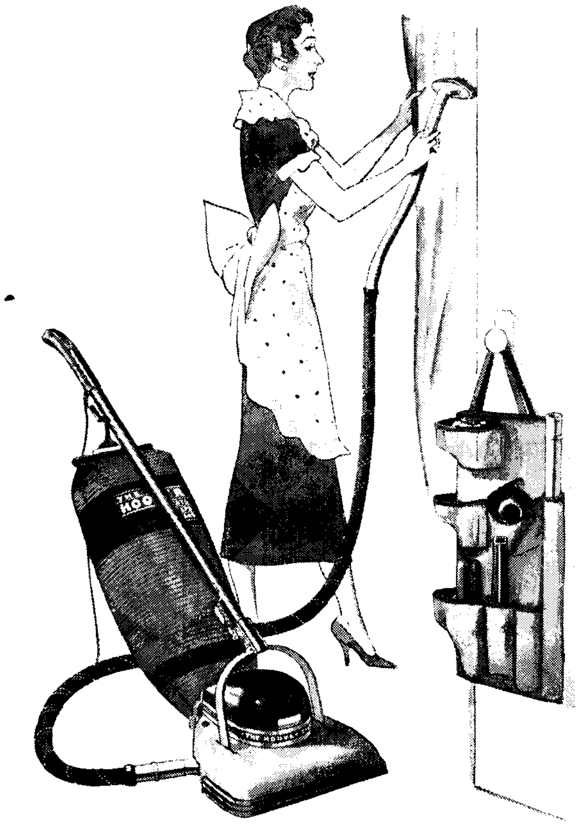


A Jiffy from Cleaner to Cleaning Tools— The New Hoover is designed and built as a complete cleaning ensemble. There's a slot in the side of the machine. There's a Connector in your Handy Cleaning Kit. Slip Connector into slot and you're ready to clean any furnishings in the house. You don't even have to turn off the motor. No turning over the cleaner. No disconnecting belt. Easy. Simple. Safe. Fool-proof.

Basically New Cleaner in 10 Years

Made with magnesium, *one-third lighter* than aluminum. Designed by Henry Dreyfuss in the manner of today. Many startling new conveniences to save your time and strength. . . . Most efficient Hoover ever built.

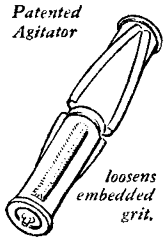
Tuck Away the Tools—The amazing tools for cleaning everywhere in the house are just as amazing for the ship-shape way they're put up. Neat pockets in the new Handy Cleaning Kit. Hang on a doorknob or stand on a chair when in use. Hang on a closet hook when through.



Handy Cleaning Kit beside you . . . what fun dusting is! You snap in each tool as you need it. A soft brush for silk lamp shades and draperies. A stiff one for bare floors. Still another for upholstery, pictures, mouldings. A flat tool for chair crevices and radiators. Away you go . . . dust vanishing. Light duralumin extension tubes reach everywhere . . . no stooping, no stepladders. Never has cleaning been made so easy, so speedy, so thoroughly efficient.

New Efficiency — The cleaner that has always been first in cleaning ability now steps far ahead of its own famed predecessors in cleaning efficiency. Yet, with all its new power, the motor is quieter than ever.

Exclusive Principle Saves Rugs — To get dirt out of rugs you have to loosen it—otherwise sharp particles accumulate at the base of the rug and cut away at the nap. This kind of dirt cannot be removed by suction or by brushes. Hoover, with the exclusive principle of Positive Agitation, gently vibrates the rug, loosens this destructive dirt, then suctions it away. The large diameter Agitator is the secret of Hoover's superiority. Smooth metal beater bars instead of old-style brushes. No bristles to wear down—no matting with hair and thread—no loss of efficiency even after years of use. There's no cleaning principle like it.

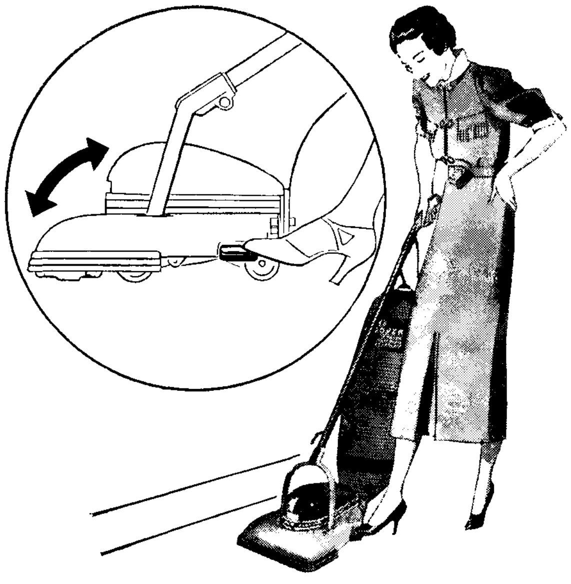


Patented Agitator

loosens embedded grit.

No More Guesswork—Automatic Adjustment—Thick Rugs or Thin—Rugs vary in thickness. For efficient cleaning, a chenille, for example, calls for a different nozzle adjustment than a Wilton. Until now women had to guess at such adjustments—or found it too difficult to make them.

Now you merely press your toe on the new Automatic Rug Adjuster and the Hoover One-Fifty does the rest. It automatically raises or lowers the nozzle for perfect suction on long or short nap rugs all over the house. Another exclusive patented Hoover feature.



Almost human . . . merely press your toe on this pedal and cleaner is perfectly adjusted for any rug.

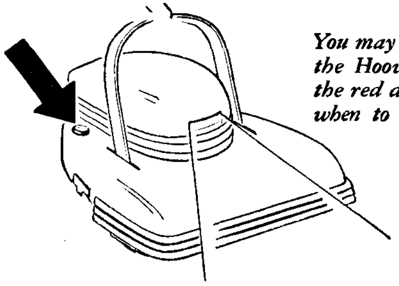
Time-to-Empty Signal—A full dirt bag blocks the free flow of air—lowers the cleaner's ability to clean. In the new Hoover a red disc on the top of the cleaner flashes to tell you the bag should be emptied. We call it the "Time-to-Empty Signal." You'll also appreciate the new Easy-Empty Filtaire Bag with its Dust-Tight Seal and its Instant Bag Lock, so that bag can be attached or removed with simple levers . . . without screws or "gadgets."

Goodbye "Sailor's Knot"—No more knotting the plug around the cord when you put the cleaner away. No more untangling. The New Hoover has an ingenious new patented Clip-on Plug. It clips right over the wound-up, non-kinking cord—and stays put.

Shock Absorbers—The new spring cushioned chassis of the Hoover One-Fifty prevents jars and protects the cleaner when you go over door-sills or other bumps.

Two Speeds— gives extra power when you need it for extra heavy cleaning demands.

Hunts Out Dirt in out-of-the-way places. The new Hoover One-Fifty has the famous electric Dirt Finder which floods the rug directly in front of the cleaner with light. Now adapted to modern design, without jutting parts, housed in a trim Bakelite hood.



You may forget—but the Hoover won't—the red disc tells you when to empty bag.

"We Want the Hoover"— For years women have voted Hoover "the best cleaner" in impartial investigations. Users have referred to its greater efficiency, its longer life, its nation-wide service organization, its high-type dealers and the stability of its makers.

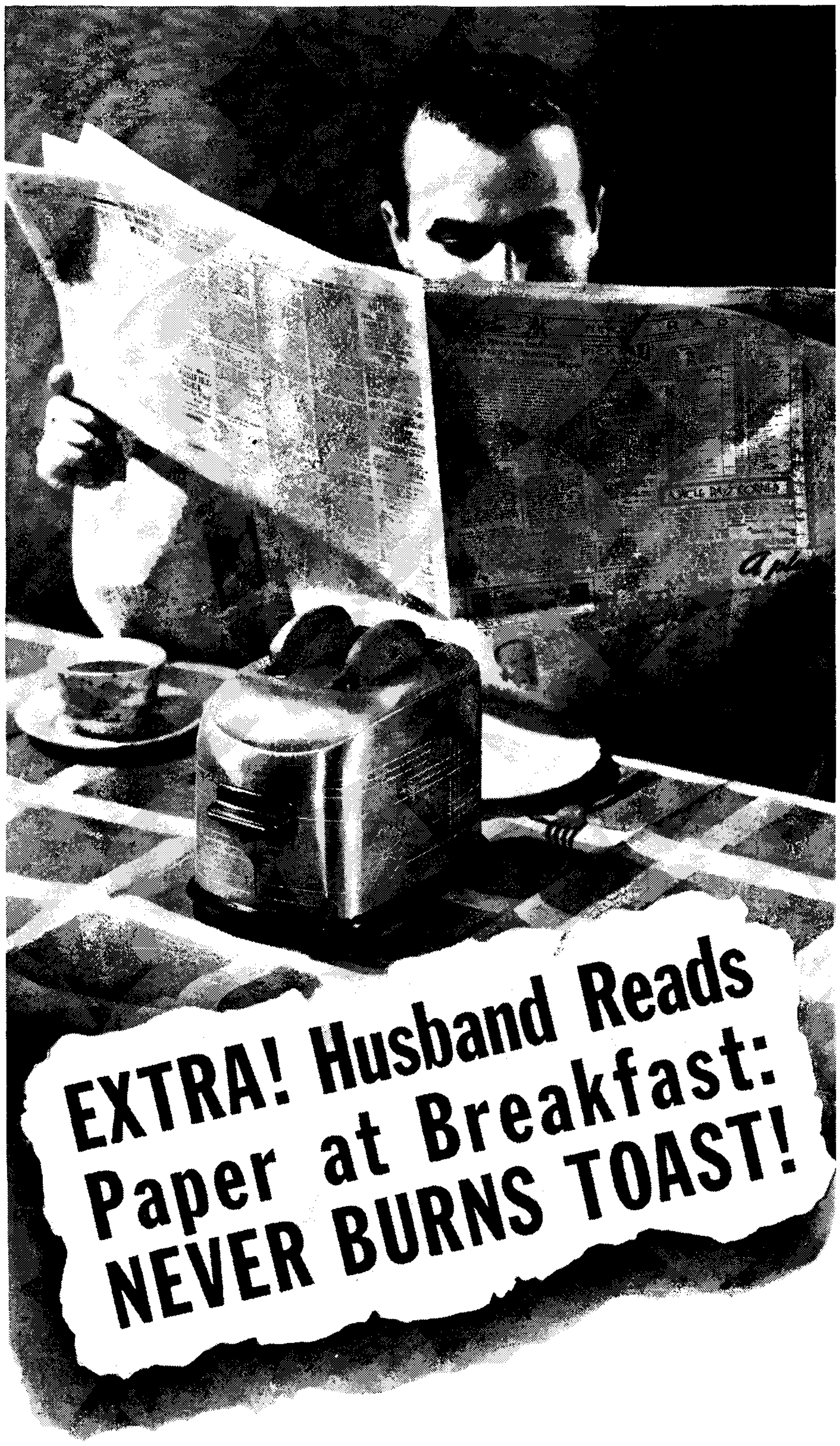
All these advantages of Hoover ownership are yours today, plus smart new style, plus new wonder-metal lightness, plus new non-marring finish, plus the greatest efficiency Hoover ever offered, plus dozens of exclusive work-lightening conveniences.

It Costs No More to Own—Yet with all it offers, the new Hoover costs no more than the Hoover model it supersedes. You can own it on the same startlingly low terms. The same offer of a liberal allowance on your old cleaner still prevails. You have the same privilege of a no-obligation home trial before purchase. See or phone your local Hoover dealer who will send his bonded representative.

THE HOOVER COMPANY
Factories: North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario

$1.50
PER WEEK
PAYABLE MONTHLY

Also—the Hoover "300"—a full-size, precision built Hoover with Positive Agitation. Complete with cleaning tools for as little as $1.00 per week, payable monthly.


EXTRA! Husband Reads Paper at Breakfast: NEVER BURNS TOAST!

Read while you toast! That's just an old breakfast custom in the fortunate homes where the new *fully automatic* Toastmaster toaster assumes all the responsibility for perfect toast every time.

No matter how neglectful you are, you simply *can't* burn the toast. The patented, exclusive Flexible Toast-Timer, *allows more time* when the toaster is cold, *less* when it's hot—then pops up the toast when it's done to a turn, and shuts off the current! Once you set the adjustment button for the kind of toast you like—light, medium, or dark—you'll get what you want. Crisp, crunchy, golden-brown slices, toasted to order, both sides at once.

And here's a toaster that is as *beautiful* as it is efficient—superbly styled in the modern manner by one of America's most celebrated designers. See it, and other Toastmaster products, wherever quality appliances are sold! . . . *McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

FOR CLEVER HOSTESSES—A new Toastmaster Hospitality Tray, stunningly styled—for brilliant informal entertaining.

FULLY AUTOMATIC
TOASTMASTER *Toaster*

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice fully automatic toaster, $16.00: with choice of Hospitality Trays, $19.75 or $23.50: 1-slice fully automatic toaster, $10.50: Junior toaster, $7.50: Waffle-Baker, $12.50

(Continued from page 34)

reason why that bit of chicken heart couldn't be the first bit of animal life to achieve immortality. If that reasoning was faulty no one has yet found a flaw in it; the chicken heart is still living, breathing and growing just as it has been for the past twenty-four years.

Carrel further distinguished himself when, that same year, he became the first American to win the Nobel Prize for medicine—the annual bounty left by the Swedish munitions maker for work of transcendental importance. Furthermore, his war work probably saved more soldiers' lives than any other piece of medical work performed in France. With Dr. Henry Dakin he devised the chlorine solution which had the miraculous ability to flush gangrene out of deep shell wounds. This solution snatched tens of thousands of men back from horrible deaths.

This was a fast league Lindbergh was batting in. And a secretive one. For five years he worked with Carrel without the world knowing a thing about it. Then one day in Paris, Carrel was chatting with some friends. Feeling innocently secure in the fact that he was 3,000 miles from home and that he was speaking to people reasonably without news sense, he casually mentioned that he had found a superb new research assistant: Charles A. Lindbergh. Carrel explained he was an airplane pilot of some renown.

He Needed a Mechanic

The researcher underestimated the power of the press; also underestimated the length and scope of its powerful tentacles. Almost before his voice had died out, American managing editors were hammering their Paris correspondents: Get details. How long had Lindbergh been working at the Rockefeller Institute? What had he done?

Carrel evaded, denied, then flatly refused further comment. The great refrigerator door that shields the institute from prying reporters in New York was closed and bolted. So the world waited while the two continued their work in peace.

Lindbergh's indubitably great mechanical mind made a perfect foil for Carrel's superb scientific mind. The great researcher-surgeon could keep chicken hearts alive and do tricks with glands that would have cost him his head in the Middle Ages. His hands—supposed to be the deftest in the world for fine surgical work—could perform miracles. But any mechanical problem left Carrel drearily uncomfortable.

For many years he had puzzled over some kind of machine to keep whole body organs—livers, spleens, thyroids—alive outside the body. It was a twister that transcended the importance of keeping a bit of useless chicken heart throbbing. For one thing such a machine would be invaluable in teaching: students could actually watch a pancreas secreting its digestive juices and see the sorcery in a working adrenal while it poured out the juice necessary for furious bursts of energy.

With such a problem two things were instantly obvious: First, the machine had to provide mechanical gadgets that would duplicate the pumping functions of the heart. Secondly, it had to provide some kind of equipment that would do what the lungs do in the body: supply oxygen and relieve the circulating blood of its waste products.

Carrel had solved the problem up to a certain point. He could feed sterile oxygen into model machines by passing it through filters which would screen out any bacteria. But these contaminating organisms always managed to worm their way in along the drive shaft that operated the "heart" pump. And once they got inside they made short work of the glands hooked into the system. So he shelved the work until Lindbergh came along.

Carrel explained the problem while the taciturn pilot listened attentively. Then Lindbergh chimed in. Why not have a completely sealed system for the gland to grow in and for the blood to circulate in? So far, Carrel agreed, so good. But how could you circulate blood in a sealed system?

Lindbergh took the twister to a laboratory and went to work. Finally he ground out the answer. Molded into glass it looked somewhat like a glass drip coffeepot. The compressed oxygen-nitrogen-carbon dioxide "artificial air" supplied the motive force for the blood stream. A complex little valve let it hiss into the system in such a manner that it duplicated the spurts supplied by a real heart.

Maxfield Parrish

Send
FOR THE COVER

A reproduction of the picture by Maxfield Parrish on the cover of this issue—printed in full color—will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in stamps. Address: Art Department, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

When it was finished it looked too simple. But remember that it is difficult now to realize why man took so long to invent steam engines, radios and ice-cream freezers.

The researchers flew to work with their model. They were on the right track all right—no blunders this time.

The dramatic day for the first test arrived. Both researchers refuse to say what was the first organ they tried. But it was a thyroid, ovary, spleen, adrenal or kidney. And it came from either a cat or a chicken which had been anesthetized and bled to death.

Carrel's quick, sure hands worked with mechanical precision as they snipped the organ from the animal and hooked it into the glistening new apparatus. Then he closed the system and set the air jet going. Day and night Carrel and Lindbergh watched the gland.

There were no signs of deterioration, no telltale little sloughs to indicate it had died and was degenerating. It lived—what's more, lived healthily.

Finally after months of preliminary work they were ready to report to the world. In the austere little magazine Science, an article appeared called "The Culture of Whole Organs."

That first paper told a swift, dramatic tale in the dust-dry language of science. In the machine, which had been kept busy from the day it was finished, ovaries had tripled their weight and thyroids had lived twenty days. Other organs had lived shorter periods. But the great point was that out of twenty-six experiments only two organs had died in the machine. They had been infected before they were removed from the animals. The natural implication was that a healthy organ could live out its normal life span in the glass apparatus.

In the first experiments Carrel and Lindbergh used a modified animal blood in their machine's "circulatory system." Although this blood had natural advantages, it also had disadvantages. With the help of other institute workers, they set about finding a substitute; a nutritious soup made of everyday laboratory chemicals.

A few weeks ago success was once more reported. They had found that a mixture of body sulphur, insulin, lactic acid, vitamins and other ingredients acted quite as well as real blood.

Exploring New Fields

What, you may ask, does all this mean to John Smith, whose baby has tubercular lesions on its lungs? Or to James Jones, whose little boy doesn't seem to want to grow—who, in fact, seems destined to go through life as one of those pathetic little people one sees at circus side shows? Or to Mr. Scrubbs, the banker, who has a constant nervous irritability that is driving both himself and his wife crazy?

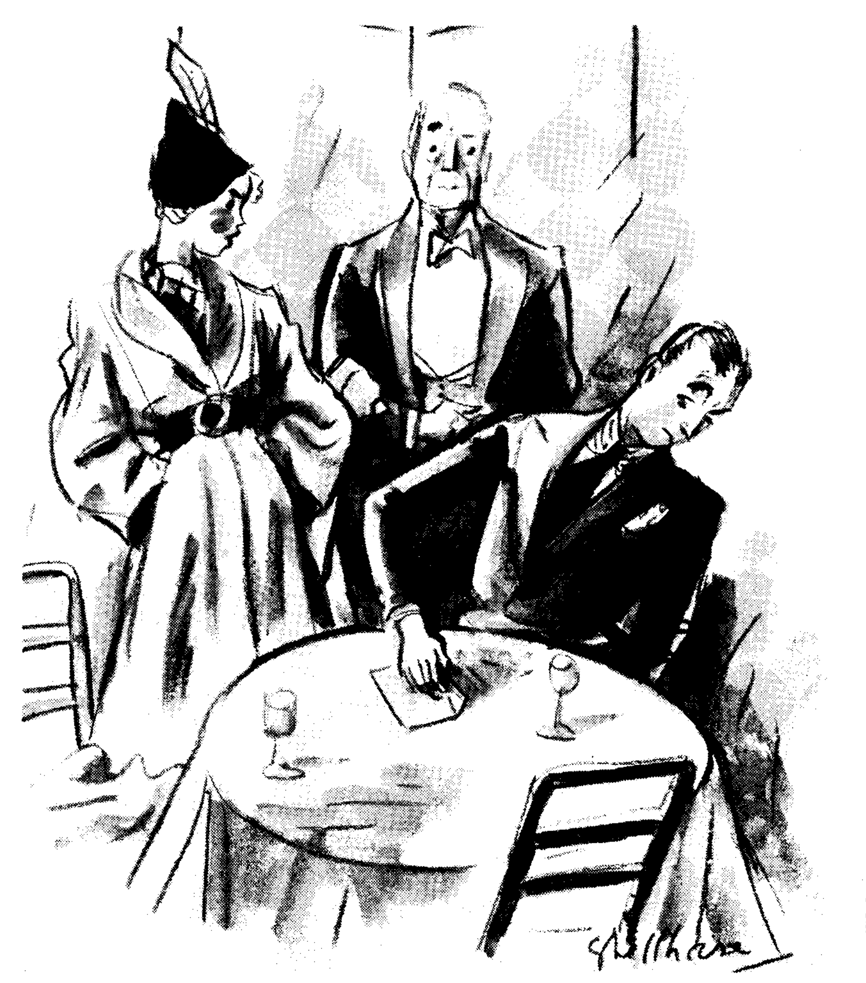
To get a true picture of the work and all of its implications one must know a little about the galaxy of ductless glands that dump their juices—hormones—directly into the blood stream. Without one of these juices—insulin—you get diabetes; without another—one of the principles of the anterior pituitary—a new mother is unable to supply her baby with milk; without a third—the extract supplied by the tiny parathyroids in the neck—painful muscular spasms, then death, occurs.

Keen-witted organic chemists have been able to synthesize some of these hormones. Others come from the expensive and laborious processing of slaughterhouse refuse. Just how expensive the process is in one instance may be judged from the fact that the adrenals from five cows go into the making of a single dose of the hormone cortin. Not many babies are going to have tubercular lesions wiped out with cortin when cortin is as expensive as this.

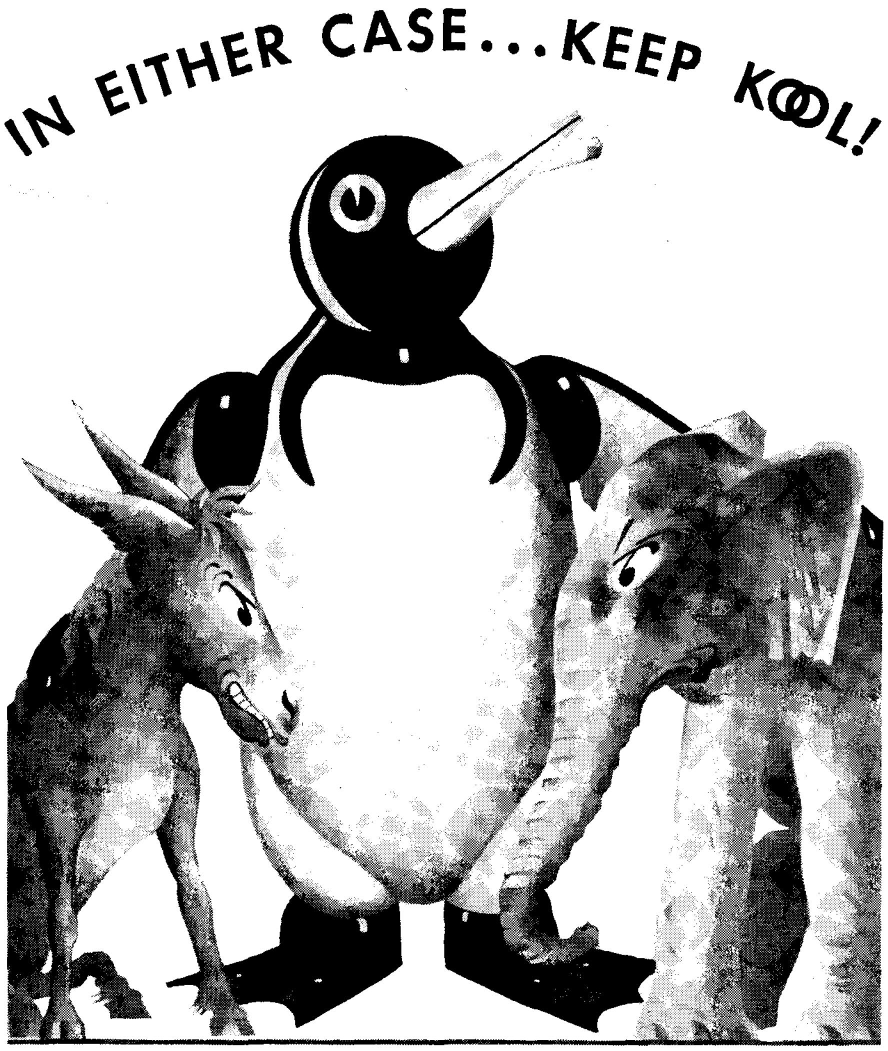
Here is where the Carrel-Lindbergh machine comes in. Suppose we hook one cow's adrenals to it. Night and day they will go on pouring out cortin, which may easily be extracted from the artificial blood stream. It is a continuous, inexpensive process, each gland furnishing a potent and tireless little manufacturing plant.

Doctors whose research has been hampered by the scarcity of certain hormones may press on to new fields. They will have gallons of thymus extract to work with. They may ferret out the true picture of this "puberty" gland which shrivels to nearly nothing when a boy becomes a man. They can test their suspicions that periodic shots of it will make calves develop into heavy beeves in a few months. And they may experiment cheaply with the various extracts of the anterior pituitary; may find precisely why some people get enormously fat at middle age and why some babies refuse to grow after their second or third year. They can hook human hearts into the machine, induce degenerative diseases, and collect facts and figures on the greatest of all mankillers.

The worth of a machine that will help solve these problems is difficult to judge. But it is fairly safe to assume that any extravagant estimate today will look like a conservative one tomorrow.



"It's a habit he got from playing poker" GEORGE SHELLHASE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Don't vote for hot smokes. Join the landslide for KOOLS. Better for you on every count! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

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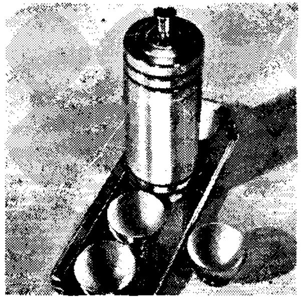
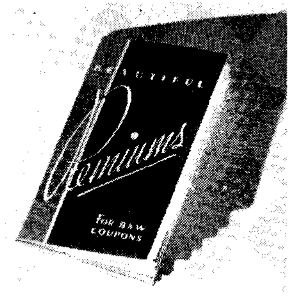


Chase Cocktail Set. Shaker, 300 coupons; 4 cups—175; tray—200; set—650



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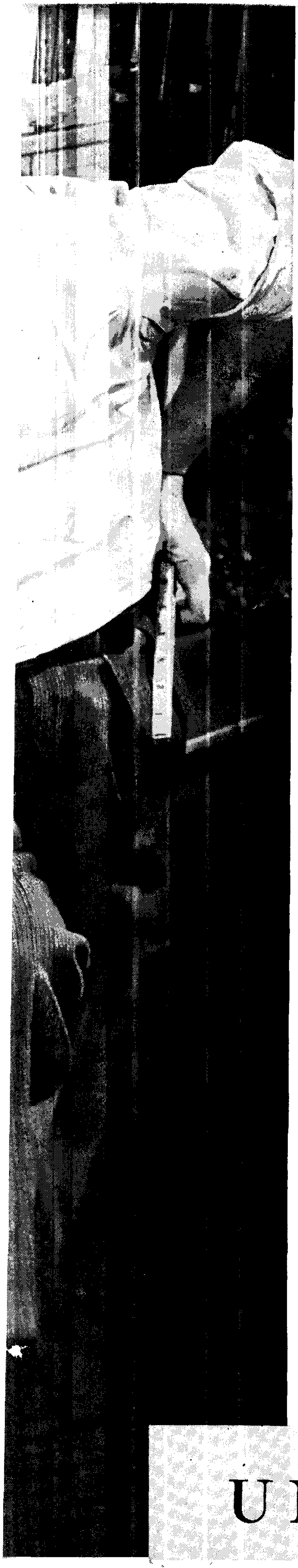

"MY DAD WANTS A POUND OF NAILS"

JUST a few cents' worth of nails . . . .

It may not sound like a very big sale. Yet that young man is mighty important to the steel industry. For he is a hardware customer. And a modern hardware store sells a thousand and one things made of steel that are vital to everyday life.

Of course not every hardware merchant can carry in stock an unlimited supply of each item, else he would need a store as big as a warehouse. Fortunately this isn't necessary. If the stock runs low, replenishments are promptly available from the wholesaler, who has a warehouse containing about 19,000 different items ready for quick delivery.

And that is why you can enter almost any hardware store and be sure of finding just the size of nails, or the right weight of hammer or the very type of saw that you want.

In the same way, on steel products other than hardware, there are other jobbers and distributors who render the same kind of prompt, efficient service. For instance, does the tinsmith need a coated steel sheet to repair a leaky roof? Does the plumber need some pipe for a bathroom, or the electrician some cable for wiring a house? He gets these from a distributor. Does the contractor need some steel beams for a building? He buys these from a distributor.

Those distributors are really "department stores of steel." They buy by the ton and sell in any quantity, but usually a small one—to thousands of individuals and businesses. The total share of the steel output which these distributors account for is a large one. They render an indispensable service. Without it business in general and that of United States Steel in particular would be seriously hampered. The entire facilities of United States Steel—production, research, prompt delivery—are devoted to maintaining this service at a high level.

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Easy . . breezy . . style!

Step out in a Jason Worsted suit and enjoy the pleasure of being *well dressed* and *comfortable* at the same time. • TIMELY CLOTHES tailor their suits along casual British lines for active young men who demand trim appearance besides easy informality. And careful designing skill adds perfect fit, with plenty of freedom, for you. • Jason Worsted fabrics are substantial and richly finished . . . styled like custom imports. Made from the finest worsted yarns obtainable, Jason Worsteds are loomed according to our own exacting TIMELY specifications. All patterns are original, executed in clear, true colors. • No suit will ever do more for you and ask so little in return. See Jason Worsteds at your dealer now, or write us direct — priced to stand well within your budget.

Hang your clothes properly — write Dept. C for genuine TIMELY Wishbone black enamel hanger, enclosing ten cents to cover handling.

TIMELY CLOTHES
Rochester, New York

© Keller-Heumann-Thompson, Rochester, N. Y.

What This Country Needs

Continued from page 13

chromium and aluminum fighting a death battle with iron and steel and copper; streamlining making the old car as ancient and impossible as the coach of Napoleon. These are the little obsolescence bugs at work.

The demand for speed, utility, comfort; the vacuum cleaner expelling the broom from civilization; the electric icebox banishing the hapless iceman; the phonograph putting the piano out of the house and the radio throwing out the phonograph—this is obsolescence. And this goes on week in and week out, year after year. And in these last five years it has proceeded along its ruthless course at a livelier pace than ever before. Men may have been out of work, but the ceaseless little bugs of obsolescence have been working three shifts a day on our factories, buildings, clothes, food, our cities and upon ourselves—even upon our ideas and our philosophies.

And the result of all this is that forms and methods, processes, machines, roads, buildings, vast properties which were in the mode five years ago are too crumbly or too quaint or too costly to tolerate much longer.

The extent of this no man knows. But one of these fine days it will dawn on us. And woe to the gentleman who has not kept his eyes and ears open. Forty years ago the largest industrial plant in America was a great corporation engaged in the manufacture of wooden railroad cars. While it flourished and buzzed with activity and profits the bugs were at work on it. A young man was busy fiddling away at his model of a steel coach. He went, like fate, visiting the plant with his model, his blueprints and patents and submitted them for sale. The majestic managers of the plant told him they were not interested. But others turned out to be. And in less than two years that great plant and its owning corporation was liquidated and the stockholders did not get a single penny for their vast investment. The loss was total.

Run through the financial statements of corporations which have not been paying the dividends on their preferred stocks and you might discover, if you had the means, that failure to modernize has had something to do with the red ink.

A Spavined Iron Horse

Take our railroads. Of course we think of our railroads as instruments of transportation. And that's what they are primarily. But they have another use in our economic life. They are customers. Ask a traveling salesman what a railroad is and he'll tell you it's something to get around in. Ask a toilet-goods manufacturer and he'll tell you the roads are the biggest buyers of soap in the country. Ask John L. Lewis and he'll tell you they are the biggest buyers of coal. They are huge buyers of steel, oil, lumber and almost everything that is manufactured.

If a railroad lets a year go by without buying all the soap it needs, it is not so important. But if it lets a year go by without buying any locomotives or freight cars or passenger cars or rails or stations or machinery—that's another matter. That kind of need piles up on a road. Roads have a way of wearing out. A railroad freight car gets knocked around as roughly as a Harlem policeman. You can't send a locomotive pulling forty or sixty freight cars hurtling at forty miles an hour around mountain trails and up stubborn grades without doing something to the freight cars, the locomotive and the tracks.

What is more, the roads are subject to the same force that puts a cute little Eugénie hat on a lady's head and lifts it off the following year. Style! Also it is even more subject to technological changes than ladies' hats are. New forms of competition confront it—busses, trucks, airplanes, the family car.

And so these last five years have put their mark upon the railroads. You can tell how a man has kept up his wardrobe by looking at his tailor's bill. The story of the railway wardrobe is quickly told in some simple dollar-and-cent signs. Let's look at the five years before 1929 and the five years since. In the first five years they spent 800 million dollars a year on capital equipment. In the last five they spent 200 million dollars a year. To the country as a whole this means that in the last five years the roads spent *three billion dollars less* than they did in the preceding five years.

To Lighten the Burden

If the railroads had spent those extra three billions, the government would not have had to spend so much on relief. I am not criticizing the railroads. There was a good reason why they didn't spend so much. I am merely pointing to the fact. But I want most of all to make clear the bigger fact—that during those five years, because cars and engines and roadway were not replaced as fast as before, the *roads need cars and engines and stations and roadway all the more now!*

There is an item called maintenance—merely keeping up existing property. In the five years before 1929 the roads spent six and a half billion dollars. In the last five years they spent less than three billion. Here's another three and a half billion that they didn't spend—billions that didn't go into lumber yards, steel mills, foundries. And by the same token, billions of dollars of lumber and steel and machinery *that didn't go into the railroads.* And the roads need a lot of them now as a result.

Back in 1929 the railroads installed 730 new locomotives. In 1933 one lonely railroad went out shopping for an engine and bought one solitary locomotive. Last year this was a little better—thirty-four—but that's a long way from being real business.

And of course, as a result, railroad equipment has run down. In 1929, of every one hundred locomotives, about sixteen were in the hospital. Last year about twenty-two out of a hundred were sick.

Out of every hundred freight cars six were laid up for repairs. Last year about fifteen were laid up. The reason, of course, is obvious. Age had come upon these cars and engines. Sixty per cent of all those engines were put into service before the Great War. Only about ten per cent of them can be called really modern.

It has been suggested that almost the entire existing railroad equipment is headed for one of the greatest junk piles in history. Of course railroad men don't like this statement. That is where they differ from the automobile men. Where are the machines which made automobiles in 1920? Where are the automobiles of 1920? They are, with a few exceptions, on the junk pile. That is what keeps the automobile industry prosperous.

This reference to the junk pile is not made in any attempt to make light of the roads. It refers to the fact that the art of railroad building cannot stand still. The equipment plant may be content with its plant and its product but somewhere in the great tangle of industry someone turns up with ideas which jar the complacency. In the metal industry, for instance, chemists got to fooling around with corrosion-resistant, heat-resistant alloys and with mixtures to produce lighter metals—aluminum alloys. Presently someone turns up with plans for a lightweight freight car and passenger car—stronger than the old ones, more durable and one third the weight of the old one. When railroad men get to figuring up coal bills on hauling around only two thirds the present car tonnage they must now drag around the country, why, things have got to happen in the railroad business.

If you follow the financial notes in the newspapers you are familiar with the reports which are put out every week about the great basic industry—steel—and at what per cent of its capacity it is working. For years we have heard about the excess capacity of the steel industry. Three years ago a leading magnate told me there was no excess capacity. There were a lot of old mills and machines and buildings where steel could be made, he said, and you could call them a part of the industry's capacity, if you wished, but he considered the place for them was on the junk pile. Lots of them have gone on the junk pile since.

Work for 50,000 Men

Steel has been operating, according to reports, at about one fourth below its capacity. That is true. But if the steel industry were confronted with any sudden increase in demand, it could not handle it well without spending vast sums to create new capacity along modern lines. And how much of the remaining capacity is up to modern specifications is difficult to answer.

Much of this is due to the new developments in metallurgy. Take your 1936 automobile, for instance, from which you expect seventy miles an hour without vibration or menace to its structure. You could not have that automobile unless the steel industry had provided the motor makers with the kinds of steel necessary to the tremendous strains put on them by the present-day demand for speed.

This is accomplished by the use of alloys—varying quantities of other metals and other substances mixed in with the steel which produce the most amazing results. With these alloys steel can be made stronger. It can be made to resist heat. It can be made to resist corrosion—as the stainless steel which is so common. It can be made light.

And in turn this has had the effect of making possible all sorts of changes in processes of manufacture of all sorts of things. It has tended to make obsolete countless thousands of machines in every sort of factory. And this, added to the general wear and tear upon machinery which has resulted from age, is creating an astonishing market for machinery of all sorts.

The American Machinist made a survey of this market recently and concluded that there is a market for machine tools which would cost $725,000,000 to fill. Suppose factories began doing that?

Machinery cannot be permitted to grow too old. You can carry a watch for half a century perhaps, but a machine tool is getting into the sere and yellow when it is ten years old. Ask any engineer and he will tell you that after ten years of use any machine is due for a trip to the boneyard.

Yet the American Machinist found that 65 out of every 100 machines were over ten years old. Ten years ago only 44 per cent of installed machines were over ten years old. If it were still 44 per cent, that figure would be more serious now than then because of the great technological changes in machine building. But it is 65 per cent instead of 44 per cent.

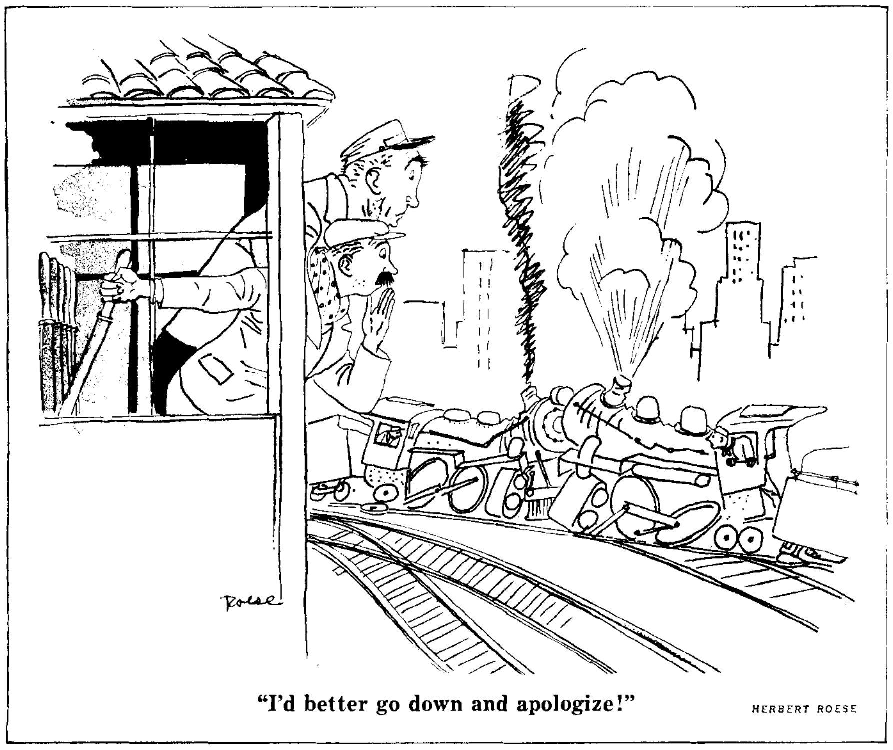
If American factories set about replacing their obsolescent and obsolete machines, the machine-tool industry alone would have to put 50,000 men to work. The most startling statement about this industry is this one by the leading authority in the field—that just to maintain our manufacturing industries at their present impaired state over 336,000 major machine installations will be necessary in the next three years. Of course to bring it abreast of modern machine-tool development, over 500,000 would be needed.

Thus wherever you look you are confronted with the same obvious fact—that we need plenty.

What about our power industry? Surely we don't need so much there, unless it be customers. This has been an up and go-getting industry, notably without white whiskers. It has been growing by leaps and kilowatts and it will be some years surely before we catch up with the supply—that is what most people imagine. At least there is nothing in this industry to correspond to those twenty-year-old locomotives and those antediluvian freight cars?

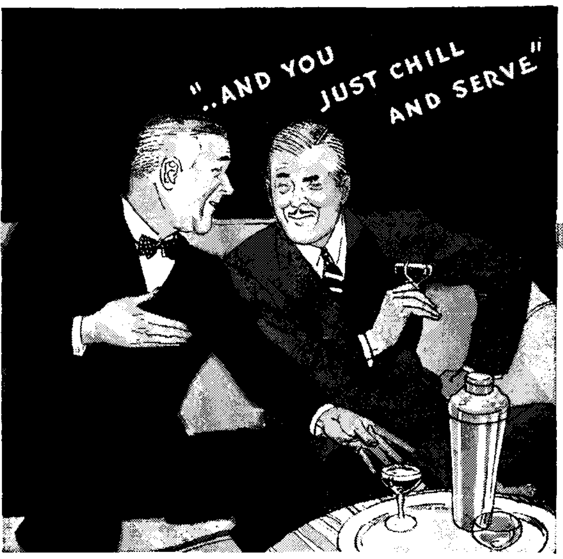
Well, be not deceived. I can show you a generating plant operating by steam

(*Continued on page 44*)



"I'd better go down and apologize!"

HERBERT ROESE


"...AND YOU JUST CHILL AND SERVE"

THE BEST COCKTAIL STORY OF THE YEAR

It's a true story. Some friend will offer you one of the sleekest and smoothest cocktails you have ever tasted. He will tell you it came out of a bottle, all mixed — ready to chill and serve. You may be inclined to doubt his word, but —

Thousands of people know that *bottled Club Cocktails* have been produced by Heublein of Hartford for nearly fifty years. Men who prided themselves on their mixing skill — now concede the sleek superiority of Heublein's *Club Cocktails.*

These same men, who can't be fooled on quality, give *Club Cocktails* their open praise. And you'll be glad to change from cocktail-mixing, too, when you taste your first, superb *Club Cocktail,* because

1. You pay no more for *Club Cocktails* than you would pay for the same fine ingredients, bought separately.
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Stop rummaging among a motley collection of bottles — long, short, half-empty and empty — to mix your cocktails by guess! *Try Heublein's bottled Club Cocktails soon.*

YOUR CHOICE OF EIGHT POPULAR KINDS
Available at all State operated and other liquor stores . . . Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Extra Dry Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), and Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof).

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8 kinds prepared and bottled by
HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

HEUBLEIN'S THE CLUB DRY MARTINI COCKTAILS

OUCH!
LUMBAGO

Don't tolerate stabbing pain when "Ben-Gay" offers quick relief

● When lumbago launches an unexpected attack, there's one simple way to get quick relief. "Ben-Gay," the famous formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris, has been a boon to lumbago sufferers for more than 40 years. Simply rub in "Ben-Gay" at the first sign of trouble. This soothing pain-reliever works wonders. Keep "Ben-Gay" on hand at all times. You never know when an emergency may arise.

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NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
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BENGUÉ
BEN-GAY

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BAUME "BEN-GAY"

BENNY FRIEDMAN Famous All-American and Coach Says:
I LIKE THE CLEAN COOL FEELING AQUA VELVA GIVES MY FACE AFTER A MORNING SHAVE
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KEEPS SKIN COOL, CLEAN
FIGHTS OFF SORE SPOTS

SHAVING in warm water opens wide the sensitive pores of your skin. Unless these pores are drawn together by an astringent, dust and dirt collect in them. This causes sore spots, blackheads.

Try a soothing dash of Aqua Velva after your morning shave. It's cool, fresh—closes pores instantly . . . prevents irritation! Get a bottle today.

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Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

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(Continued from page 43)

that was built in 1901 and there are a few which were put up before that time.

The estimated life of a steam electric plant is twenty years. This does not mean that the metal and parts crumble in that time. Build an electric plant and put it in a glass case for twenty years and, at the end of that time, even if a wheel never turned, its life will be near an end. Time, change, new processes will have outmoded it and it will be too costly to run in competition with modern machinery. If it has run, it will be that much more obsolete and unfit for use because the cost of upkeep will be too great. But plants with a capacity of over 2,500,000 kilowatts still in operation are over twenty years old. There's a couple of years of intensive construction just to bring that generating plant up to date, without making any gain whatever.

A Junk Pile of Houses

Besides there is plenty of capacity close to the twenty-year mark that is passing out swiftly. There just hasn't been any building in the power field. In 1930, the last big year, we built 1,600,000 kilowatts capacity. In 1934 it was about 25,000. Mr. Stanley Stokes, electrical engineer of the St. Louis Light and Power Co., is my authority for the statement that for the first time the country has more old electrical capacity than new. The Electrical World sent men to 332 factories using electrical equipment. They found that 55 per cent of it all was over ten years old. And it is estimated that with the resumption of demand the industry would need at once at least 2,000,000 kilowatts additional capacity, to say nothing of the need for as much more to replace what has become antique.

Of course you can get opinions on the other side. One man said to me: "All this talk of an electrical power shortage is foolish. The National Power Survey studied 215 systems—the leading ones. It found they had an installed capacity of 31,000,000 kilowatts. Experts estimate that when normal consumption is resumed, the demand will be for only 23,000,000 kilowatts. So there is plenty."

This is one of those statements which is true after a fashion. But it is a good deal like saying that ten men have between them forty suits and that is enough to spare. But when you look closer you find that five men have 35 suits and the other five one each and these getting pretty threadbare.

The trouble is that this capacity is not distributed evenly throughout the country. You cannot use a surplus of power in Washington state to light lamps in Massachusetts. The fact is that there is a surplus in some places but a deficit in others.

Furthermore, all of the capacity is not always on tap. Here, for instance, is one town with a plant which has 30,000 kilowatt capacity. But it's water power, and when the dry seasons come that plant has no capacity. And also, at least 11 per cent of all that capacity is so antiquated as to be useless because of its cost.

The National Power Survey has made a map of the power industry of the United States. In all states where there is a deficit of power the states are colored in red. And as you look at that map it seems to be a red map. There are only about fifteen states where there is ample power for all. In all the rest there is a deficit. In some it is slight—below 5 per cent. In most it is great, above 10 per cent. In other words, in more than one half the states in the Union we would have to install another ten per cent of power production plant before there would be enough.

Two years ago I wrote in Collier's that never in our history has there been such a style obsolescence in our homes. That is truer now than ever. In the neighborhood in which I live I have seen countless houses—good houses that have been kept in good repair—become almost worthless because they are thirty years old. The new houses now being built are so far ahead of these old homes, so infinitely superior in design, in layout, in equipment, that no one who sees the new houses will either buy or rent the old ones at half their supposed value.

There is going to be in the next ten years the most extensive junking of old houses this country has ever seen. They simply do not build houses the old way. The art of design and household equipment has completely changed. The 1936 small house is more different from the 1926 small house than the 1936 small car is different from the 1926 museum piece we occasionally see on the highways.

But besides these old houses rendered unfit by mere style changes, we actually need millions of homes of almost any kind for the growing population. Somehow this need has got to be met. How will we do it? That is a fair question. I only know that we must do it and that we will do it. The need is too great to be ignored.

The same thing is true of our roads. This is not the place to go fully into this whole subject of roads. But various studies have been made of our needs. A very conservative estimate is that we ought to build about 18,000 miles of surfaced highways a year and about 8,000 of secondary roads a year for the next ten years merely to replace vanishing roads and keep abreast of the simplest requirements.

What would happen to this nation if it began trying seriously to provide itself with all these needs and a score of others which I have had no time to mention? Aside from giving us the material fruits involved in these programs of construction, think of the men who would be put to work, the vast floods of purchasing power which would be unleashed, the industrial and commercial activity which would be set in motion, the great floods of new purchasing power which would be created and vitalized.

Why don't we do it? How long will it be before we begin to supply these needs? What can we do to make them possible?

Our businessmen, our candidates for office, our economists and philosophers and publicists can talk themselves blue about the tariff, international trade, the Constitution, the rights of men, the forgotten man and a host of other gaudy subjects. But the one great problem which lies before the nation is this one—how to provide it with these simple needs, needs we have always believed we were entitled to indulge.

What We Lack

The strange thing about it all is that the very act of creating these needs will also create the purchasing power which will enable the people to pay for them, to buy the products of the industries affected. When you build a house you do not put any dollars into the house. You put only brick and stone and cement and lumber and wiring and plumbing and roofing and various other things. The dollars go elsewhere. They go to the brick and stone and cement man, the lumber dealer, the plumber, the electrician and their workers. Those dollars become in turn purchasing power capable of buying the very houses, the very machines, etc., which are produced.

We have the technical men, the workers, the materials, the factories, the raw products. We have the people eager and hungry for these things. We have the growing and in some cases even desperate need for them. We have the credit—in abundance—to supply the sinews of war. What do we lack?

That is the only question to be answered by our people today.

The answer to this is perhaps the most important we are called upon to find. To begin with we have to recognize two very solid facts.

First, production in these industries is carried on with borrowed money. That means credit.

Second, production of these goods—locomotives, houses, schools, roads, etc.—is carried on with an eye on the future. We make canned soup to eat in a few minutes. We wear out a hat in a season. We expect a power plant to last for years.

Therefore these two things—credit and the future—are all mixed up with these industries.

What is the matter with both? That, of course, is a long story. I can only indicate the trouble here. In the case of credit, we have to put our question to two people in the problem—the fellow who lends and the fellow who borrows.

Building's Black Eye

There is plenty of money to lend—vast supplies. Those who have the funds proclaim they are eager for loans. They are, but they are a little particular about the security. After all, the man who lends wants to be sure of his interest and that he will not only get his money back but that it will be in the same kind of dollars he loaned. Fear of inflation frightens him and makes him timid. Well, for this man a very reassuring thing has just happened. By the Banking Act of 1935 the Federal Reserve Board has been given very wide powers to check inflation. Bankers in New York have believed it should use this power. It has done so. And the effect has been to convince many financiers that with these weapons the fear of credit inflation may be very greatly curtailed.

The fear of inflation has come largely from government spending policies. But with rising business and growing tax payments the government can, and probably will, get down to brass tacks in the matter of balancing the budget.

What of the fellow who borrows? Why doesn't he borrow if he can get the money? Well, the number who borrow on long-term credit is small. The reasons why they have not borrowed up to now are plain enough. The railroads have been in financial difficulties. They probably never will get into the market on a vast scale until many reorganizations put them in shape to deal on credit again. This is being attempted for many roads now. It will doubtless be pushed on a greater scale soon.

As to the building industry, that of course has been suffering from the black eye it got in the 'twenties. But the follies of those years need not be repeated. The need for houses is growing at a rapid pace. Great reforms have been made in home financing. And there is now nothing to prevent the man who wants a house from building or buying one. I look for a rapid rise in this field.

As to industry, there, of course, fear of the future has held men back. After all, the future was pretty well obscured for several years. But now men are beginning to feel somewhat more secure about it. Who can doubt the rise of a sense of confidence? It exists and it is upon confidence in the future that long-term investment is built.

However, if government and business are eager for a real upturn by stimulating men to set about providing the nation with these immense needs outlined here, the important thing is to introduce an element of certainty about the future into the picture and to do whatever is necessary about making long-term credit available.

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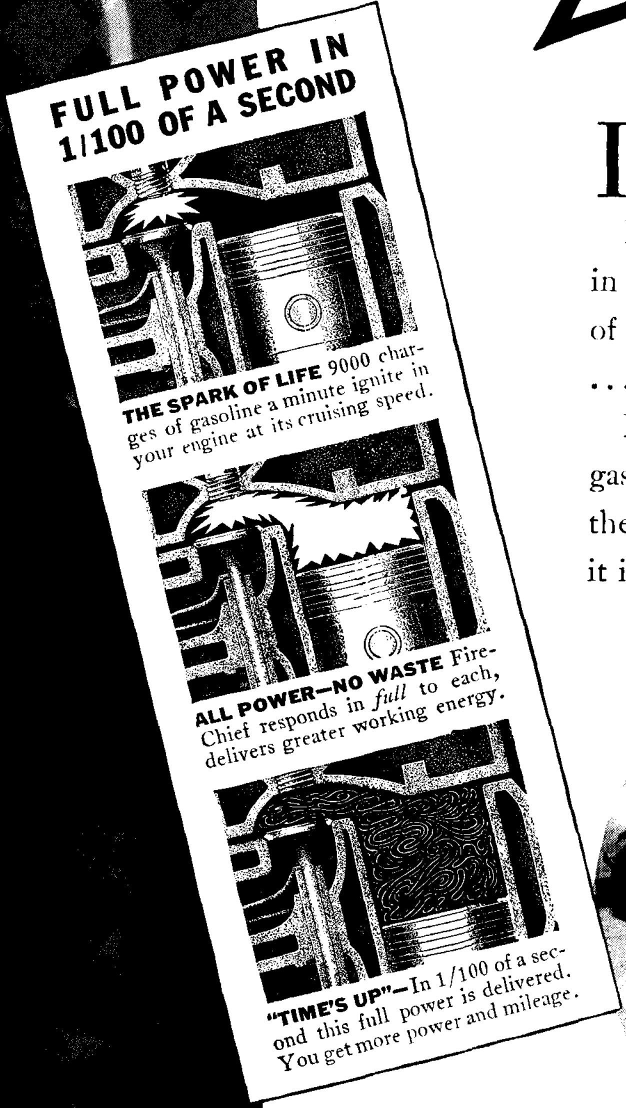
An eyewink is SLOW compared to this Lightning-Action



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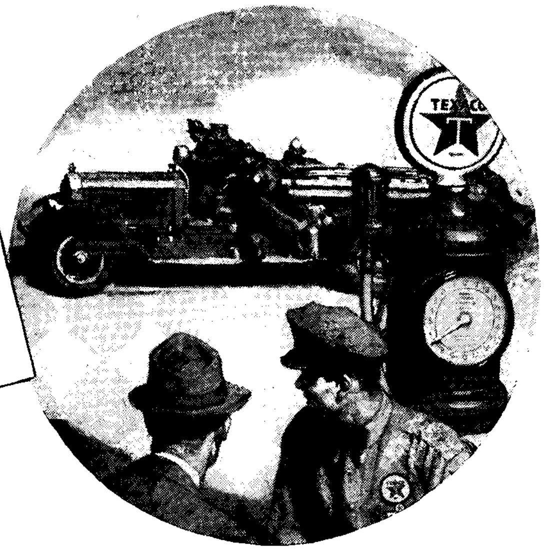
That's what you get with Texaco Fire-Chief. Fire-Chief is free from the lazy slow-burning elements that slow up gasoline action. It is made livelier, more responsive, more economical by modern refining processes. You get full power in 1/100 of a second.

That is why you should stop at the Fire-Chief pumps for your gasoline. Get Fire-Chief's Lightning Action working for you now. You'll find it at Texaco dealers everywhere . . . all over America . . . at regular gasoline prices.



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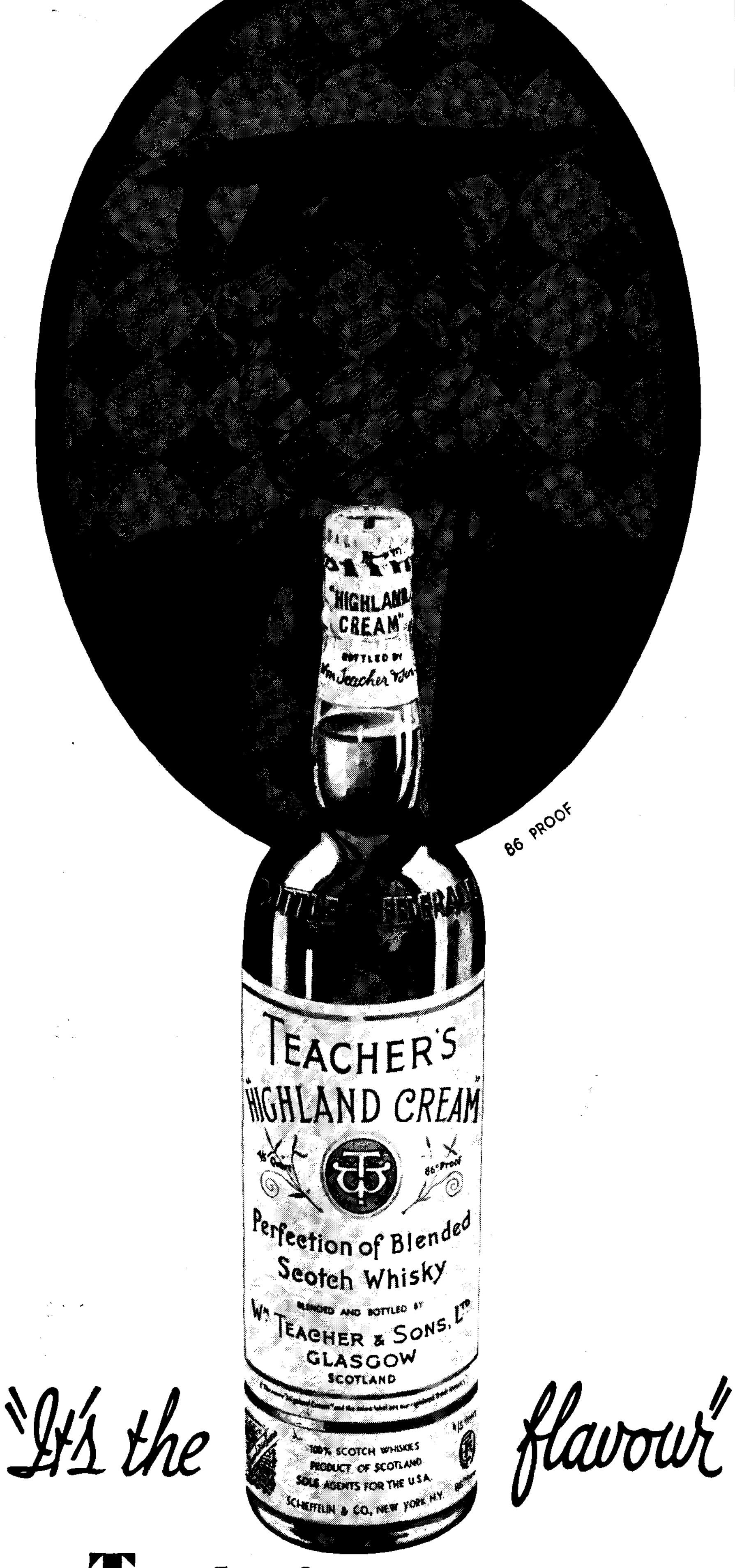
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The Youngest Delegate

Continued from page 21

idea, but no administration could get around to it till it had done a lot of other things. So why waste your time?"

"Well—" Dick flushed. "My work— I make a living out of odd jobs, but they don't add up into anything. If I can afford to give a little time to something like this, that I believe in, it makes me feel that I'm at least doing something that's worth while."

"So you have to feel that, do you? I may be prejudiced, but it seems to me that getting news for the Dispatch is worth while. This free-lance game is not so hot, I gather—for you. Why not come back to us, Dick?"

"You remember why I quit my job," Dick reminded him.

"Sure. You didn't like our editorial policy, and the sort of stories you had to get to back it up. But they were true enough, weren't they?"

"Yes, but—do you expect me to work for something I don't believe in?"

"We all have to do that, sometimes; it's the price of working with other people. Just who are you, anyway, to dictate policy to the Dispatch? You don't own it; if you get your way, the owner doesn't get his. But if you'd come back and try to work with the organization—"

"YOU tempt me," Dick admitted. "If I get this plank over, I might—"

"Why do you have to get your plank over—which you won't?"

"I promised these people I'd do what I could," said Dick stubbornly. "Even if I can't get the plank into the platform, I might get the President to come out for it in a speech, later; and I couldn't work for the league, even for nothing, if I were drawing a salary from the Dispatch. But if the resolutions committee takes the plank, then I've done my job for the league, and might feel like coming back to work for you."

That, of course, wasn't his only reason. Wryly he recalled the great things Dick Thurston had meant to do when he left home seven years ago. He had done good work on the paper—but the paper, not he, got the credit; and he certainly had made no resplendent success at free-lancing. But if he could put this over, get his plank into both platforms, he could feel that he personally had done something notable. After that—

"If and might and maybe," said Foster, finishing his drink. "It would be a swell world, son, if we could all have our way. . . . However, I've got to get to work—see if Senator Storrs can give me some dope on the platform. He's going to be the big man in the resolutions committee. . . . Did you see him come in a while ago with that black-eyed cutie? Damned if I understand what women see in him; not his mind, certainly. Still, he's a good-looking rascal. . . . Better come along, Dick; you'll have to give Storrs a sales talk for your plank. And you're from Ilconsota, too; you'll want to have a little reunion with your old friends from back home."

"No, I guess not," said Dick slowly. "I'll see Storrs later; the others— What can you say to people you haven't seen for seven years?"

So Foster went to see the senator, and half an hour later came back to the mezzanine parlor that served as convention office for the Dispatch. It was empty, at the moment; all his bright young men were out chasing news or eating lunch. But he had breakfasted late; all he wanted now was a cigarette. His hand dipped into his pocket—and came out empty. . . . Where the devil could he have left that cigarette case, a gift from his wife?

Somebody was at the door. He rose hastily; even if you were fat and bald and safely married, you could appreciate a girl like this.

"I was looking for Dick Thurston," she said uncertainly.

"He isn't with us any more." Her dark eyes were concerned. "You're Miss McCulloch, aren't you?" said Foster, and introduced himself. "I saw you come in a while ago. Sit down, if you have a moment, and tell me how it feels to be a youngest delegate." She shrugged impatiently.

"That isn't important. What happened to Dick? . . . He left you? Of his own accord, you mean? That is—he wasn't fired, was he?"

"No, he resigned—because he couldn't have everything his own way."

"Oh, dear," she sighed hopelessly. "Is he still doing that?"

"He is. I'm sorry for that boy—always impaling himself on points of honor so fine they're imperceptible to the naked eye, and insisting on an independence that only a millionaire or a genius could afford. He's good but he's not that good. He might get somewhere if he wasn't so stubborn."

"Then he isn't getting anywhere?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, he's getting along—but knowing the ambitions he used to have, I'd say he isn't getting anywhere. Not that he'd ever admit it."

"No, I suppose he wouldn't. . . . But he's here, isn't he? Didn't I see him downstairs a while ago?"

"Yes, he's here—trying to get a plank into the platform. Not a lobbyist," he explained hastily. "That is, he's doing something that he'd think was disgraceful if he got paid for it; but since he doesn't—"

"That sounds exactly like him. . . . Do you know where he's staying?"

"I don't—" Foster began. And then Dick appeared in the door.

"Bill, I must have absent-mindedly stuck your cigarette case in my pocket a while ago. Knowing how much you think of it—" He stopped, staring. "Oh. Oh, hello, Ruth. Er— What— What are you doing here?"

"Just hanging around," she said lightly, "hoping somebody might ask me to lunch. Mr. Foster doesn't seem to rise to the occasion, but if you—"

He did.

"WE'LL get out of this jam—go to the Bijou roof," he told her as he broke a way for her through the crowd in the Renton lobby. "Suit you?"

She nodded; it was nice to be taken care of so competently when you were used to doing everything for yourself. To be sure, the senator had been just as competent, but that wasn't the same, somehow. Getting through the crowd, across the street, gave them both the time they needed to steady themselves; at a table, over cocktails, she could face him with a smile.

"Nice to run into you, Dick. Since you never come back to Ayresville—" She broke off, her voice suddenly unsteady. He flushed.

"My people have moved away," he explained, "and—I've been working hard." She needn't think it was because of her that he never came back.

"Tell me about your work," she said, grateful for the diversion.

"I'm free-lancing, now. Odd jobs—just this and that." She must see the difference between this and his old ambitions, but he couldn't lie to her. "But I can afford to give a little time to—to public service," he added hastily. "Here at the convention—" He told her what he was doing; but as he talked, that no longer sounded so important either. "I don't suppose," he finished, "any administration could do anything about our program till it had done a hundred other things first; but it's a good idea."

"It sounds like a simply swell idea," she encouraged him. "You know Senator Storrs, of course?" He nodded. "Then you talk to him," she said, "and I'll talk to him, too; and we'll get that plank in the platform."

He was puzzled by her confidence; she ought to know that no personal consideration outweighed political expediency, with Storrs. But from then on everything went well, till she began talking about her work.

"I couldn't keep things going as well as Father did, of course," she sighed. "I've done the best I could, but it hasn't been easy."

"But you've done a swell job," he told her gustily. "I still hear from Ayresville occasionally—how you kept the factory running at a loss for years, how you threw in your own money and saved the bank in '33—"

"Why not? All that money had been made in Ayresville; it was only fair to put it back when they needed it, and I had it."

"ALL the same you did a swell job," he insisted. "You know that—but I had to tell you that I know it, too. And you know why."

"Don't feel that you have to apologize, Dick. You couldn't have done anything but what you did, seven years ago—and neither could I."

"No, we couldn't," he agreed. "And no wonder we couldn't see each other's point of view, then; we were only a couple of kids. But—you've done your job, Ruth, without—without assistance. My compliments."

But he hadn't seemed to think much of his job. So, after a moment—

"But, Dick," she began diffidently, "I—I hate to see you acting the same way still. I was talking to Mr. Foster, before you came in. We all like to have our own way, but— Well, it's the way it is in politics; you've got to learn to go along with the organization." He grinned.

"I'll bet you don't find that easy. You used to be stubborn, Ruth."

"I still am—and it isn't easy. But I do it, and if you had any sense you'd do it too. . . . There, now!" she finished, smiling. "That's the end of the lecture. Now let's just enjoy our reunion."

"Don't talk as if this is the end of it," he protested. "I'll be busy in the daytime this week, boosting my plank; but of evenings—"

"I'll be busy; they're going to have night sessions, and I'm a delegate."

"But after the night sessions," he said, "we might dance a little. This looks like a good place. What about it, Ruth—beginning tonight?"

"For old times' sake?" she asked, with a touch of foreboding.

"I wasn't thinking about old times. If you think any man needs an excuse for asking you for a date in these times, look in your mirror."

"Well," she surrendered, laughing, "since you put it so nicely—"

Perhaps it would be the easiest way to get him off her mind.

In an upstairs hall of the Municipal Auditorium the Resolutions Committee was holding a public hearing—the raven-haired Senator Storrs in the chair, the rest of the committee seated behind him on the platform; a crowd of newspapermen, a scattering of sight-seers, in the seats below.

"The committee will next hear," the clerk was droning, "from Richard Thurston, representing the League for Cultural Rehabilitation."

Far back in the hall, a dark-eyed girl in creamy linen sat up expectantly. Dancing with him every night on the Bijou roof, she hadn't thought much about anything but what a good time she was having at the convention, how well they got along just as—playmates. But here was a chance to see him at work, find out if he were really as good as she had thought he was, seven years ago. (And what, she wondered uneasily, did that matter?)

He ascended the platform, easy, assured; and after a stream of other speakers who had burst into florid oratory full of empty phrases, or had read prepared manuscripts soggy with statistics, he talked as simply, as sensibly, as persuasively as he had talked to her at lunch. . . . He really is somebody! she thought proudly. If only he weren't so stubborn—

Absorbed in him, she didn't notice Senator Storrs as he looked at his watch, whispered to the man next to him, yielded the chair; she didn't even see the senator till he stood beside her.

"What about going out to lunch, Ruth?"

"Don't talk!" she whispered, frowning. "I want to hear this."

Not very contentedly he sat down beside her, waited till Dick had finished. Then, under cover of the applause, he repeated his invitation.

"I'm so sorry, Senator; I promised Dick I'd lunch with him. He's an old friend from Ayresville," she explained. "You remember—I spoke to you—"

"Oh, yes—about his plank. But look here, Ruth, I've hardly had a chance to talk to you since we came to Philadelphia."

"I've no right to take up your time. You're an important man, Senator."

"Don't you know me well enough to call me Warren?" She flushed; he had called her Ruth since she was a baby, but she knew what this meant. "Of course I'm busy," he said, "but you're the one that's always dated up."

"Can't you guess why? The other women in the delegation don't like your giving me all the publicity. I don't want to make trouble for you."

Just the woman I've always needed, he thought in a rush of eagerness. The organization comes first, with her. . . .

"Well, how about dining with me this evening, anyway? I'll be up pretty much all night with the subcommittee that's to draft the platform, but they don't start work till after dinner. Can we meet at the state headquarters, about seven?"

"All right," she assented. And then Dick joined them—or her.

"YOU made a simply swell speech," she told him happily.

"You did indeed," the senator echoed. "Of course, I can't say what the committee will do about your plank, but I've promised Miss McCulloch that I'll make every effort to get them to adopt it."

If he means that, she reflected, he can do it; but it wouldn't do any harm to pin him down to a promise at dinner tonight.

She lunched with Dick at a little restaurant beyond the university campus. It was late; the place was empty except for a waiter who vanished after he had brought their sandwiches and beer. She tried to tell Dick how much his speech had impressed her, but he seemed preoccupied.

"Ruth," he interrupted at last, "have you been talking to Storrs about my plank?"

"Of course. Why not? The more people working for it the better."

"Yes, that's true; but—" He stared at her sullenly. "I'd rather not get it into the platform than use that kind of influence."

(Continued on page 48)

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● And when you see the Conklin, you will agree that here at last is the pen that you have been waiting for—the perfect precision instrument. . . . Only Conklin offers the revolutionary Cushon Point, giving you an entirely new and advanced idea of writing ease and smoothness. . . . Only Conklin offers that most modern self-filling device—the device that "winds like a watch." This patented feature, with positive mechanical action, is quick, easy and dependable in operation. . . . Now Conklin offers the new controlled feed, insuring a smooth, uniform flow of ink—the fully visible ink supply with the exclusive Conklin Word Gauge—the distinctively beautiful Chevron styling. . . . Once you have seen and tried the Conklin—the pen that has everthing—you will want this modern, precision pen. Conklin Pens, Pencils and Sets are on display at leading stores everywhere.

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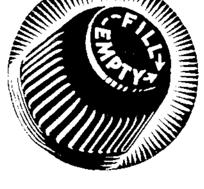

CONKLIN NOZAC (no sac) PENS, $5.00 up; PENCILS, $3.75 up; SETS, $8.50 up. OTHER CONKLIN PENS, $2.75 up; PENCILS, $1.00 up; SETS, $3.75 up. Regular Lever Sack Pens Available, $2.75 up.

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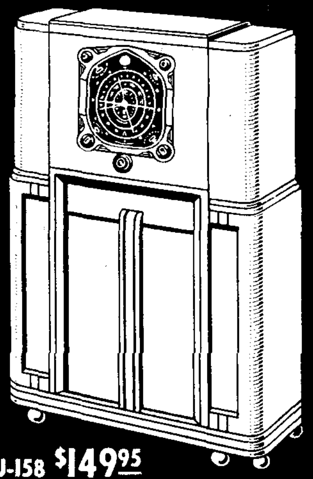

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"... the Indian thought his tent was a palace until he saw the white man's home—" No matter what your present idea of a radio may be, see a Zenith and you'll have a new standard by which to judge.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION • CHICAGO

(Continued from page 47)

"What?" she gasped. Then, furiously, "What kind of influence?"

"Your influence with your fiancé." Her eyes widened. "Mrs. Bates told me this morning," he said, "that you're going to marry him."

"Oh, she did? Well, she knows more about it than I do. He hasn't even asked me—yet," she added in some confusion. Then, as he glowered at her— "What of it?" she blazed. "Did you think nobody else has wanted to marry me since your day—or that I refused them on account of you?"

"Certainly not. You owe me nothing—less than nothing. But you owe yourself *something!* If you can even think of marrying a man like that—no, not a *man*—a politician, dough-faced, dough-minded, and past sixty—!"

"WELL, what is it to you?" she flared. His eyes told her. "But, Dick!" She tried to be lightly peremptory, but her voice broke. "Don't be silly," she said feebly. "You must have been in love with other girls since then."

"I thought I was, but—second best was never good enough, after that."

"No," she sighed, "it never was." She looked up, startled, crimson; and as her eyes met his, seven years melted away. "But—this can't happen!" she said weakly. "We—we've let our imaginations run wild—"

"It has happened!" he told her triumphantly. "And it isn't imagination. . . . Ruth, will you marry me if I get that plank in the platform?"

"If you— What on earth has that got to do with it?"

"I barely support myself, free-lancing. But when I've kept my promise to this league I can go back to my old job on the Dispatch. It's a good job—and I think you'd like Washington—"

"I might; but I like Ayresville, and I've got a job there. You'd like Ayresville, too, Dick! We've got some things started that make it a pretty good town. Why don't you come back and help me?"

"The same old question," he groaned. "And you know the answer. I've got too much self-respect to walk into a job ready-made for your husband."

"You'd make your own job, Dick; you'd do most things better than I can. The paper, for instance—I'd give you that right away. No great gift; I can't make it pay—but I'll bet you could. You can manage the bank and the factory too, if you'd like. I hope—" She flushed deeply. "I hope I might have—other things that would keep me occupied."

He considered, tense with the strain of decision: then, resolutely—

"I can't let you give me all that. As a matter of self-respect—"

"Self-respect? I call it plain pigheadedness!" she snapped. "I—I'd hoped that I was one organization you might like to work with, but—" She stood up. "I'll leave you with a piece of good advice, Dick, which I don't suppose you'll take. Save your money and buy a nice desert island. That's the only place where you can always be sure of having your own way."

SHE spent the afternoon alone, and found herself poor company; but you'd never have suspected that when she was dressed for dinner. She looked—she made a point of looking—gay and glittering and carefree. Just as she was ready there was a knock at the door—and there stood Dick.

"Ruth," he said, "I hurt you. I'm sorry." Her hands went out to him.

"Oh, darling . . . That's all right. You couldn't help it."

"It's not all right! Nobody ought to hurt you, ever!" He held her hands lightly, as if he had no right to touch them. "I was a fool this afternoon," he confessed. "Talking about jobs, when what really matters is that I want you. You."

"Even in Ayresville? . . . I suppose I'm stubborn too," she said, smiling wanly. "I need you, Dick, not just a business partner. It only seemed to me that Ayresville made more sense—for both of us."

"It does," he agreed. "You're probably the only organization on earth I'd really like to work with. I'll come back with you to Ayresville if the committee puts my plank on the platform." She drew her hands away.

"More conditions! I may be dumb, Dick, but I don't see why—"

"It's—self-respect seems to be an unpopular word," he said, "so let's call it ethics. I promised my league I'd do *something;* if I don't do it here I've got to keep on trying. Also, if I put that over I could have my old job back—No, I don't want it; I wouldn't take it. But just because I want you personally, I can't take you if the job you offer me is the only one in sight. I won't come back to you licked; I'd be running to cover, and neither of us could ever forget it. But if I put this over, then—"

"So our future depends on what happens to the plank?" she interrupted.

"Our immediate future, anyway. . . . But I've got to do this myself. I mean—You wouldn't use your influence with Storrs now, I hope?"

"Certainly not," she said dryly. "I happen to have some ethics too. I could hardly ask a man who wants me to help another man get me."

"I know it. . . . Ruth, I'm going to put this over—all by myself. I'll see every man on the subcommittee, except Storrs—make them promise to support my plank. And when I've done it, then you and I—"

"I never," she said, "accept contingent proposals. I'll see how I feel after we find out what happens to your plank."

FROM the threshold of the state headquarters she saw the senator inside, talking to a group of delegates, his white linen suit emphasizing his raven-black hair. Quite a man, after all—and he didn't always insist on having his own way, on imperiling everything for some cockeyed scruple. Life would be easier if you married a man who had no power to make you miserable. . . . He saw her, detached himself from the group, came to greet her.

"Well?" she said affectionately. "Ready for dinner, Warren?"

"Not here!" he exploded in a scandalized whisper. Then, aloud—"I'll be with you in just a minute, Ruth."

She did a lot of thinking in that minute; and was still thinking silently as they drove off to the restaurant. And after a while—

"I thought you wanted me to call you Warren," she reminded him.

"Er—only in private, just now. You know the feeling in the delegation, just because you're more attractive than the other women; and I've got to keep things harmonious . . . Lord, I'm tired! And now I'll be up all night with the subcommittee, drafting the platform."

"About that plank of Dick Thurston's—" she began.

"It hasn't got a chance. We're sticking to a defense of the administration's record—no room for anything new. So you see I couldn't do anything about it. I'm sorry, if it means much to you."

"Oh, that's all right. I only spoke to you about it because Dick came from Ayresville too. It really doesn't matter to me at all."

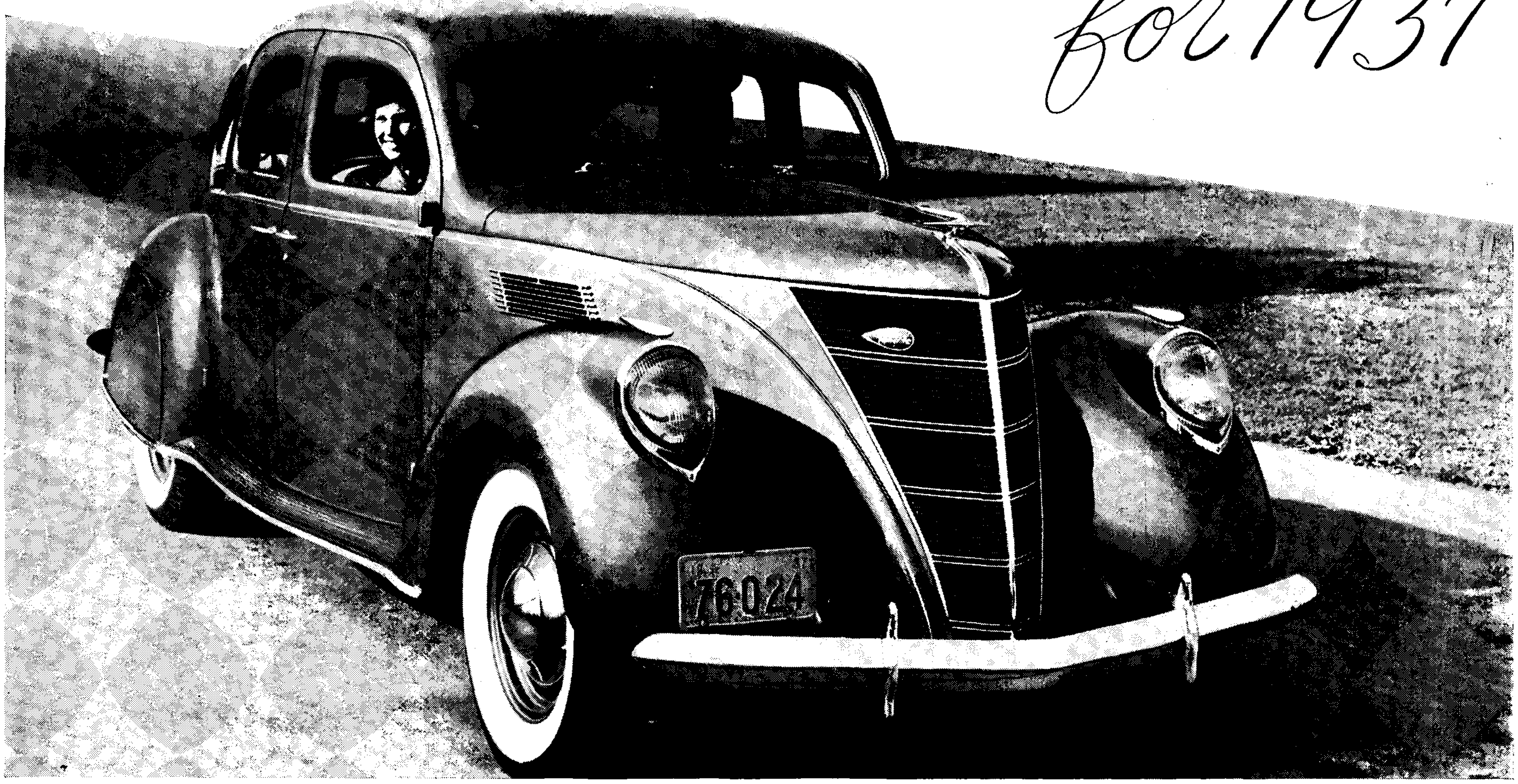
"Sure of that?" he asked her sharply. "I've been afraid—" But her serene innocence reassured him. "Thank God!" he groaned. All at once his arms were around her—and in a taxi, it wasn't easy to slip away.

(Continued on page 50)

Announcing the

LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V·12

for 1937



NEW LOW PRICES FROM $1090

(F. O. B. Detroit)

This new car, the Lincoln-Zephyr V-12 for 1937, has a year's superb record behind it. But it is still years ahead of the times! It is not a new model. It is the car, refined and improved, that pioneered a new type of transportation. It is the car that looks into the future to give a new kind of value today!

• This year, more than ever, the Lincoln-Zephyr is priced below its specifications. In modern design, 12-cylinder power, safety, interior roominess, comfort and convenience, it sets entirely new standards in this field. And as it breaks with tradition in value, so it breaks with tradition in design!

• No other car has the Lincoln-Zephyr's beauty. And beauty, here, has a reason. Beneath the swift flowing streamlines of the Lincoln-Zephyr is a welded one-piece structure unique in the automotive world!

• Powering this unusual car is the Lincoln-built engine. It is of the V-type—has twelve cylinders—is built alongside the Lincoln engine in the Lincoln precision plant. *It is the Lincoln-built engine of the medium-price field.* Its 110 horsepower is more than sufficient, because of the car's aero-dynamic design and light weight, to give performance as new as it is stimulating.

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For all its size (the springbase is 133 inches), for all its power, the Lincoln-Zephyr is running up amazing records on the road. Owners report 14 to 18 miles per gallon! But credit is due here not to the engine's efficiency alone. Streamlining, and a high power-to-weight ratio increase the efficiency of the engine's performance—give fresh meaning to Lincoln-Zephyr design.

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- 14 to 18 miles per gallon.
- Built by Lincoln in the Lincoln plant.
- Authentically streamlined.
- The "flowing" ride—a new rhythm of motoring.

Liberal terms through Authorized Universal Credit Company Finance Plans.

Lincoln Motor Company

(Continued from page 48)

"Senator!" she breathed reproachfully; but he didn't miss the undertone of irony.

"Senator be damned. I'm Warren Storrs, a man who—"

But before he could fill in the definition the taxi stopped at the restaurant. Red-faced and silent, he led her in to their table; over the cocktails he seemed about to reopen the subject—but he was desperately tired. An old man, she realized, for all his raven-black hair.

"Let's not talk," she suggested, "till we've had some dinner."

It reinvigorated him amazingly. So at last, over the coffee—

"Ruth," he began, "I hadn't meant to say this just yet. I've got heavy responsibilities this week; the President is depending on me to shape the platform. But I can't help it; I love you, I want you—"

She supposed she ought to find this stammering impetuosity ridiculous in a man of his age, but she didn't. He wasn't a man of his age, now; he was a man in love, shaken by an emotion she couldn't help respecting.

"And I want to know now," he was plunging on, "if you'll marry me after the election. Since I'm running for another term, we'd have to keep the engagement secret; but as soon as I'm safely in—"

Will I never get anything but contingent proposals? she wondered. Will nobody ever want me here and now?

"You used the present tense, Warren. You said, 'I want you.' If you want me in June, what's the idea of waiting till November? Are you afraid you couldn't spare any time for me, in the campaign?"

"Not that. But the fact is— It looks like a pretty close race. Now in times past I've always got the bulk of the women's vote; but if I were married, or even known to be engaged, there'd be a psychological effect—I might lose just enough of the women's vote to beat me. . . . But we could be engaged secretly, and married the day after the election. Will you, Ruth?"

There was, she reflected, a difference in contingent proposals. Dick's ethical scruples might seem torturous to a woman, but there was nothing obscure about this man's motives. And he had no shame, no shame. . . .

"Senator," she said smoothly, "you did yourself an injustice — unintentional, I'm sure. Back there in the taxi you described yourself as a man—but you're not, of course; you're a politician. If I marry I want a man. . . . Better get your check; you're due at the subcommittee meeting."

WHILE he was paying the waiter she did some more thinking. Practically, he was that subcommittee; even if all the others were hospitable to Dick's plank, he could keep it out—or, if he chose, he could get it in, singlehanded. She still thought Dick's scruples were overstrained; but if that was the only way she could get him to come back to Ayresville—

Even for that, she mused, I couldn't do this to a man who really loved me. But to a politician who loves only himself—and the organization—

"Wait!" she commanded as he was about to rise. "I want you to see that Dick Thurston's plank gets into the platform."

"Thurston!" he exploded. "I thought that was the trouble, all along. . . . I won't put his plank in—couldn't, even if I wanted to—"

"If it were controversial, perhaps you couldn't; but it's harmless—and unimportant. And you told Dick this afternoon you'd work for it."

"Oh, of course I told him that. What would you expect me to say?"

"Nothing but what people want to hear. But now you make good on it."

"I'm damned if I will! You needn't think you can influence me, now."

"This isn't influence, Senator. There's a shorter and uglier word for it. Blackmail." He stared, in incredulous consternation. "Do you remember," she said, "that our baggage came in together, and there was a mix-up about toilet cases? You got mine and I got yours—and right on top of it there was a bottle. Colora—It Restores the Natural Hue . . . If I tell the Republican state chairman where you get your raven-black hair, how much of the women's vote will you get next November?"

"Ruth!" he said hoarsely. "You couldn't do that! I—I'm not speaking for myself alone; think of the effect on the organization!"

"To put it briefly, damn the organization. Now do I get my plank?"

WITH floodlights glaring on his trim figure and raven hair, Senator Storrs was reading the platform to fifteen thousand people who packed the auditorium; but Dick Thurston was only half listening. He hadn't seen Ruth all day; and now she had just come in, taken a seat at the edge of the speakers' stand—for the nominating speech was to follow the platform, and then the seconding speeches. Glancing down into the press box where Dick had found a seat, she had seen him, looked at him impassively—and then looked away. . . . He couldn't talk to her till after her speech—and perhaps couldn't talk to her at all. He knew now that there was little hope of getting his plank into the platform; and even if he succeeded—her indifference might mean that she was sick of his scruples—

Above him, Senator Storrs cleared his throat, began a new paragraph.

"We favor a broad program of cultural rehabilitation, on these lines—"

Dick never heard the rest of it; his head jerked up; his eyes turned to Ruth. She was smiling—proudly, happily—smiling at him. . . . He thrust down the aisle, climbed upon the bench below the speakers' stand. Over the flag-draped railing, her face was close to his.

"Ruth!" he whispered huskily. "I put it over! I put it over!"

"Of course, darling. I always knew you could."

"So if you still want me to come back to Ayresville—" Her hand touched his on the railing, tightened around his fingers. "Ruth!" he was shivering. "Damn this crowd! I want to kiss you—here and now!"

"Not here; we'd attract attention. But"—she gathered up her wrap, and rose—"we can be somewhere else in about two minutes."

"But you have to make a seconding speech, don't you?"

"I was going to," she said. "But I've retired from politics."

It was past midnight when Senator Storrs came wearily into the state headquarters where the delegates were talking over the evening. For all his raven hair he looked his age now, and more; but weary or not, he had a duty to perform; and according to his lights he always did his duty.

"Mrs. Bates, that was a splendid seconding speech you made. Lucky you had something already prepared, or we'd have been on the spot when Ruth had to leave the auditorium. . . . What happened to her? Was she taken ill?"

"Far from it," said Mrs. Bates. "What happened to her is only natural at her age, though it often looks like a disease when it hits old people."

"What do you mean? Where is she now?"

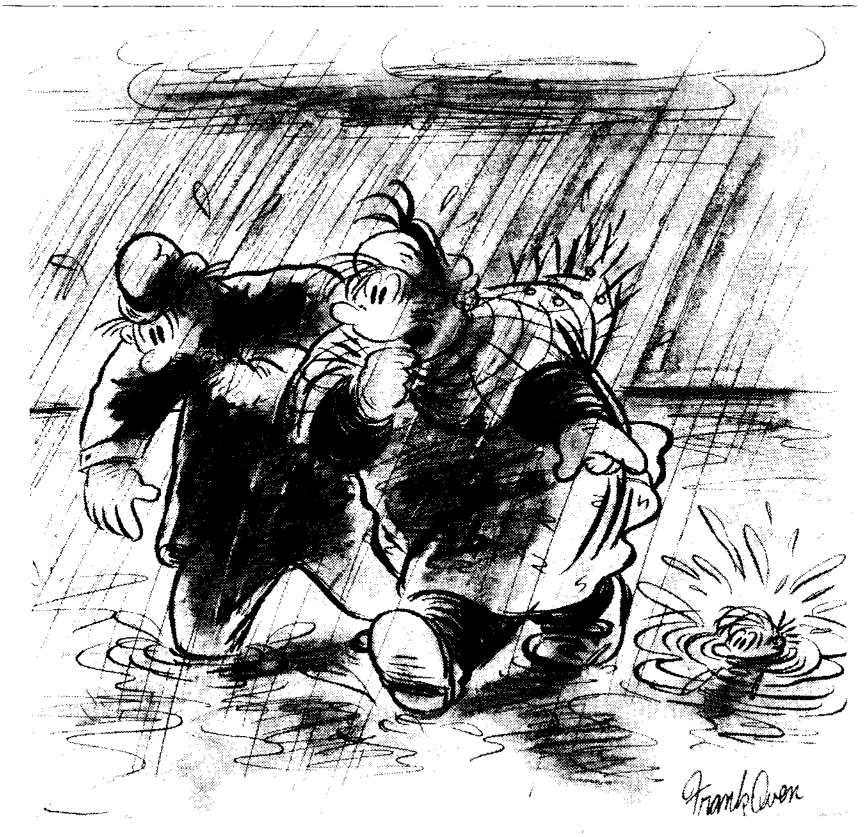
"Well, from what the hotel porter tells me, she must be in Atlantic City by now. With her husband. She left the chairman a note saying that she had retired from politics, but that the Ayresville Herald, under new control, could still be counted on to support the party ticket."

"Oh," said the senator. "Oh." And then, rallying sturdily, "Well," he concluded, "perhaps that's best, after all. A woman like that, who'd smash anything to get what she wants, would never be much good to the organization."

Philbert

By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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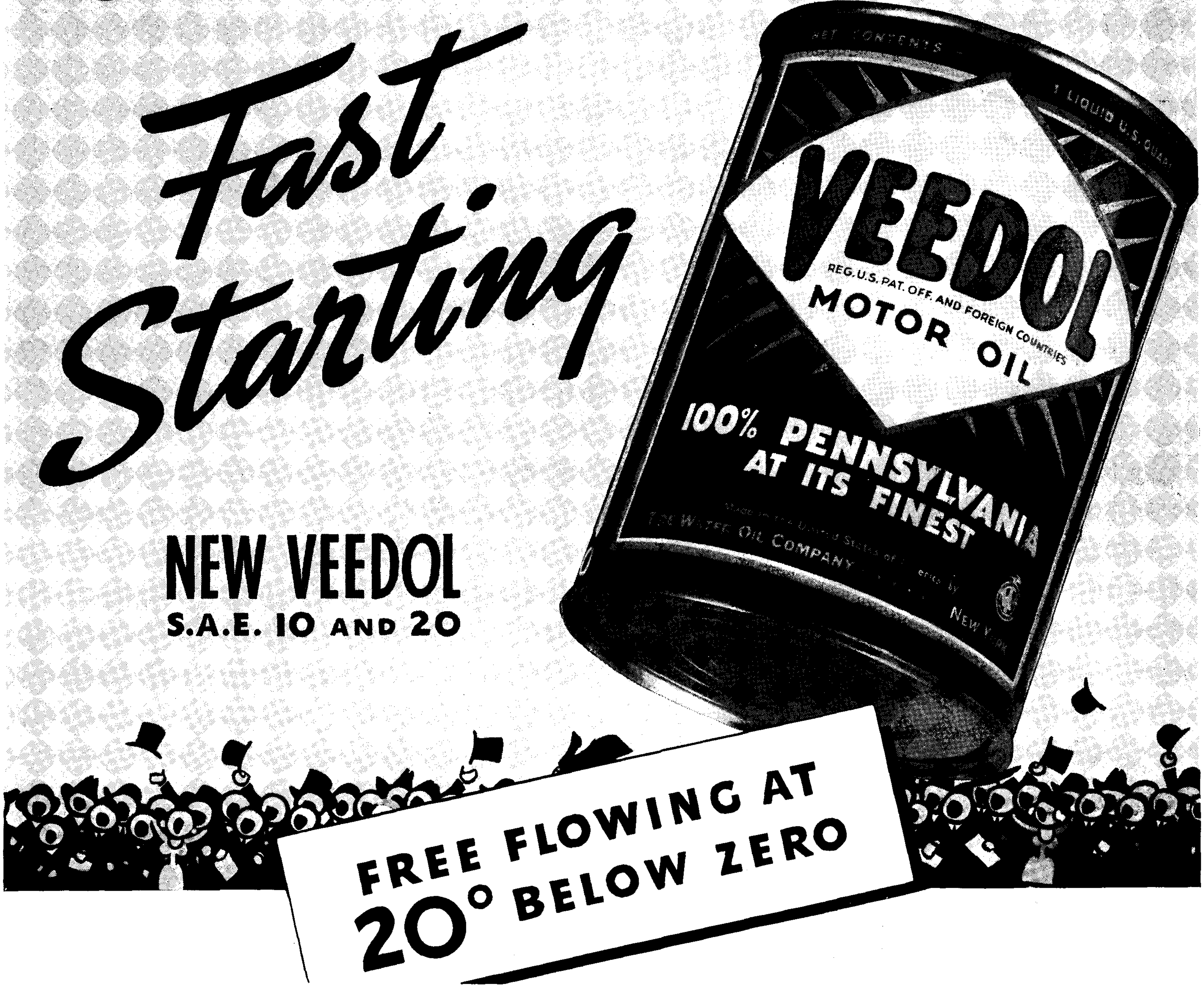
NEW VEEDOL
S.A.E. 10 AND 20



FOR YEARS, your biggest handicap to fast winter starting has been . . . *motor oil!* And here's the reason! Your *gasoline* can't get into instant action . . . your *motor* can't turn over quickly . . . when *both* are stymied by the cold grip of *congealed motor oil!*

But you'll get real relief this winter! *New* Veedol offers you a *new* aid to fast starting . . . a 100% Pennsylvania motor oil that is made to *flow freely* in any motor . . . *even at 20 degrees below zero.*

New Veedol is a *thin* yet *tough* motor oil. So *thin* its famous "film of protection" provides *instant lubrication* on the coldest day . . . so *tough* it will not burn up or break down under the most extreme heat of hard winter driving. Its *fluid film* keeps your motor free from drag, safe from scuffing . . . ready for *instant action* in any weather.

Ask for this *new* Veedol! . . . It's your greatest aid to fast starting. Yet it costs no more than old-fashioned winter motor oil. Each refinery-sealed can is marked "Veedol S. A. E. 10 or 20." Your dealer will tell you the correct grade for your motor.

. . . And don't forget!
Veedol's "Make-Good-Offer" is still open

Have any Veedol dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the correct grade of *new* Veedol Motor Oil. Ask him for a correctly filled out and signed sales slip. *Keep that slip.* Drive your car 10 days. And then, if you don't gladly say Veedol is the finest motor oil you've ever used, we'll make good. Simply mail your sales slip to the Tide Water Oil Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City . . . with a request for a crankcase filling of any oil you choose. We will promptly fill your crankcase with that oil, without it costing you a penny.

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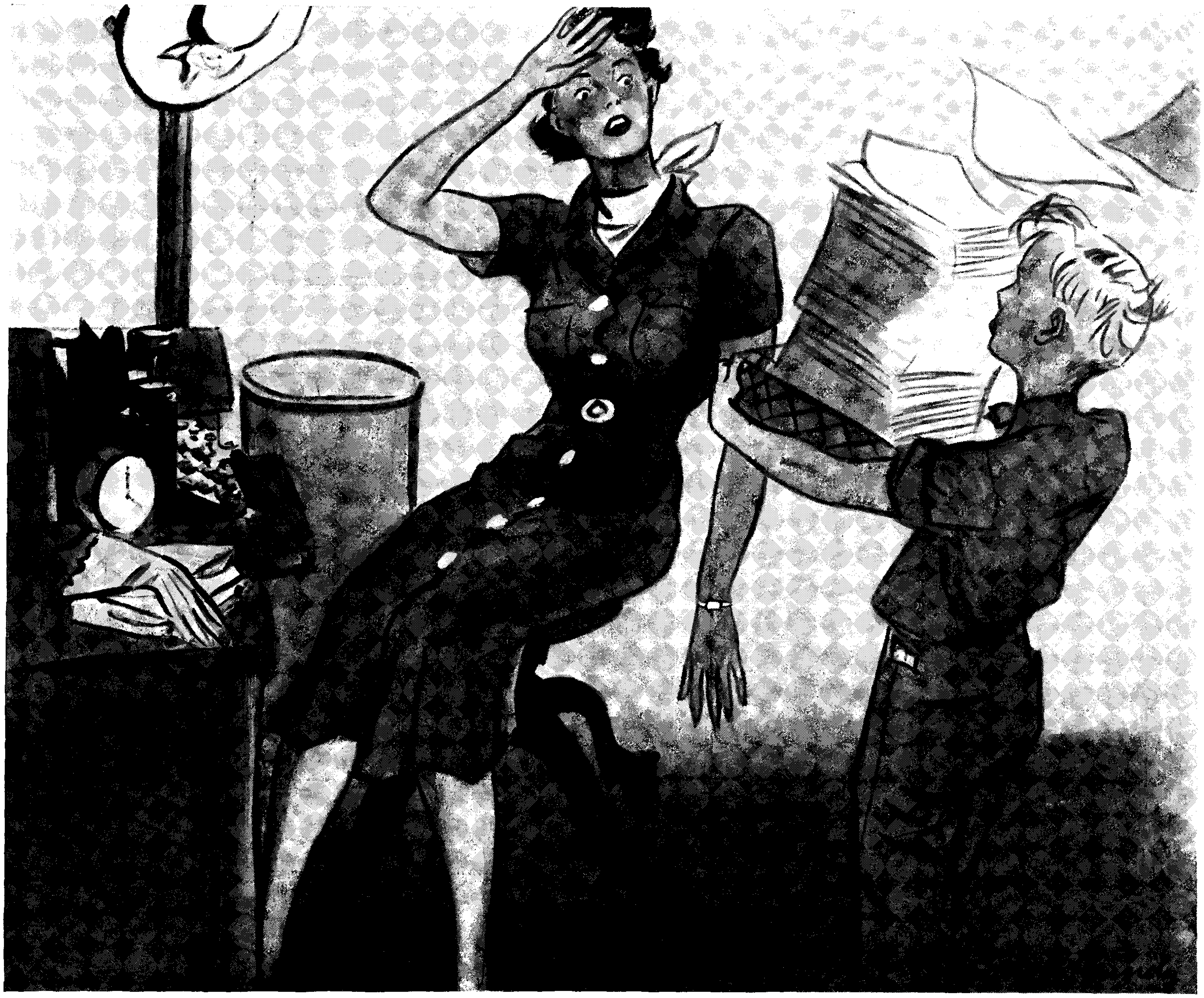
VEEDOL MOTOR OIL
MADE 100% FROM THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST CRUDE

"NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF *THIS* PARTY!"



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THE *Silent* L C SMITH

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC — SYRACUSE NEW YORK

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

MARK HUMBERSTONE'S father, multimillionaire inventor, perfects a remarkable mechanism which, properly used, will put an end to warfare between nations. Just before he dies, he bequeaths the invention to a group of prominent Americans ("The Council of Seven") with the understanding that it be used only in the interest of international peace.

Years pass. In 1947 the world is reverberating with rumors of war. In China a huge army is being formed. Russia is restless, uneasy. England's leaders, unable to explain the failure of their nation's cables and wireless stations to function properly, are extremely apprehensive. The whole world awaits some important, epoch-making development. When is it to come? What is it to be?

Only two men—Prince Cheng Ziao Han and Mark Humberstone—and their confederates know the answers. With headquarters in Nice, France, Cheng and Humberstone, using an army of spies and co-operating closely with some of the world's greatest pacifists, are plotting to make warfare on this earth utterly impossible. They have at their disposal vast sums of money; they are in possession of certain secret inventions which enable them, seated in their headquarters, to see and converse with their friends in China, Russia, anywhere; they can, if they so desire, destroy all the navies on earth merely by pushing a few buttons! They *know* they are going to bring eternal peace to the world.

But they have numerous enemies. Hired assassins are constantly on their trail. Guarding them, however, is a remarkable man: "Jonson," whose boast it is that no rope can hold him, that no gun can wound him, that no one can lay a hand upon him. And Jonson proves a marvelous protector, saving their lives several times.

Among the employees at headquarters is Catherine Oronoff, a beautiful Russian. She and Humberstone see much of each other; and, madly in love after the first few meetings, they decide to be married. Cheng amazes them by bitterly opposing the match. He explains his stand. In the new warless world, soon to come into being, Russia, he says, is to become a limited monarchy. And Catherine Oronoff, a princess by birth, is to be the Czarina!

Nevertheless, a few hours later Catherine and Humberstone are standing before the American Consul, who prepares to unite them. As the consul starts the ceremony, a mysterious stranger—tall, thin, bearded—enters the room. He announces solemnly that the marriage must not proceed!

IX

MARK swung round—six foot three of vigorous, passionate manhood. The angry words died away upon his lips, however. The man who had spoken was as tall as he, himself, but a thin, wasted figure, a man apparently of great age.

"You, sir," the stranger continued, "and you others do not know who I am. Permit me to explain. I am the Lord Patriarch and Archbishop of the Greek Church, who escaped from Moscow twenty years ago by a miracle. Since then I have done what I could to keep my fellow countrymen together. In these later years I have received the help of the Princess Oronoff. Princess, be so kind as to rise to your feet. I am not very strong and it is best for me to say quickly what I have to say."

Catherine obeyed him, clutching at Mark, who passed his arm around her.

"Father," she confided, "this is the man whom I have chosen to be my husband."

"God wills it otherwise, my daughter," he rejoined. "You are the one hope we, the lost creatures of a struggling race, have of ever returning to our own country, setting up once more our own religion and through that religion relighting the torch of spirituality which, alas, the heathen and unbelievers have trodden underfoot. You, Catherine Oronoff, are consecrated. You can wed no stranger of any foreign race. You are to wed the Czar of all the Russias. You are in the future—I know it, for I have seen it—you are to be the mother of your country."

"I cannot," Catherine faltered. "It is too late, Father. I love this man. I can do nothing."

The archbishop looked at her wearily, pityingly.

"My poor child," he said, "what has your earthly love to do with a matter like this? Never has any woman for nearly two thousand years been called upon to make so holy a sacrifice. Your hesitation even would be a sin."

Catherine, who was as pale as death, shook her head. It seemed to Mark that her body, which was leaning now toward his for support, was growing colder within his arms.

"I will work for Russia all my days," she pleaded, "and my husband—he is young, but a famous man. He, too, will help. I will do your bidding in all things save one. I will marry no one but the man I have chosen."

For a moment or two the situation seemed dissolved. The archbishop remained silent. Mark's voice, as he turned towards him, was unexpectedly gentle.

"Together, I promise you, sir, that Catherine Oronoff and I will do great things for Russia. We will live there if she wishes, and may I be pardoned if I tell you that I am richer than any one of the czars who ever ruled over the country. I will work side by side with Catherine Oronoff in her cause, for her country, to bring her happiness, but she must be my wife. There must be no interference between us."

Catherine held out her hands.

"My Father," she prayed, "you have heard what he says. We will keep our word."

"This marriage," the patriarch pronounced slowly, "must not take place."

There was a brief silence. Then Mr. Haverley turned toward Catherine.

"Princess," he asked, "is it your wish that we proceed?"

She felt the sudden clutch of Mark's fingers warming and encouraging her.

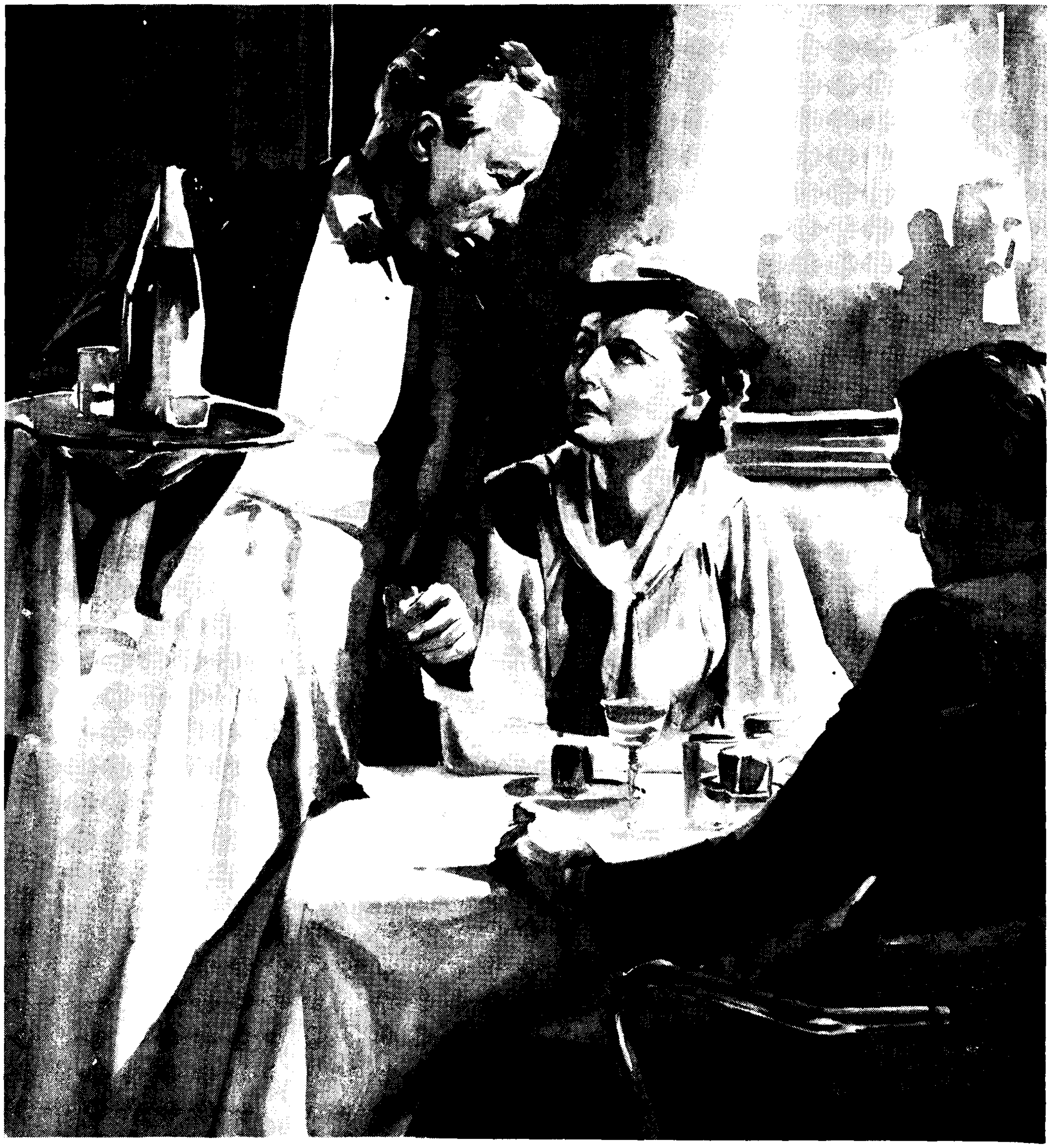
"Yes," she answered.

The consul looked across the room.

"You hear, sir," he said. "It is my duty to continue. Your guardianship over this young woman is merely a spiritual one. You have no power to interfere. If you do not wish to withdraw, then I ask you please to refrain from any further interruption."

Very slowly the intruder produced a small black volume. Catherine's eyes were fastened upon it, and she began to shiver. Nadia crossed herself.

"Catherine Oronoff," the archbishop began, "if this is to be the last of the sacraments which my lips utter, I shall



He leaned toward Catherine. "It is arranged," he said in a low tone. "Monsieur Kreloff awaits you" leave this world feeling indeed that I am forsaken by the powers above as well as by my children below, yet it is my duty, and I tell it to you. It is my duty to warn you that unless you abandon this marriage, I, in the name of the Holy Church, must place upon you the ban of excommunication. You know the sentence. Am I to read it? Will you thrust this awful task upon a dying man?"

For the first time, Catherine's arms grew limp. She leaned away from Mark. She covered her face with her hands.

"You must not," she moaned. "You must not."

"Leave this room with me, my daughter, then, and tell this young man that the marriage is impossible. Tell him this or I read."

CATHERINE swayed irresolutely upon her feet. Mark was standing with folded arms. She made one little movement toward him and stopped. His arms were ready but she shrank back. The archbishop's voice, incoherent though it was, seemed to be muttering a prayer. Nadia, who had hastened to her mistress' side, led her toward the door.

"Catherine," Mark begged, "you will not leave me—you are not afraid? No man can speak for God—"

"Save only the man whom God has appointed," the archbishop interposed solemnly.

Mark took one mad step forward. Mr. Haverley, who had left his place, checked him.

"You had better leave her alone, Mark," he advised. "You cannot interfere. An old man near death—you cannot tear her away. You must wait. This thing has come as a shock to her. Let her get over it. It would be better—"

They were at the door. Mark took her cold hand, which was hanging limply down, and raised it to his lips.

"You won't leave me, Catherine!" he implored.

She turned her head. The agony in her face brought tears into his eyes.

"Dear Mark," she pleaded, "forgive me."

IT WAS twenty minutes past three when Mark pressed the starting button of his car outside the consulate in the Boulevard Victor Hugo. It was between eight and nine o'clock that night when, with something of the air of a somnambulist, he strode through the corridors of the fast-emptying bureau and found Cheng alone in his private reception room. The latter laid down the map he had been studying and looked at his friend with some concern.

"I am very sorry," he said.

"To hell with your sorrow!" was the fierce retort. "It was you who went to the archbishop?"

"It was I."

"If I had met you an hour ago I should have shot you."

"I do not think so," Cheng said. "You are a strong man, Mark, and you have a strong man's passions and a strong man's anger, but you have also a brain. If I had come between you and Catherine Oronoff—forgive the improbability—as a rival, then we might have fought. It would have been just that we fought. But I did not. Your marriage with Catherine Oronoff would have destroyed one of the props of my scheme—you must not be angry with me if I say *our* scheme. You will listen one moment, please?" he went on, as though he saw the fierce words framing themselves upon Mark's lips. "A reborn Russia is necessary if we are to give actual life to the dreams and hopes which we have nourished and cherished together."

Mark sank into a chair.

"I cannot argue," he confessed. "I am weary."

Cheng touched a concealed bell.

"You have been in the mountains?"

Catherine stood there on the threshold for a moment looking at him

"Over them—beyond. Smashed my brakes on a mountain track near Sisteron and came down it at a hundred kilometers an hour. I have had a madman's drive in search of sanity."

One of Cheng's Chinese house servants was standing by his master's chair. He carried a salver in his hand. Cheng motioned him to set it down, and waved him away. He mixed a whisky and soda and carried it with some sandwiches over to Mark.

"You must eat and drink," he enjoined, "then go to your bath. Your servant is still waiting. Tomorrow we will talk. See—it is many years since I have done this. I drink a whisky and soda with you. I ask nothing save that you remember that it was for the cause."

Mark ate his sandwiches and took a long draught of his whisky and soda. Cheng raised his glass and there was the glint of a queer little smile—half wistful, half inviting—upon his lips. He waited. Mark, as though with an effort, raised his glass again and drank. Mr. Cheng set his down empty.

"I go to my apartment," he said. "We talk no more tonight. Tomorrow."

Mark finished his sandwiches. He drank more whisky and soda, then, unable to rest, began a weary pacing of the room. Its smallness irritated him, and suddenly, obsessed with the necessity for escape, a wild thought came to him, an irresistible, maddening desire to seek self-torture. Nevertheless, as swiftly as it had come he yielded to it. This time he was sane enough. He remembered the key; he took his coat from the rack in the hall; he made his way carefully to the garage, took out a smaller car with scarcely a glance towards the semi-wreck with its bent mudguard and thick coating of mud and dust, backed the two-seater out and drove steadily along the Promenade des Anglais, through Cagnes once more, the pain in his heart growing as the madness decreased, up to the right, up along the winding road to the few scanty lights above, round the last corner, on to the *place* of the Colombe d'Or.

He stepped down, left the car in the shadow of the wall, turned away from the terrace and walked towards the hotel. He took one of the candlesticks, struck a match, lit the candle and climbed the stairs. Keeping his eyes away from the opposite door, he turned the handle of his own room. Everything was as he had left it except that his pajamas were laid out upon the bed.

The room was haunted, the place was haunted! Memories tore hard enough at the heartstrings—but this! Very slowly his door had been pushed open and Catherine, in the rose colored negligée he had caught a glimpse of in her dressing case, stood there on the threshold for a moment looking at him. She came quietly in. He held up his hands. *It was* madness! His was the low cry of a wounded man. She came a little nearer.

"Mark," she whispered. "You see I am here."

His arms went suddenly around her. He had stepped out of that valley of torturing dreams, if only for a second. This was reality. It was Catherine who had crept into his arms and whose lips were upraised to his. His eyes devoured her. She, too, had been suffering. Her face was almost gaunt and she was as pale as death. Fear and joy seemed mingled together in her eyes; her heart was beating madly against his.

"Mark," she faltered. "I knew that you would come. Now that you are here I am afraid.". . .

The fear had gone from her face when at last he drew reluctantly away. There was some expression there which baffled him, but the love was there. Mark was a man again. The madness had all passed. Life was flowing through his veins.

"What does it mean, Catherine?"

"You know—you should know—"

Her fingers were clutching feverishly at his shoulders but her head was downcast.

"IT WAS so sudden," she went on. "Remember that before you came, and all the time since, except when I have been at the bureau, I have been with the archbishop. It was almost my life that—just to help to do what I could for all those suffering people and to talk with him sometimes, to hope and to pray night by night that something might change it all—that the old life might come back. I did not realize what had happened to me at first with you, Mark. When I had gone—when I had left you there I knew. It was as though someone had torn the life out of me.

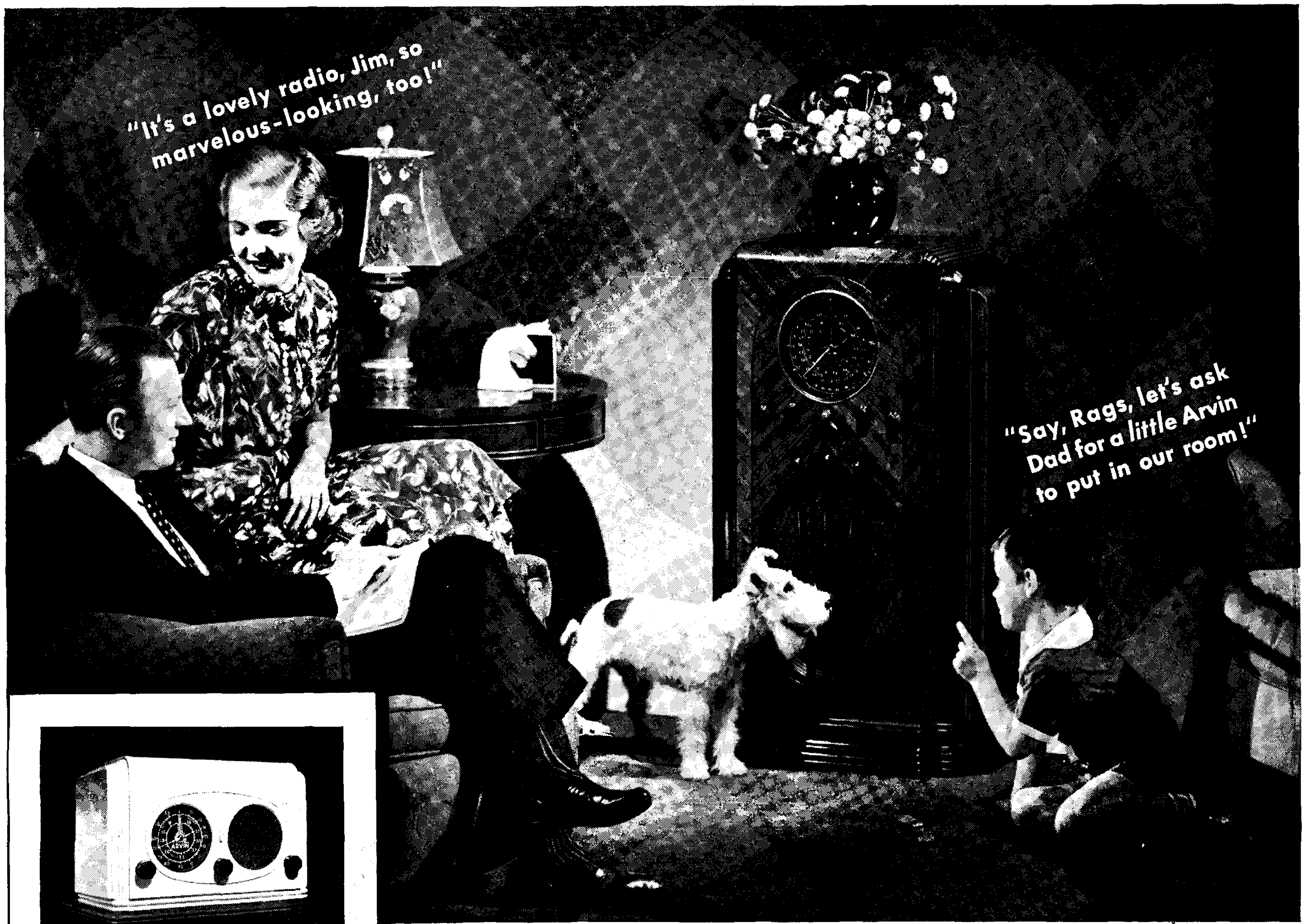
"We went to the chapel and he talked to me wonderfully—but his words were the words of another world out of which I had slipped. I did not belong any longer. The sweeter he was the less I seemed to feel. We prayed together, the sacristan lit the candles and we prayed, and the words seemed dead. He took me back to the home he keeps for the people who have no other. The nuns all tried to be kind. I sat there feeling that death was gripping me. When he came and told me what I was to do I did it, Mark, because all these years he and the church and the hopes of a new world have filled my life. I obeyed. I did not realize how strong this new thing was.

"They left me alone. I prayed them to leave me alone and I knew that something had happened, that I did not belong any longer, that I could not go back, that I was not afraid even of anything the church could do, and I stole away. I came here, and the only prayer that has left my lips tonight has been that you would come—and you are here."

Mark looked around the little bedroom. He felt the quivering of her arms, the wild beating of her heart, as she clung to him. His own passion was rising—fiery, tormenting with all its sweetness.

"Catherine," he asked her, "are you so terrified of what your archbishop threatened—of excommunication?"

"I was," she confessed. "Now I do not know. To me it was as though a man who had taken the place of God all my life had lifted a curtain and shown me a real hell. There did not seem any choice at first. I just did as he told me—as he willed. It was not until I got away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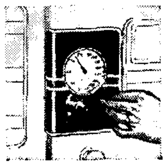

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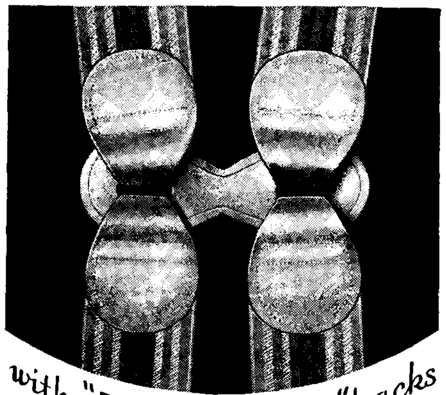

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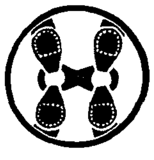
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that I realized I was not the same person. I realized, too, how selfish I had been. I have given you all my love, Mark. You have given me yours. Nothing else matters. I want to make you happy."

"You have made me happier than I ever dreamed I should be again in this world," he told her.

"Well?" she whispered, her lips clinging to his.

For a moment he felt that he was weakening. The waves of torment were breaking over his head.

"Catherine—"

"Mark—my love."

"Will you do what I ask?"

"Anything you choose. Command me."

"Put on your coat," he begged. "We are going to sit down at that table and talk."

She drew slowly away. Her eyes seemed full of wonder.

"It is not that you are angry with me?" she pleaded.

He stooped down and kissed her very tenderly, kissed her so that a new expression of peace came into her face.

She looked down at her bare feet.

"Of course I am terribly cold standing here," she confided. "Wait—just five minutes."

BACK on the terrace, she sat by his side and made him put his arm around her. They sent for the waiter and had him open a bottle of wine.

"Now for our serious talk," Mark began.

"I am here to do your will," she answered.

"This morning you were cruel. You were carried away by this terror; you were moved by your affection for the archbishop and all that he represented in your life. You forgot yourself. You forgot me."

She sighed.

"The patriarch is one of the saints of the world," she confessed.

"And you are one of his children. Of course he is narrow—all zealots are. When he talked about excommunicating you, and frightened you to death, he was off the rails. I do not think he will ever do that again, Catherine. You are going to tell him tomorrow that we have agreed to wait for a little time, but you are also going to tell him that you will not marry Alexander, even though he and Cheng believe that it would be the redemption of your country. Alexander can find another wife."

"You do not mean to give me up, then?" she asked anxiously.

"I certainly do not."

"You are sure, quite sure that you are happy, that you will forget how hideously selfish I was? If you will not promise me that, I will not let you go away."

He held her tightly in his arms.

"I promise," he said firmly.

THE Right Honorable James P. Mountain, United States ambassador to France, received something of a shock when his first secretary, without any previous announcement, ushered Mark Humberstone into his study.

"What's the meaning of this, Harding?" he asked a trifle severely.

"I will explain if you will allow me to, sir," the secretary said. "This is Mr. —I think he is generally called Professor Mark Humberstone."

"What, Humberstone of Beaumont Park?"

"Yes, sir," Mark replied. "I am his son. I have been working down at Nice."

The ambassador rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"Your father was an old friend of mine," he acknowledged. "I have seen you before, too. A spot of trouble down in your part of the world, isn't there?"

"Well, in a sort of way there is," Mark admitted. "I have had to dodge the police all the way from Le Bourget, and we reached the back entrance of the embassy in the nick of time. I sent a wireless to Harding—we were at Harvard together—to meet me at the flying ground if he could. I have just flown up from Nice."

The ambassador's expression changed.

"It is true, then, what I have heard. You have been working at the International Bureau there?" he asked.

Mark nodded.

The ambassador waved him to a seat.

"Do you want my help?"

"We certainly do," Mark admitted.

"Who are we?"

"My partner in the work I have been doing. Cheng, his name is; Prince Cheng I ought to call him, I suppose, now that we are coming out into the open."

"Prince Cheng, I gather, is not an American born?" the ambassador asked, settling himself down a little more comfortably in his chair.

"He is a Chinese," Mark confided. "A descendant of one of the great Manchu families. Cheng is married to Hou Hsi, the great-great-granddaughter of the famous Empress T'zu Hsi."

"All this is very interesting," Mr. Mountain said, "but if he is in trouble I can do nothing to help Prince Cheng, whatever his antecedents may be. You, as an American citizen, of course, are different. What is it you want from me?"

"I want immunity from arrest until I have had time to explain certain things, or rather until Cheng has."

"What is the charge against you?"

"Retsky, the Soviet dictator, has disappeared from Moscow, as, of course, you know, sir. The Soviet council has appealed to the French police. They believe that he has come to France. The French police think that he came to Nice. The authorities there believe that we are responsible for whatever may have happened to him."

"Well?"

"WHAT we want," Mark continued, "is to place certain facts of immense importance to the French nation and to the whole world before the premier or the president, whichever you think best. When they have grasped them, I think that they will grant us—that is to say, Prince Cheng and me—one of those special passports, *laissez passer*, they used to be called, which would insure us against any police interference with our movements."

"Can you prove that you had nothing to do with the disappearance of Retsky?" Mr. Mountain asked.

"That is rather a negative sort of business, isn't it?" Mark pointed out. "There is no one can charge us with anything directly. Our only trouble is that a woman who was with the man supposed to be Retsky declares that the International Bureau had something to do with his disappearance."

"And had it?"

Mark hesitated.

"Your Excellency," he said, "I am going to ask you not to put that question for a short time. You know, don't you, that I am administrator of the Council of Seven, who are working on my father's trust?"

"I do indeed," the ambassador replied, "and for that I, and every thinking person in the United States, admire you and wish you well."

"I only mention this," Mark went on, "because I think, sir, it does give us a certain right to plead for special consideration. I have already spent millions, I could almost say billions, upon the work my father left me to perform. We have reached the crucial point. We are on the very threshold of taking the whole world into our confidence. We want just time to explain ourselves and then we will answer your questions about this Retsky business or anything else we

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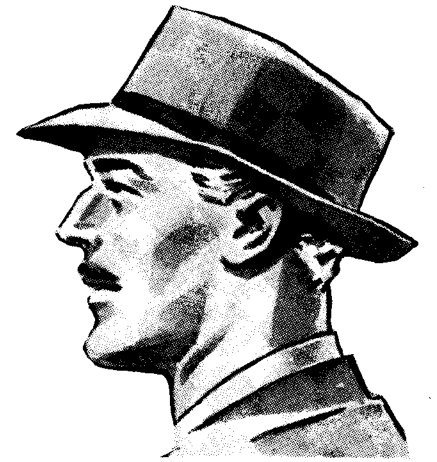
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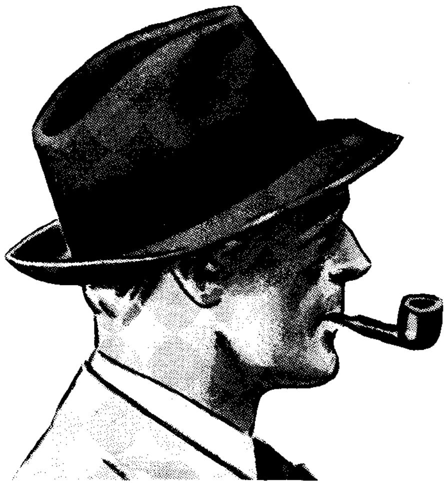
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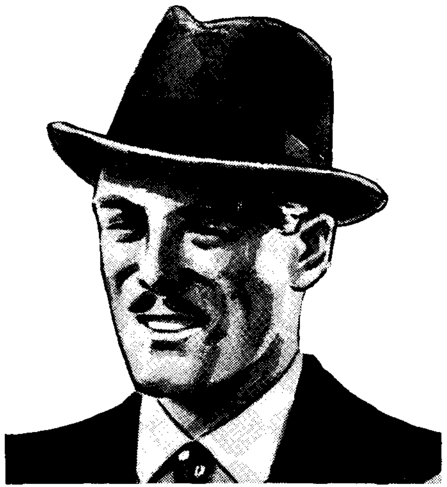
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may have done that needs elucidation."

There was a knock at the door. Very apologetically, Harding, the first secretary, presented himself once more. He moved over to the ambassador's desk.

"Your Excellency," he announced, "General Levissier begs earnestly for a word with you. There are two police cars outside," he added.

Mr. Mountain rose and walked into the anteroom. He spoke on the telephone for several minutes. Harding leaned toward Mark.

"You have kind of upset the apple-cart here, Mark," he confided. "Three Soviet officials arrived this morning by air. They have got the ear of police headquarters. I shouldn't wonder if they hadn't raided your bureau by this time!"

"Nothing to raid," Mark replied. "We cleared out several days ago."

"That looks bad," the other observed. "The old man has been worrying about you. The whole of France is worked up about this alliance with Russia, you know."

"If there is a treaty," Mark declared, "it is not worth the paper it is written on. Never mind about that, though. All we want is a few days' time and our freedom, until we can step out into the open."

The ambassador reappeared—an unhappy man.

"Things are very black indeed, Mr. Humberstone," he announced gravely. "Just as well to have you know that you are face to face with serious trouble. There is a woman on her way to Paris, the mistress, apparently, of this man who was supposed to be Retsky, who was present when he was shot. Your partner, Cheng, was there, too. He was the one who gave the order. She is in charge of a very clever commissioner from the police bureau in Nice—a fellow named Déchanel—but they will never be able to keep her quiet when she gets to Paris. Déchanel is to take her straight to Levissier. They will be here, at the latest, tomorrow morning."

Mark smiled confidently.

"By tomorrow morning," he declared, "all of France that counts won't care whether Retsky is dead or alive. They will be looking out upon a new world."

MR. MOUNTAIN resumed his seat. His expression, however, remained entirely gloomy.

"Of course I must listen, Mr. Humberstone," he continued, "to whatever you may choose to tell me, but I must tell you that I think you are treating the situation a great deal too lightly. For the first time in my recollection—in history, I should think—the embassy is surrounded by French gendarmes."

"If I had thought, sir," Mark went on, "that I was bringing trouble upon you by coming here, I would have stayed away. A few minutes of your time is all I am asking for now. Let me explain things my own way."

"Go right ahead, then," Mr. Mountain invited.

"You know very well," Mark continued, "that although my father was something of an idealist, he was still the most amazing scientist the world has ever known."

"That is true enough," Mr. Mountain admitted patiently.

"Of course, if it had not been for him I should never have been worth a snap of the fingers," Mark went on. "But I want you to believe this, sir. He left me the threads, he left me the great original idea and I have succeeded in bringing them together. You must believe me, Mr. Mountain. It was my father's brain that destroyed the whole Japanese fleet with all their guns and planes and twenty-five thousand men. I can do more than that. I can do things to the world that no one has ever dreamed of.

"Now, the question is this. You see how much time we have. Very little, but quite enough. Bring here into this room now or at any time you will, the two men — soldiers or statesmen — whom France can trust unreservedly. Bring them here and I will convince them that everything we have done—Cheng and I—we have done with one sole idea—the idea of realizing my father's ambition of bringing peace to the world. We have run our risks and we may have to pay. We have broken the law. France can do what she likes about it. We are ready to take all that is coming to us. But listen, sir, nothing that we have done has been done in vain. We have succeeded. There will be no more war."

The ambassador was genuinely impressed.

"Very well, Mark," he decided. "For your own sake, as well as for your father's memory, you shall have your chance. Monsieur Chatelain, the Premier of France, and General Levissier, who is chief of the police now but commanded an army corps during the war and proved himself a brilliant soldier, shall be here tonight. I will let you know as soon as the appointments are made. In the meantime, don't leave this house or you will be arrested the moment your feet cross the threshold. Levissier himself told me that, just now, frankly."

AT THE Café Russe, which was somewhere on the other side of the Seine and a little to the right of the long line of cafés frequented by the most independent artistic fraternity in the world, Catherine Oronoff sat at a table alone. She, too, like her late traveling companion, was wearing the clothes in which she had flown up from Nice and her appearance lacked something of its usual trim perfection. There was a cup of coffee before her and she was smoking a cigarette with obvious appreciation. She had chosen a solitary table in a retired corner and the gaunt-faced proprietor, making his afternoon promenade through the rooms, recognized her only at the last moment. He hesitated and then turned back.

"Princess," he ventured, bowing low. "I am not mistaken?"

"You are not mistaken, Kreloff," she acknowledged, with a pleasant smile of recognition. "You are Ivan Kreloff, the brother of the Count Andrew Kreloff, who died on the same day as my father. I am Catherine Oronoff."

Kreloff sighed.

"These are sad days, Princess; dreary days indeed. One sees no light anywhere. One gathers no hope. Russia seems to have become a country accursed."

"There may yet be hope for her," Catherine said hopefully. "Retsky, they say, has disappeared."

"One hears strange things about that," the restaurant keeper remarked, glancing around. "The French people are greatly perturbed. There are reports that Retsky, who was supposed to be ill at his country house near Moscow, was actually visiting the south of France under a false name and was assassinated there."

Catherine Oronoff flicked her cigarette.

"Reports," she observed, "which I believe are perfectly true."

There was a gleam for a moment in the man's lackluster, sad, brown eyes. He looked over his shoulder and peered searchingly round the place.

"Here in my own café I fear to discuss such matters," he confided. "Night by night we are visited by spies."

Catherine shrugged her shoulders.

"What does it matter?" she asked. "If there is ever to be any sort of revival in our country it must come after great purification by fire and suffering. War may hasten that revival. If it be true

(Continued on page 58)

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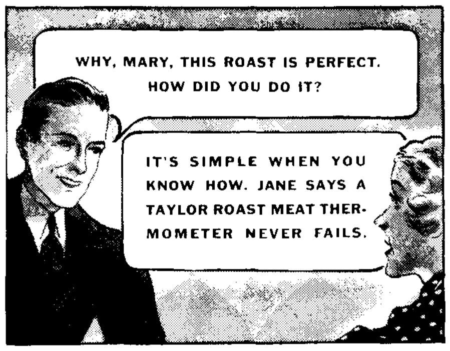
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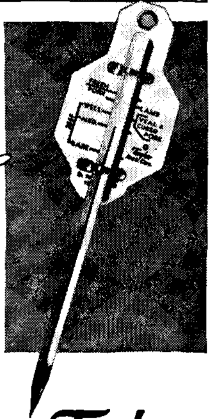

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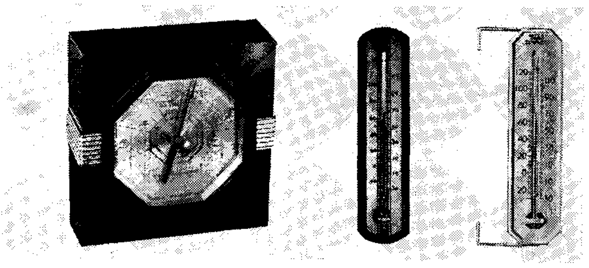

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The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars — a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with 3 billion 700 million of insurance in force.

(*Continued from page* 57)

that the Chinese have seized Vladivostok and are sweeping into Russia, I am not sure that it is an evil thing."

Kreloff was silent. He had grave reasons for not caring to continue the discussion. A moment later, he was called away by his chief maître d'hôtel. Catherine Oronoff sat on in her retired corner. The place was filling up as the hour for the *apéritif* arrived. She fitted another cigarette into her holder and ordered vermouth. The waiter who served it stood respectfully on one side to allow precedence to the man who had followed him down the room—a tall man with a weary light in his eyes and wasted features, yet a young man and a man of presence. Catherine Oronoff rose to her feet and curtsied slightly. He bent over her fingers and raised them to his lips.

"You, too, join in the farce," he laughed gloomily. "I lent myself to it. It was before this last hideous debacle. A queer world, Princess. The fates have not been kind to us. A century ago how good life must have tasted."

She pointed to the place by her side.

"You will honor me?"

"Why, of course," he agreed. "Is not that why I am here?"

HE CALLED a waiter and ordered vodka. She watched him with some satisfaction as he sipped it.

"Tell me about yourself," he invited. "I heard from His Grace the Archbishop not long ago that you were his chief and most valuable supporter down in Nice."

"I am not in want," she answered, "which is something for a Russian to be able to say. I have had an important position in the bureau where I worked and I have been generously paid."

"You are fortunate," he said bitterly.

She laid her fingers upon his arm.

"I have a message for you, Alexander."

"A message?" he repeated quickly. "From whom is it?"

"It is from someone whom I hope to meet here very soon. I was to bring you with me. He has important things to say."

He looked at her curiously.

"It is not like you, Catherine Oronoff, to be so mysterious."

"I am acting under the orders of one whom I trust."

"It is enough," he acquiesced.

"If he can get here," she confided, dropping her voice a little, "although that may be difficult, we are to meet Mr. Cheng in a private room here."

"Your bureau?"

"The bureau has closed its doors. Mr. Cheng is here in Paris; so is Mark Humberstone. They have very serious things to say to you, Alexander."

"To me? That sounds strange."

"It is doubtful," she went on, "whether Mark Humberstone will be here. There is trouble with the French police, concerning a certain matter, and he is sheltering at the American Embassy. Mr. Cheng is in the same trouble but he is cleverer at this sort of thing. I believe that somehow or other he will manage it."

A short man of cheerful appearance, dressed as a maître d'hôtel, carrying a tray and walking with brisk, light movements, came down the room and paused before their table. With a little bow, he took their empty glasses. As he did so he leaned toward Catherine.

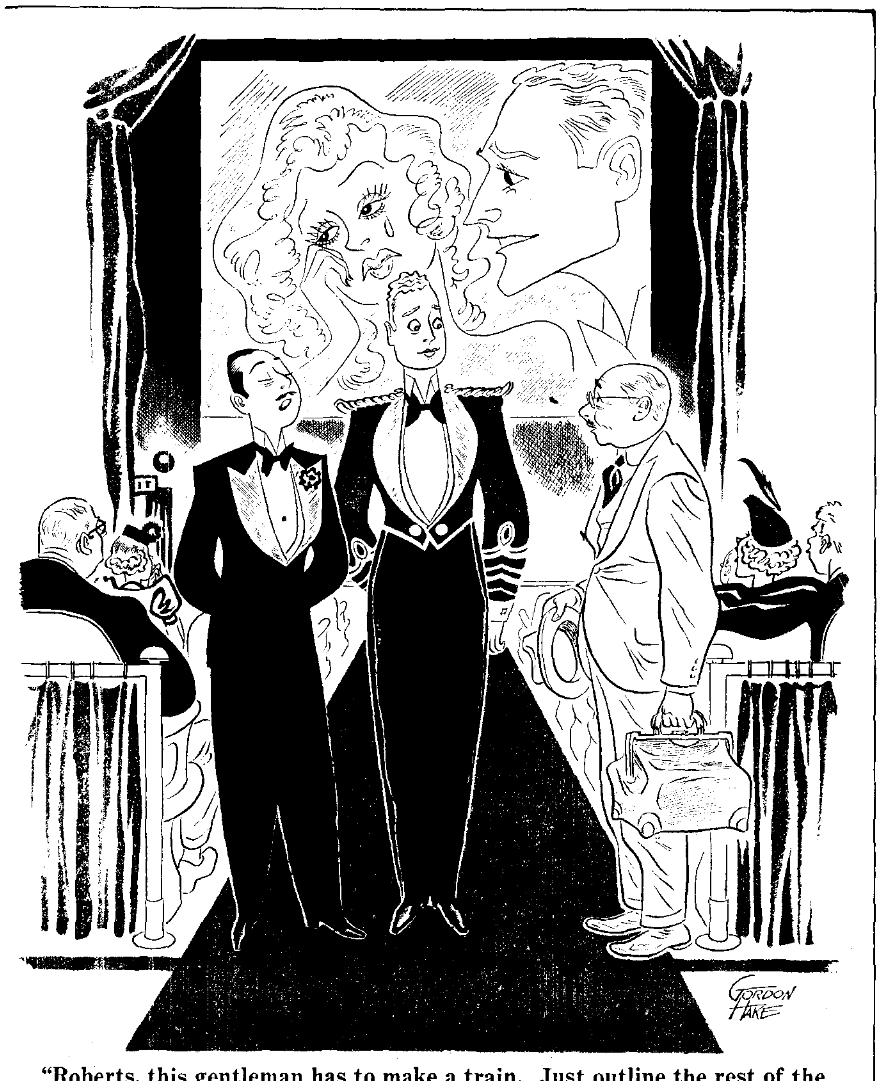
"It is arranged," he said in a low tone. "It will be number seven, the first door to the right after you have ascended, and Monsieur Kreloff, himself, awaits you outside."

Her lips were opened but a cold gleam in his eyes checked the exclamation which very nearly escaped them. She recovered herself at once and rose to her feet.

"Will you come with me, sir?" she begged.

Alexander acquiesced promptly. Mr.

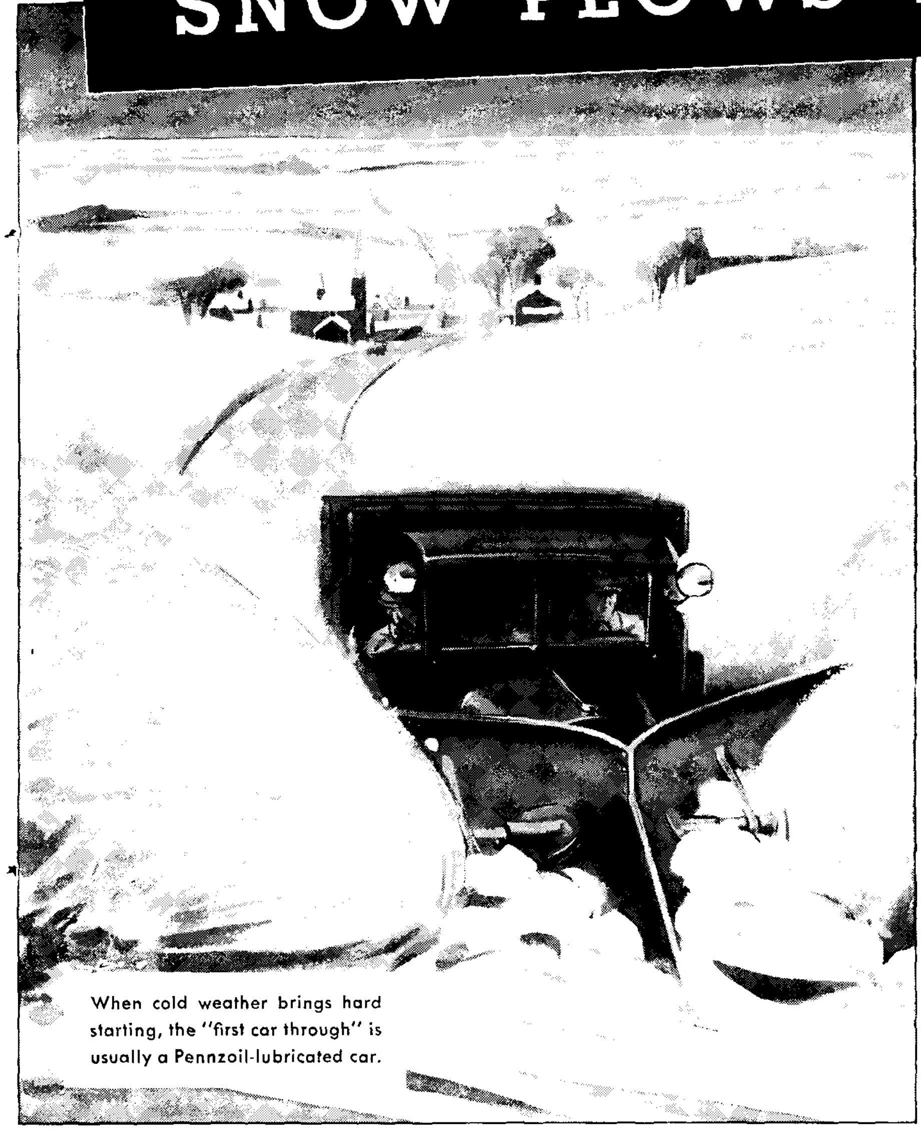
(*Continued on page* 60)



"Roberts, this gentleman has to make a train. Just outline the rest of the feature to him, continuing from where she was betrayed by her first lover"

GORDON HAKE

SNOW PLOWS TO DESERT SUN



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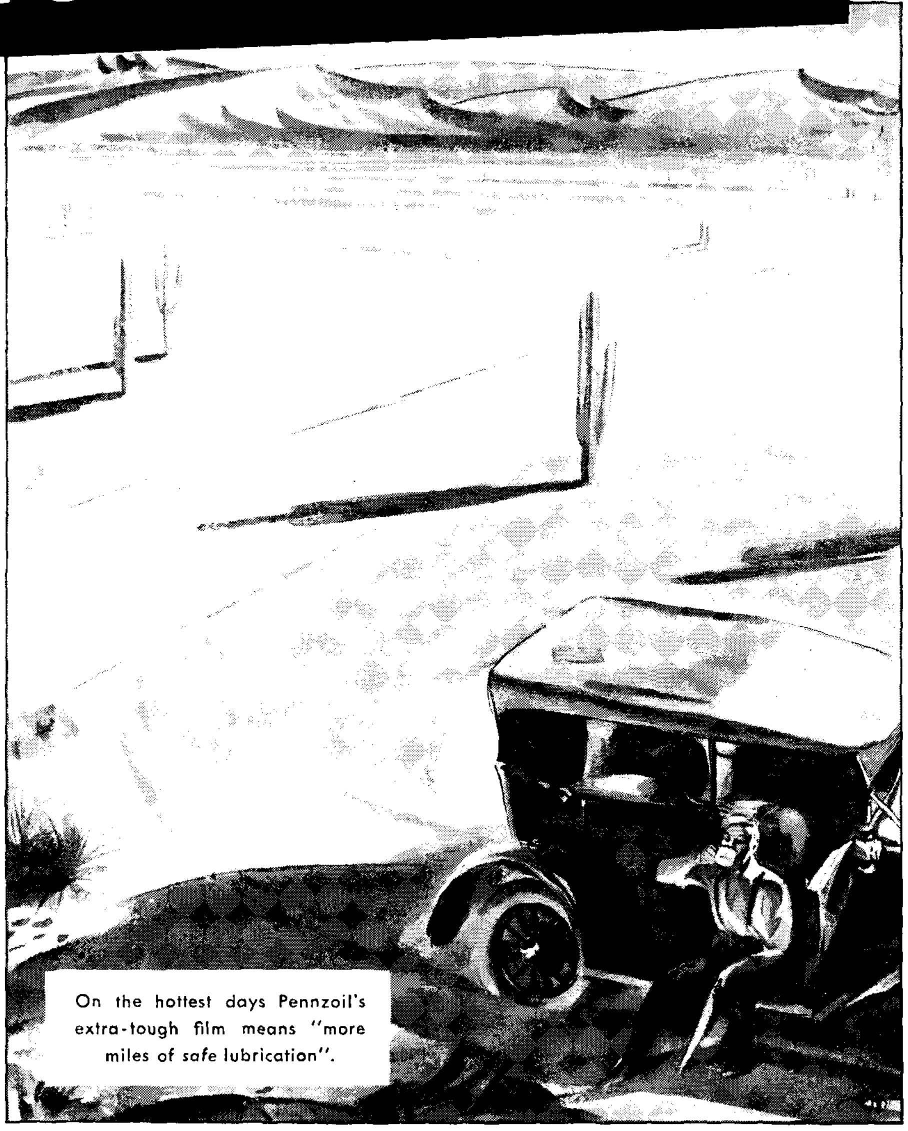

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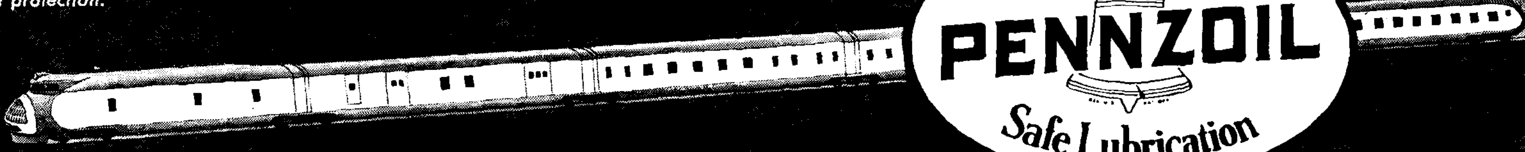

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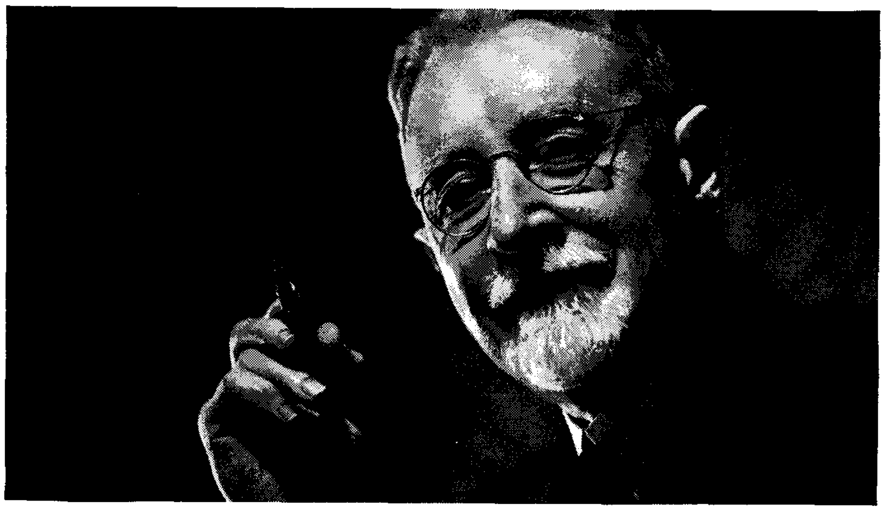
What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?



YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset the digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THE DOCTOR'S REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—remember

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CHECK THE DOCTOR'S FINDINGS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative, and you will see how right the doctor is. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It works thoroughly, but without the slightest discomfort. You'll experience no stomach pains, no nausea, no weak "dragged down" feeling. And Ex-Lax will *not* form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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(Continued from page 58)

Jonson collected the glasses, turned the cigarette packet upside down to make sure that it was empty and placed that, too, on the tray. He straightened the tablecloth, pushed back a cushion into its place, then he went smiling on his way through the crowded room. . . .

"*Garçon*—maître d'hôtel!"

Jonson paused. He looked over his shoulder at another somewhat secluded table in a distant wing of the café. It was Suzanne who was seated there, faultlessly Parisian, her beautiful yellow hair fresh from the hands of the *coiffeur*, her little hat fresh from the stand at the modiste's where it had reposed for a few hours only, her gown fashioned to do as little as possible to obscure the lines of her slim but voluptuous figure. Her elbows were on the table and she beckoned Mr. Jonson with a long, highly manicured finger. His footsteps seemed to have lost some of their spring as he turned and obeyed the summons.

"It is indeed you?" she asked incredulously. "You are a waiter here?"

"Mademoiselle is mistaken," he muttered. "She wishes something to drink—yes?"

Suzanne laughed at him.

"*Imbécile!*" she mocked. "Do I not know, too, that the bureau has closed its doors and that Professor Ventura has no longer an engagement at the Casino de la Jetée? You have soon found another place, my friend."

"And you?"

SHE blew out a little cloud of smoke and glanced furtively toward the entrance.

"For me it is not so easy," she confided. "I need money, a great deal of money, and here in Paris it seems to me that the times have changed. The tranquillity of other days has disappeared."

"There is the other profession," Mr. Jonson reminded her, "in which mademoiselle also excelled."

She looked away from him with a little shiver.

"I have had enough of that," she declared. "I prefer the easy life. I wish to run no more those risks of life and death. Besides, the bureau has ceased to exist. There will never be anything else to take its place."

"For the easy life, mademoiselle is on the wrong side of the Seine."

"Many people come this way," she yawned. "They fancy that they see life. *Ciel*, these tourists! I ask myself now, what has become of our two great men?"

"Ah, who knows?" Jonson queried.

"I came here," Suzanne continued, "according to the directions of Monsieur Humberstone. *Très gentil*, Monsieur Humberstone. Very clever, too. A brave young man."

"I had not the good fortune to see Monsieur Humberstone when I left," Jonson confided gloomily. "It was always Mr. Cheng. Some small thing went wrong and for me there was the open door."

"I make no complaint," Suzanne said. "I received my dismissal here and a fee most generous. Perhaps it was because this was a place that Monsieur Humberstone intended to visit that I remain a client. It seems to be, however, hopeless, as you say, my friend. I must try the other side of the Seine."

She bent forward to watch the entrance. Several times she had cast a furtive glance in that direction.

"If he should come here," she continued, "I ask that you send me word of it. I have an apartment at 17 Rue d'Hautpol, leading from the Champs Elysées, third floor."

"And Monsieur Cheng?" Jonson asked, watching her intently. "Will he do if Monsieur Humberstone does not come?"

She half closed her eyes, indulging in a feline little shiver.

"Talk to me no more of that man," she enjoined. "I never wish to hear of him again. Monsieur Humberstone, now that one is free from the bureau, if one could drink a glass of wine with him and talk, or drive in the Bois perhaps, or a little visit to my flat, that might be agreeable."

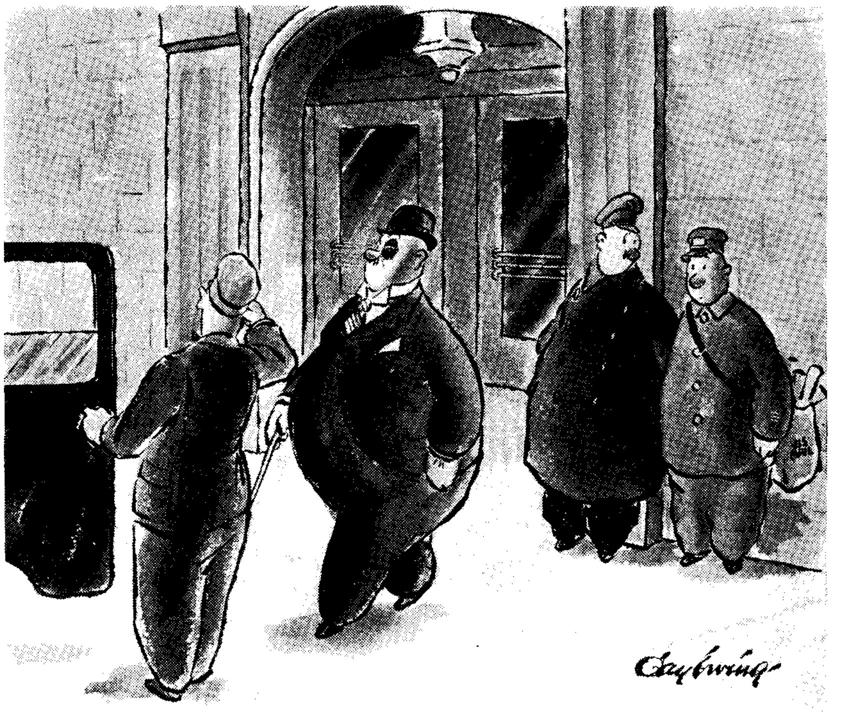
Jonson had also been casting occasional glances toward the door and he showed at that moment that he had not forgotten his gift of swift motion. His farewell bow was made and he had disappeared in the more crowded part of the café some time before the two men who had just passed through the swing doors had found their way to Suzanne's table. They were dour-looking men, strangely dressed for the place. They had an official bearing and the similarity of their apparel almost suggested a uniform. They sank into the vacant chairs at the table without pausing to ask Suzanne's permission.

"There is news?" one of them asked.

Suzanne glanced nervously about.

"There is news," she assented.

(To be concluded next week)



"His bookkeeper just won a grand prize in the sweepstakes" JAY IRVING

Put it on the Fisticuff

Continued from page 15

Then new flesh came in firmer, smoother layers. Painful knots unraveled in his shoulders, arms and stomach. At last he had the pleasure, one afternoon, of dancing Holly into submission. She relaxed, panting on the stairs. He skipped triumphantly about the cellar, tapping and doing cutaways on barrels, boxes and a table.

"Skeeter, you've got something!" she gasped. "That's a smart routine! Let me get my breath and I'll try it. A dancing courtship, see? You chase me over a lot of boxes and things."

She jumped up, spurred by excitement, and improvised her part of the number. Skeeter followed a few steps behind. Finally he caught her.

"Ought to be a kiss to end a courtship number," he proposed.

"Like this?" Her lips brushed his.

"Swell. Let's do the number again and start getting it set. Especially the finale."

Her eyebrows arched. "We'll leave the finale out, Skeeter. You're too good at it already."

It took them another week to perfect the routine. Chink, grumbling and muttering, bought a complete outfit for the boy. The two started on the rounds of small taprooms and managed to get a job. Holly was puzzled when Skeeter demanded one night off a week, beginning after the dinner show.

"We ought to work every show," she argued. "The more people see us, the more chances for a better job."

He swung his foot idly, imitating a freight engine getting up speed. "Our agreement," he said loftily, "calls for me to get one night off a week."

He refused to explain further. He knew she wouldn't understand the urge that drew him to fight clubs on his free evenings.

In two months Holly and he worked at three taprooms. The pay was low. Once they weren't paid at all. Skeeter realized they would never get anywhere, barring miracles, unless they could put on a flash act. They needed a smart wardrobe. With costume changes they could impress night-club bookers and get bigger money. But without more money they couldn't buy costumes.

He grinned as he studied the problem. It was afternoon and he had finished rehearsing. He put on the good suit and strolled out to tackle the promoter of the Ninth Avenue A. C. with an unusual proposition. The man looked at the muscles snaking under Skeeter's skin and gave him a match.

ON HIS next free evening Skeeter fought a prelim and won by a knockout in three rounds. On the way home he discovered he had a puffed lip and a slight cut above one eye. He couldn't walk in like that. They would know he had been fighting. He stopped in a corner tavern.

"Gimme a straight rye," he ordered.

The bartender watched in horror while the customer gargled the drink and spat it out. Then Skeeter mussed his hair, disarranged his tie and went home.

Holly met him at the door and gasped, "You've been drinking!"

"Just a few short ones with the boys."

"And brawling! Look at your face."

Chink looked up from the sports page. "Mixin' it in saloons, huh?" he rumbled. "Well, there ain't no rules there. You can always run if you're gettin' licked."

Skeeter congratulated himself. He had got away with it. It wasn't until the next morning that he realized his error.

He was reading the fight news in the *Meteor*. There was a brilliant item about the card last night at the Ninth Avenue A. C. It announced:

"In the first prelim Young Giffo, 146, spent an unhealthy three rounds, minus a few seconds, with a welter billed only as the Dancing Kid, 147. The Kid enlivened proceedings with tap-dance routines. He also wore a mask of black grease paint about his eyes. Young Giffo spent too much time trying to smear this mask, while the Kid concentrated on smearing Young Giffo."

Chink stood over him.

"Want to see you in the basement," he growled. "We're gonna have a little boxing session."

"Not me. I'm resting."

Chink pushed a pair of sixteen-ounce training gloves into his hands. "I'm gonna sweat out that booze you lapped up last night."

"My agreement with Holly don't say I can't take a drink."

"And it don't say I can't give you a boxin' lesson, does it?"

HE PUT on the gloves and went five rounds with Chink. It was sort of fun. Chink was obviously surprised at his condition. He sat down puffing, while Skeeter had to pretend to be more tired.

"There," Chink said righteously, "that'll take some of the devil outta you. Every time you feel like a binge, just remember you're goin' a few rounds with me the next morning."

After that first match at the A. C., Skeeter managed to get a fight there nearly every week. Sometimes he wasn't marked after his bouts but he continued to gargle a shot of rye before going home. It gave him a perfect alibi. Chink stuck to his threat of a session in the basement and Holly showed disapproval by making him rehearse longer.

He had set his goal at two hundred dollars. When he got that he was going to take Holly on a buying spree. But in several months he only managed to save one hundred and fifty. When he couldn't wait any longer he borrowed the rest from the A. C. promoter.

The latter warned him, "Don't go on a bender, Kid. I'm gettin' a nice bout lined up for you."

Skeeter nodded and walked out, adding the fifty to his roll of savings. He decided to tell Holly he had won the money gambling. When he opened the door of his home he heard the triumphant rumble of Chink's voice.

Chink was saying, "So maybe I get my shot at the title after all. I got a nice little streak behind me and the champ don't think I'm so tough."

Skeeter forgot about his money and rushed into the living room. "You got a shot comin' at the title? Swell."

Chink's toothpick was going in excited circles. "All I got to do now is win a few tune-up matches. Old Jakey just called me. He just this minute signed me to meet some punk at the Ninth Avenue A. C."

Skeeter did a nervous shuffle to help himself think. If they both fought the same night at the A. C. he'd be recognized.

"What night you fightin' there?" he asked.

"Next Friday. I'm gettin' some freak club draw. Calls hisself the Dancing Kid."

Skeeter's hand cut sweaty ridges in the roll of bills. "You don't wanna fight him," he said thickly.

"No? Says who?"

Holly was leaning forward.

She said hoarsely, "Says who? Says the Dancing Kid!"

(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

"Huh? What?" Chink's head swiveled toward the boy. "Skeeter?"

"You've got eyes," Holly snapped. "Look at him and you'll know."

"I swear I didn't know the A. C. was gonna match us," Skeeter blurted.

"I bet you didn't! Maybe—" Chink growled—"maybe you think I oughtta duck the bout?"

"I'll run out of it, Chink. I don't want to fight you."

Holly rose, patting back a yawn. "Maybe you'd better run out of the house, too. Chink and I are tough when we get mad. But I'm worse. Chink only hits but I scratch."

Skeeter took out the damp roll of money. "I guess you won't believe I was fightin' to get money for costumes for us."

"Save it to bet on the fight," she said. "On Chink."

"On Chink, huh? Listen. Maybe Chink's got some dough he's reckless about. Maybe he'd like to cover this." He began to yell at them so the tears wouldn't choke his voice. "And after I lick him Friday night I'm comin' back and see who scratches better, me or Holly."

He threw the wad of bills at Chink's toothpick and ducked out the door.

The regulars turned out strong Friday night at the A. C. Skeeter had caught their fancy. Tonight, though, they weren't having any bets on him. They knew what it meant when he was matched with a rugged old-timer.

Skeeter pushed down the aisle through a fog of sound. He leaped over the top rope and gave the crowd the jig they expected. He looked for Holly. Two rows back he spotted the jaunty hat slanting over puffs of glowing hair.

"Here comes the bogy man in his little black mask," Chink growled, shifting an imaginary toothpick from right to left.

"Shut up," the referee said, "and no hittin' below the belt and break clean when I tell you and shake hands and now go to your corners and come out fightin' or I'll toss you both outta the ring."

SKEETER went back and made sure the six-ounce gloves were broken away from his knuckles. At the gong he came out and did a skittering dance around Chink. Chink looked very disgusted and half dropped his arms. Skeeter rammed in two left jabs. A third glanced off Chink's shoulder. Stung into opening up, Chink pulled his trick of a left feint followed by a right cross. Skeeter jerked back an inch from the sucker punch and poured in a left hook. His opponent blinked and came in behind a cross-rip of rights and lefts. Skeeter backed away, jabbing and jabbing. Suddenly he felt the rope burning across his back. Bouncing from it, he worked his arms like pistons at the bobbing figure blocking his way. Chink's hooks came so hard and fast they felt like walls pressing on both sides of his head. Then he was clear, Chink was backing away and the referee was screaming at both of them. The round was over.

Skeeter went out carefully in the second round. He saw how to take Chink. He remembered that Chink brought up his right to guard his jaw whenever he was going to try a left jab. He watched sharply. There! Chink's right hand began sliding up. Skeeter brushed aside the jab and swung a solid right. Chink swayed like a wooden doll on rockers. Skeeter caught him with a flurry of blows. Then he stepped away to handle Chink's angry rash. He blinked. Chink was not rushing. His feet were fumbling to get a grip on the floor. The roar of the crowd broke through the boy's ears. Without thinking he did a fast shuffle for the crowd, ending with a complete whirl.

The whirl landed him against a wall—a hot, suffocating wall. He stared up into a hazy glow where a giant pendulum was swinging. Then he felt canvas scraping his elbows. The pendulum turned into a white-sleeved arm. He staggered to his feet, jumped at a sweaty, retreating body and made himself hang on.

Chink whispered in his ear, "That was a ducky dance step, dearie. Show Daddy some more."

Skeeter wrinkled numb lips in a grin. After that experience he took no more chances. The hall and crowd dropped away. He fought in a scorching white box that had been carved out of blackness.

By the seventh round he had things his own way. The snap had left Chink's punches. Above his left eye the flesh was pouting in a blackish yellow splotch. Skeeter noticed a weak, silly grin on Chink's face.

HE BEGAN skidding his blows off Chink's shoulders. He didn't want to be a fighter any more. Dancing was what he liked; all right, a sissy racket. And he didn't even have a partner any more. He grunted. His jaw was going to hurt awful in another half-hour. He left it hanging out where Chink could see it. Chink swung. It was just a pawing tap. Skeeter mixed it, still leaving his jaw open. Chink's fists bounced off it like a rubber ball from a fence.

The boy wondered if he could take a dive and make it look good. He doubted it. An obvious fake win would hurt Chink as much as a loss. Then he got the answer. He tied Chink in a clinch.

"Chink," he whispered, "be a good guy and carry me a few rounds."

The battered head lifted from his shoulder. Dull eyes peered at him, glared, sparkled. The man's limp muscles corded. He threw Skeeter off, crouched and swung. The punch started behind his back, slow as a train gathering steam. It picked up speed as it swung in a wide arc toward the boy's jaw. Skeeter had time to grin and set his teeth in the rubber guard. . . .

Skeeter shuffled from the darkened A. C. building. Now that it was all over he didn't have that warm glow of nobility. It was hard to feel noble when your jaw was aching. He tried a jig to lift his spirits but it merely sent pains through his head. He started down the street, hands jammed in pockets, slouching.

"Hey," yelled a gruff voice behind him. "Hey, my sister wants to see you."

Skeeter turned. Two figures stepped out of the shadows. One was short and burly and chewed a toothpick. The other was slender, balanced precariously on high heels.

"Okay," he grumbled. "Only I hope she don't have the family failin' of battin' guys in the jaw."

Holly walked up to him. "Chink says you asked him to carry you in that last round. It got him mad. Did you?"

"He's thinkin' of some other fight."

Holly pushed back her hat to stare at him. Light from an arc light fired the bronze hair. "Hmm," she said. "I need a dance partner. My last one ran out on me. Can you dance?"

"Never any complaints from the girls when I cut in. Does, uh, a home go with it? Chink won all my dough, even what I was gonna get."

Chink groaned, "I was waitin' for that. Don't tell me, now. I know the answer. Charge it to your account. Put it on the cuff."

"Nice of him to offer," Skeeter said, whistling and tapping a march. "Now what about nights off?"

Holly linked an arm in his. The fingers of her other hand crept up to touch his jaw.

"No," she murmured. "No nights off this time."

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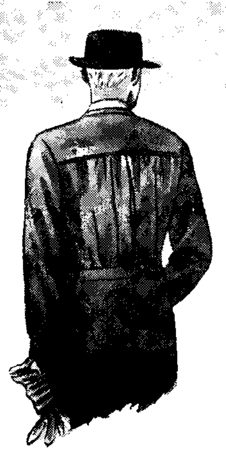

Long uncolored wool fibrils woven through wool of a rich solid color. Opening is made adjustable with a concealed separating Talon slide fastener. The back is tailored with an inverted pleat for freedom of action.

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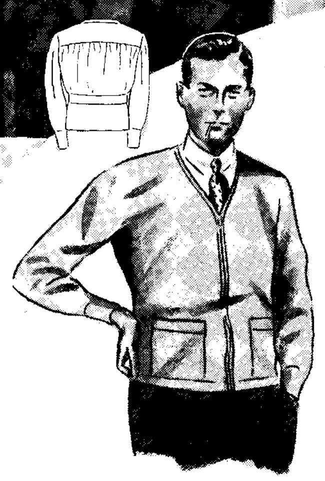
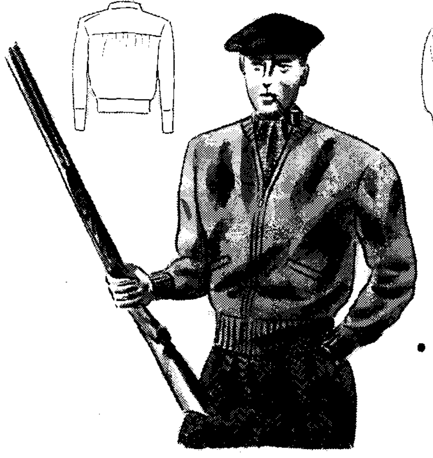
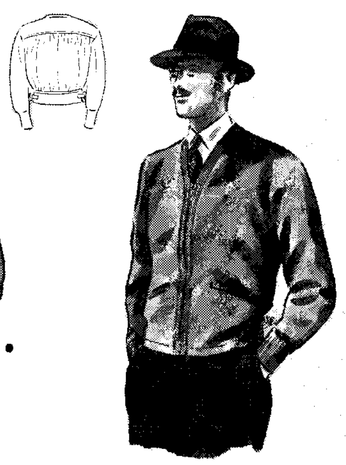


This sweater of warm, downy wool features a free-action sport back and a Talon slide fastener that is made invisible by an inverted pleat. Roomy, usable pockets.



A popular jacket-type sweater with full-length separating Talon slide fastener. Tailored with shirt back and slashed pockets. Elastic knitted collar, waistband and cuffs.



Concealed separating Talon fastener at the front, and adjustable ring-pull tabs at the sides. Tailored with slashed pockets and sport back of popular free-action design.

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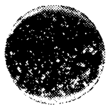
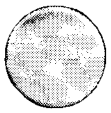


Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



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Up Pops the Family

Continued from page 18

—and wrongly—translated "alimony." Alimony means financial support that a husband must give to his divorced or separated wife. Soviet Russia, however, had made women equal with men and the Soviet law decreed that alimony in the American sense need only be paid by husband *and* wife for the space of one year after divorce should one party, irrespective of sex, be earning money and the other party, through illness, be unable to earn it. That was all the Russians allowed as far as alimony was concerned.

Alimenti, on the other hand, meant the support which a father was compelled to pay for his children whether they were legitimate or not. In point of fact, the phrase "illegitimate child" has ceased to exist in Soviet Russia and exists no longer to this day. That perhaps means more than it is easy for a capitalist society to imagine. True, it might complicate the inheritance of titles of nobility and of property, but those are the very things which the Soviet system is trying to overthrow. If the Bolsheviks have done nothing else, they have removed the curse of bastardy.

Ivan Lost a Wife

During the NEP period, which lasted from the fall of 1921 to the spring of 1927, the word *alimenti* was a humorous topic in every Moscow music hall. Anecdotes were repeated how one citizen met another and said, "Comrade, I am in despair. You know that the *alimenti* law provides that a man must pay one third of his salary for the support of any child. I, my dear comrade, have four children and unfortunately their mothers are all different. This is a problem which I cannot solve save by immediate suicide."

To which his friend replied, smiling, "Oh, that's easy enough—in fact I have the same difficulty, but you see my wife receives five *alimenti* from five other men."

These stories, as I now understand, were part of the underground counter-revolutionary propaganda which followed the suppression of a free press. Here and there they might have told the truth more or less, because morals were lax in those days and living conditions were hard, but it was generally a malevolent distortion of the real facts, although it is true that *alimenti* cases occupied three quarters of the attention of the People's Courts during that period. As NEP was gradually overwhelmed by the rising wave of Socialism, the *alimenti* cases faded into the background. They were partly blackmail to begin with, and the People's Courts came to recognize this and to understand that the word of a young woman who had been somewhat loose in her conduct was not good enough to enable her to receive a third of a man's salary. The law began to stiffen, if not in letter at least in application. A feminine plaintiff was required to produce proof not merely that the defendant was the father of the child but that there was a reasonable presumption that there were no other potential fathers. In short, the pendulum was beginning to swing back as Soviet public opinion and the People's Courts came to realize that human nature did not change much.

Yet the Soviet laws remained in force and led to some curious situations. I knew some years ago of a case which might have formed the subject for a social homily or an essay on public morals.

My friend, Ivan Petrovich, was a fairly important official of one of the State Trusts. He was about forty years of age but hale and hearty. His wife, Anna Lvovna, was aged thirty-five, a cheerful and buxom creature. They had been married for ten years but had no children, through no fault of either, and occupied in perfect amity a large square room in an apartment which had formerly belonged to a distinguished Moscow judge. The apartment housed six other families, who shared the kitchen and the bathroom and the corridor, but they all were used to that and did not mind it.

Then one day Ivan Petrovich was sent by his trust to Omsk in Siberia on a special mission. The trust sent with *him* his secretary, for purely business reasons, but the secretary happened to be feminine and fair. Ivan Petrovich was a friend of mine and he swore to me that, although he and his secretary traveled in the same compartment in the sleeping car, which is the Russian custom, his relations with her were invariably correct. I believe what he said because I know that it means nothing in Russia to share a coupé with someone of the other sex, and, incidentally, it is much easier to believe a man when he says that nothing happens than when he begins to boast. At any rate, the secretary, who apparently was unusually good-looking, married a Red Army officer in Omsk and stayed there, and Ivan Petrovich returned to Moscow not lamenting her, so he said. Only to find that his wife had had what he told me was an utterly absurd idea about his relations with the secretary and had divorced him in his absence on what perhaps she considered completely adequate grounds.

Not only that, but she had married another man. So when Ivan Petrovich came home his wife said, "I know that according to the law you have a right to half this room"—and at that time, and today, rooms were as hard to find in Moscow as hens' teeth—"but I've heard stories about you and your secretary and so I have divorced you and married someone else. And I'd like you to meet my new husband, Alexei Alexeivich, and in the meantime we've arranged a little bed for you behind the screen over there in the corner."

Just One Big Family

Ivan Petrovich was a true Russian. He needed to be worked up to make a scene. "I was taken aback," he told me, "and what's more I swear to you that I had had no intimate relations with my secretary, who married a young man in the Red Army in Omsk, and I hope she lives happily ever afterward and has a dozen children. At that she wasn't a very good secretary."

"Well," I said, "what did you do in what seems to me to have been a somewhat difficult situation?"

He said, "I looked at my wife and her new husband, and said, I hope with dignity, 'I don't want your little bed behind the screen in the corner, but you haven't heard the last of this business.' Then," he said, "I went off and spent the night with a friend.

"Now I want you to understand me," he continued, "I had nothing against my wife or, for that matter, her new husband, but I did not think they had behaved properly. And I thought they were making a fool of me, which no man can accept. And, mind you, I had a right to half that room. So I thought for a time and looked around and finally I found a citizen who sold chickens on the market. He was not a cultured citizen.

I don't only mean that he couldn't read or write, but he was worse than that. He sold chickens on the market, and when he sold them he got drunk, and when he got drunk he used to sing a great deal, and when he didn't sell his chickens he took them home with him.

"I made a deal with this citizen, a legal deal, that I would exchange my half of the room—my room and my wife's room—for the little attic where he used to live with his chickens. I arranged it legally with his house committee and with mine, and then I took him around to the apartment I had formerly shared with my wife. As it happened, that day he had not sold any of his fowls, but he had some drinks with me and other friends and was not entirely sober. I brought him into my wife's room, where she was with her new husband, and said, 'Comrades, I have exchanged my half of this room with this citizen, whom I now present to you. He is a hundred per cent proletarian and he has a cast-iron right, he and his chickens, to a half-share in this room. I have nothing more to say except that I hope you will all be good friends and get on well together.'"

With which, my friend told me, he withdrew. I do not know the moral to this story, or for that matter its final results, which probably were that the wife and new husband bought the chicken seller out and got rid of him that way. But my friend had the feeling that he had in some way paid his wife back for the easiness of the Soviet divorce law.

Towed Through School

The relations of parents and children, and for that matter of husbands and wives also, were complicated by the "class" bias in Soviet legislation. The preamble to the Soviet legal code states that in case of doubt and uncertainty the judges should let their "proletarian conscience" be their guide. This often meant that the social origin of the parties in dispute became a major factor, and in any quarrel over division of property or the right to keep the children the verdict would generally go in favor of the party whose origin was most truly proletarian.

During the period from 1926 to 1933 when the "liquidation" of the kulaks (richer peasants opposed to collectivization) and of the remnants of the NEP-men (private traders) was in progress there were innumerable cases where children flatly defied their parents on the grounds that the latter were kulaks or NEP-men.

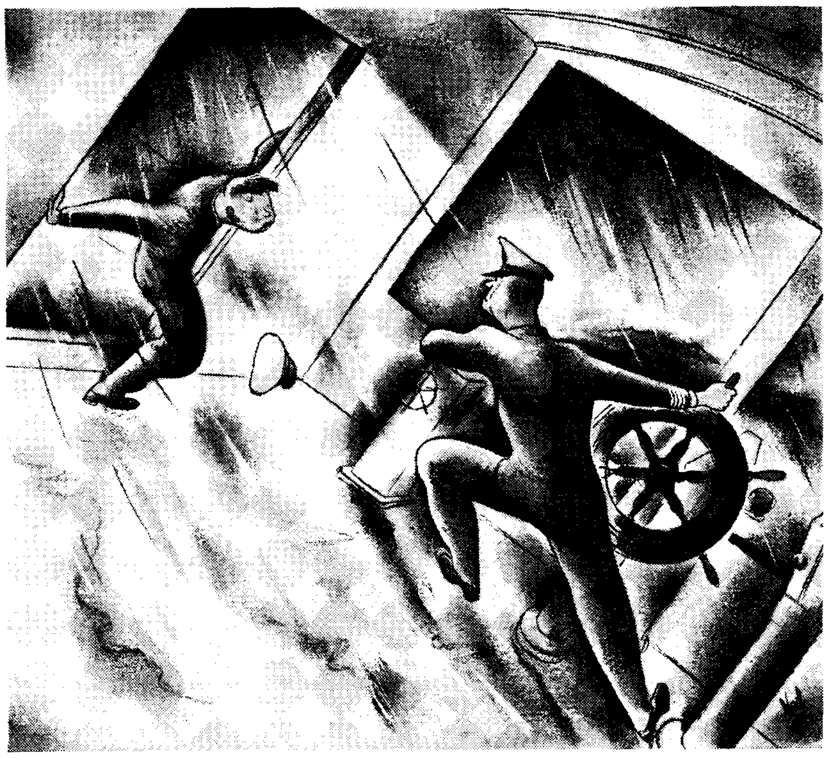
True, Soviet courts seemed to vary greatly between the idea of "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children" and the alternative method of trying to free would-be "loyal proletarian" working children from reactionary parental influence, but there were scores of cases where parents were fined for trying to "force" their children to go to church.

I know one case of a typical bad little boy ten years old, named Vladya, not vicious but just bad, who for months defied his parents by making use of the threat, "If you do this or that or don't let me do this or that when I want to, I will tell my teacher that you are forcing me to go to church." The boy's mother was the daughter of a deacon and his father, although a worker in one of the Moscow factories, was the grandson of a priest. Both of them, I may say, had no religious convictions, much less the slightest intention of teaching any to Vladya. But the child literally terrorized his home until one day when his father was admitted to the Communist party as a shock-brigade worker. At this point the father took counsel with the secretary of his party unit. The latter laughed and pointed to the leather strap which Vladimir Petrovich wore around his waist. "Give him a taste of that," he said, "this very evening, and I guarantee you won't hear any more of it." The medicine worked and Vladya talked no more about the church.

The fact was, children everywhere got out of hand during that bitter period of class struggle. In many of the villages food was desperately short and home life utterly disorganized by the deportation of one or both parents. Sometimes the whole family was deported, but in many cases the wife and children, or the children alone, were left behind. Meanwhile in the towns and cities there was desperate overcrowding and children ran wild in the streets. There grew up too a new set of *besprizorni*, or homeless children, like the crop of two million ragamuffins produced by the civil war and the famine of 1921.

Schoolteachers, too, throughout the country were wailing that it was impos-

(*Continued on page* 66)



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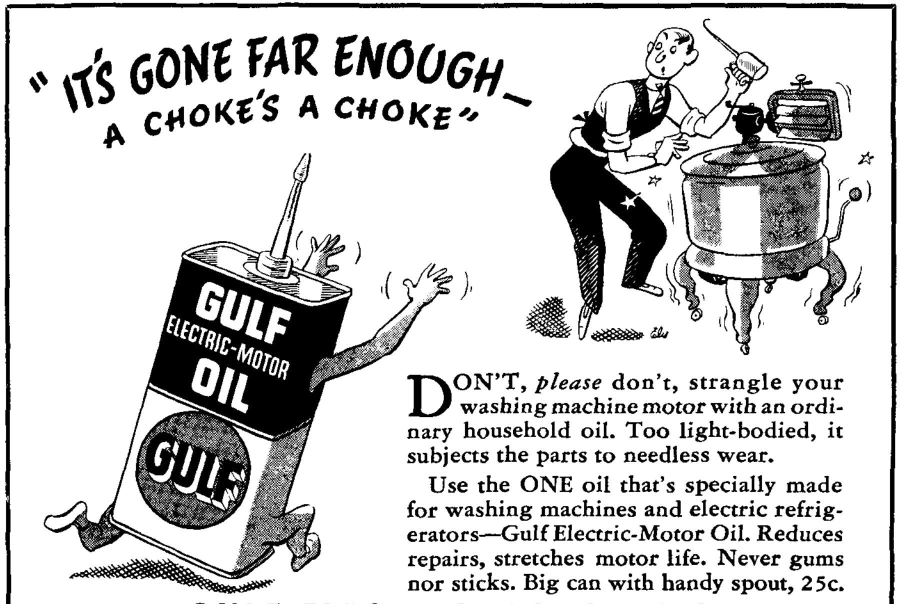

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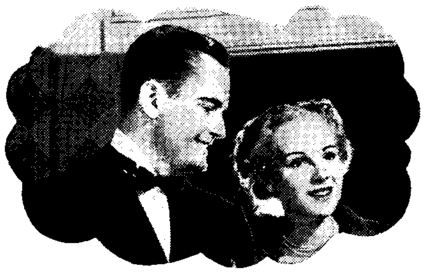

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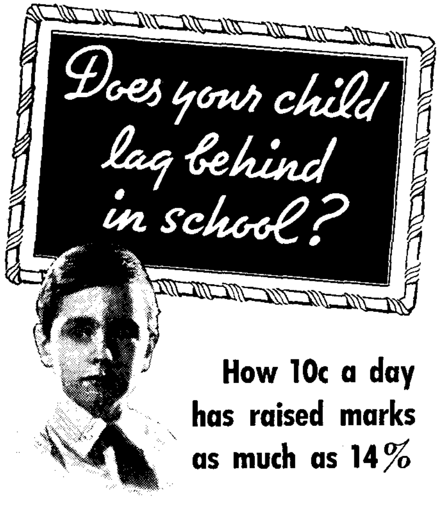

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(Continued from page 65)

sible to maintain discipline in the classrooms, while in the higher schools and universities it became evident that the standard of learning was deplorably low and unsatisfactory. The country needed hundreds of thousands of engineers, doctors, teachers and professional men and women of all kinds, but it was clear that diplomas given to graduates were not worth the paper they were written on, that both boys and girls were utterly unqualified for the work they were supposed to undertake.

This was largely due to an arrangement which had grown up in the different universities called the "towing" system, in which five or six students worked together and were marked and examined and graduated together as a group rather than as individuals. The basic idea was good enough, that leading students should be encouraged to help their weaker comrades and thus literally "tow" them through their courses. In practice it worked differently—the leaders worked and the laggards loafed. One evening in the fall of 1934 I was riding in the streetcar and recognized the young conductor. "Hello, Michael Ivanovich," I said, "I thought you were studying medicine at the university."

"So I was," he grinned ruefully, "but not any more. The last two years I've been 'towed' by my brother and his girl friend—they're the best students in our class—but a month ago they abolished the towing system and put me through an exam. I got seventeen marks out of a possible five hundred, so they dropped me and I went to work."

Reorganizing for Peace

In the U. S. S. R.—and I suppose in every other country—reforms and changes are never so sudden or spontaneous as they appear at first sight. They are rather the result of a combination of circumstances, or to use a Marxist phrase, of a "process of development." So it has been in the case of domestic life in this country. By the end of 1934 private trade and enterprise had been eliminated and the collectivization (i. e., socialization) of the villages was effective. That was the most important factor—the five-years "war" against the peasants and the remnants of private enterprise was ended and it was now time to reorganize the nation for peace and reap the fruits of victory. Secondly, the demand for skilled workers and technicians was greater than ever to cope with the growth of industry, industrialization and the new mechanization of agriculture. Finally, the victory of socialism meant that the Bolshevik ideal of a classless society had been in no small measure attained. Henceforth one might say that there were no private interests. Everyone was henceforth part of the state machine in one form or another.

The first result of this was a sharp change in educational methods, from high to low. The educational reforms of 1933 and 1934 gave far greater authority to teachers, insisted upon entrance examinations for the higher schools and continuous examinations during the course of education, and took away much of the autonomy from the student bodies which previously had presumed to dictate not merely which courses they wished to follow but how they should learn them and even to obtain the removal of a teacher who did not please them.

These decrees signed by Stalin as leader of the party, and Molotov as head of the government, pointed out that the duty of parents did not end with sending their children to school, that henceforth they would be held responsible for the conduct of their boys and girls outside school hours. In the spring of 1934 the U. S. S. R. reverted to the use of the old word *rodina*, meaning fatherland or birthland, instead of the phrase "Socialist Fatherland" which had been used ever since the Revolution, and a new era of patriotism began with a corresponding stress upon the influence of the family and the home. This process was continued at an accelerating rate, as can readily be judged from a brief survey of recent laws or enactments.

In the early summer of this year, for instance, it was announced that the "social origin" of candidates for the higher schools would no longer be taken into consideration, that the determining factor for admission would henceforth be their standing in the entrance examinations. This was a much greater step forward than it may appear because it meant the abolition of class distinctions which had formerly favored manual workers. A move in the same direction was the announcement by the Central Committee of Labor Unions that all privileges as to price and priority of tickets for holiday resorts heretofore enjoyed by the manual workers would henceforth be abolished, and that all employed persons, *irrespective of social origin*, would be henceforth on the same footing in regard to these tickets.

A more conspicuous example of this new spirit was the project for the Soviet constitution, which will doubtless be voted this November with few substantial changes. It, too, guaranteed equal rights for loyal citizens without regard to the nature of their employment—whether manual or white collar—or to their social origin.

Finally, there has come the law forbidding the prevention of childbirth, which includes a measure of reform in the divorce laws. From the viewpoint of domestic or family relations this is a salient and culminating change. As the new law stands the prevention of childbirth by operation will be as illegal in this country as in the United States; that is to say, it would only be permitted in case of medical necessity. In the meantime the money to be allotted this year by state budget for children's homes and crèches has been quadrupled, and there is lavish state support provided for large families. With regard to divorce, the changes are also considerable. It will cost much more than previously, and second and third divorces will be progressively more expensive. It is also required that both parties shall be present when divorce is sought, if that is practically possible.

This reminds me of an incident that occurred some years ago. A peasant and his wife came to one of the Moscow marriage bureaus and said they would like a divorce. The young woman in charge of the bureau asked them why. The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "a lot of the young people in our village are getting divorced, it seems the modern cultured thing to do, so we thought we would follow their example. Ain't that so, Marfoosha?"

His wife nodded assent. She was shabbily dressed, whereas her husband wore a fine warm sheepskin coat. Inquiry showed that there was no particular reason for the divorce except that other people were doing it.

And So They Stayed Married

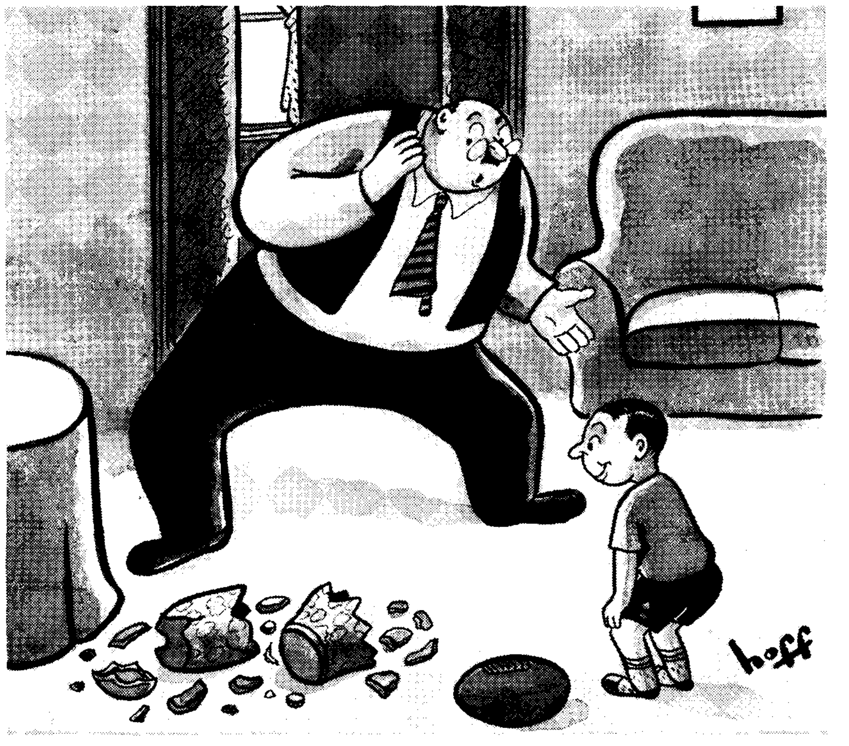
"All right," said the girl in charge of the office, "but of course you understand that if you are divorced your property is divided equally."

The peasant looked startled. "And my furniture, and the pots and pans in the kitchen—I have to share that with her too?"

"Yes," said the girl firmly, "that's the law, comrade."

Again the peasant snorted. "I never heard such nonsense. We won't have a divorce at all. Come on, Marfoosha, let's go home." And off they went to resume their wedded bliss.

What it all means is that the Bolsheviks are beginning to learn that, as I said earlier, human nature can't be suddenly changed by law or by decree and that the institutions of Marriage, Home and the Family are not the creation of capitalist society but the natural growth of ages. As Horace said two thousand years ago, "You may turn Nature out of doors with violence, but she will still return." It has taken the Bolsheviks eighteen years to learn that lesson but they are learning it now and finding that there is a golden mean betwixt the omnipotent authority of a father over his wife and children and an ultralibertarian system which makes family life a mockery, or between divorce laws so arbitrary and costly as to be beyond the reach of any save a small wealthy minority and a system so loose that it reduces marriage to a farce.



"My son, for a healthy raise in your allowance, would you assume full responsibility?"

SIDNEY HOFF

TO THE MAN

Who Wants His Dollars To Keep On Growing

A MAN who wants to do fresh thinking about ways to rebuild his financial reserves against the time when he may need them will find "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing" valuable to read.

This booklet, published by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, is already enjoying wide popularity. It is available to you through MUTUAL LIFE agency representatives or by writing direct to the Company's Home Office.

It explains that, although all dollars may look alike when they rest quietly in your hand, they are very different in action. *Some* dollars do you no more good than a few cents might do; some may even work *against* your welfare.

But there is *one* sort of dollar which is not only worth 100 cents in action, but sets up a wall of defense against any attempt to weaken it, creating an immediate *increase* in capital in the event of your death and a steadily growing *reserve* if you live.

That is your Life Insurance dollar—protected the moment it is received by THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK by the dollars of thousands of other policyholders held in reserve for them.

A great change may take place in the establishment of a man's future security and comfort by a few moments' examination of the matter of slightly readjusting his viewpoint on everyday "dollar habits."

So many people look back upon their lives only to realize that a surprising amount of the money they have received has disappeared without leaving anything very real to show for it!

What is needed today is a clearly defined incentive to prevent such unnecessary losses. This Life Insurance supplies, as you will discover if you read this booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing."

Send for it and learn, if you do not already know it, why each dollar that comes to you should have *at least a few cents* in it that do not belong to the current year of your life at all, but which should be devoted *to some later year* when the value will be greater if only because the need is greater.

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DAVID F. HOUSTON, *President*
34 Nassau Street, New York

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

Farmer's
HOLMGREN

Daughter?

Yes... from Farm Market A

The "Upper Third" Not only *is* Prosperous but Looks the Part ... It's a Rich Market for Cosmetics, Drugs, and Toiletries

EXPECT a surprise ... for we're going to introduce you to a charming member of Farm Market A.

This young lady looks, acts, and dresses like any smart woman from the city. She reads the latest books, is interested in music and the world of art. She gets around a lot. And, like so many of her friends, she has a university background.

Check the dressing tables in her home (as we did in a recent survey*), and what do you find? Face powders and creams. Rouges and lipsticks. Shampoos and toilet soaps. Tooth pastes and powders. Mouth washes, antiseptics, depilatories ... and a long list more!

Drop in on the typical Market A druggist** who serves her, and you'll get another surprise. Drug store sales per capita in his community are $19.34 ... compared to an average of $13.09 for the thirteen leading metropolitan cities! His line is just as complete, just as varied. And having kept pace with changing rural conditions since the store's foundation in 1892, it is obvious that you can consider him a "permanent" outlet.

This year the income of Farm Market A families will average well over $2,500 ... more than twice the average city income ... and *seven times more than the average of B, C and D farm families.* It will exceed 6 *billion* dollars in 1936.

If you capture rich Farm Market A, you add two sales to every three ... because two-fifths of all merchandise sold at retail is sold to the country community. Yet to cover this market costs far less than two-fifths of your advertising budget.

Unlike the "three-fifths" Urban Market which demands the use of many publications, you can blanket Farm Market A with a *single magazine* ... The Country Home.

The Country Home makes no attempt to reach every farm. Through intelligent subscription-building, it carefully avoids the "country slums" ... and concentrates on that rich 35 percent who receive *80 percent of all farm income.*

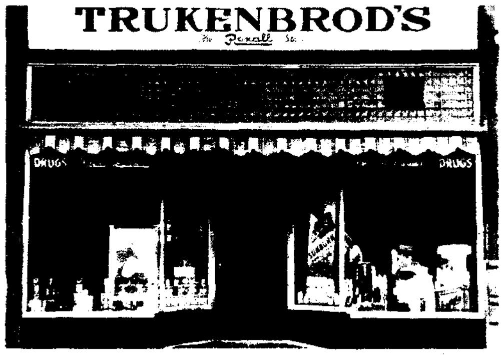
80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

Here is a ready market for merchandise you regularly sell to the city. It's the simplest way to realize the sales increase you desire in 1937.

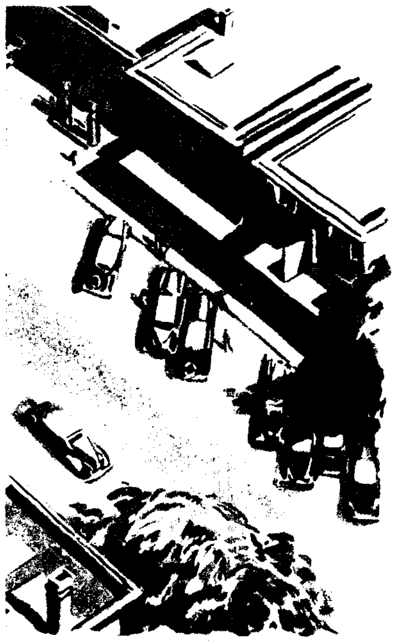
*A copy of this revealing study, "The Household in Farm Market A", will be sent you on request.

TO SMALL TOWN DEALERS WHO ARE AFTER BIGGER SALES: *Farm Market A is the most powerful sales tie-up you can give your local advertising and merchandising. Learn how to use it in your selling. Write to The Crowell Publishing Company for a report of Farm Market A farms and The Country Home circulation in the county or counties in your trading areas—also a list of the products advertised in The Country Home. Address—The Crowell Publishing Co., Dept. C. H., Springfield, Ohio.*

20%
of the farm income is produced by
65%
of the farms



****TRUKENBROD'S PHARMACY, MONROE,** WISCONSIN, (population 5015) is typical of the drug stores that supply Farm Market A. Mr. Trukenbrod says, "At least two-thirds of my sales are made to farm people. They're buying a lot of toilet goods, cosmetics and antiseptics ... as well as fountain pens, portable typewriters and other merchandise. During the past year or two our business has expanded very rapidly."



THE
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MAGAZINE

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Largest R. F. D. Circulation in the Field

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Lovers are on a strike in Piraeus, Greece. Its single young men have formed an association and announced, by means of posters hung throughout the city, that they will do no more love-making until the girls can have unchaperoned appointments; the movies and cabarets have reduced their prices and the night policemen have been ordered to stop poking around in parks and parked automobiles.—*By G. R. Wright, Athens, Greece.*

A unique association in the South is The Live Oak Society, whose membership consists of about 100 giant oak trees. To be a member a tree must be very old, have a legal representative, adhere to the constitution and bylaws and pay annual dues of 25 acorns. The secretary is a gentleman in Lafayette, Louisiana, and the president is a large tree on a farm near New Orleans.—*By Norma W. Emerson, Winter Garden, Florida.*

An interesting room was unearthed beneath 120 Wall Street in New York City a few years ago. It was a grog shop, complete with furniture, bar, eight dozen bottles of rum and a trapdoor and chute to the basement, which was used in shanghaiing sailors.

Out of a grand total of 7,750,919 soldiers and sailors captured and missing in the World War, only three belonged to the Japanese forces.—*By Hector Le Maire, Malden, Massachusetts.*

One of the bitterest literary controversies in history was over the identity of an unknown person who, under the pseudonym of "Junius," wrote a series of satirical political letters to the London Public Advertiser between 1769 and 1772. From that day to the present time, speculation has been rife and numerous books and pamphlets have been written to prove that he was at least forty different famous individuals.

Great Britain is the only country today in which numerous commercial and industrial organizations as well as government offices prohibit their men employees from marrying until they have attained a certain age or income or have secured the consent of their superior. A typical example is a well-known trading firm which has only five married men among its seventy officials.

Among the many regulations contained in the liquor laws of our various states today are the following: Restaurants are forbidden to serve liquor to women, liquor salesmen are prohibited from soliciting business from hotels and restaurants and liquor retailers are civilly liable for any damage done by their intoxicated customers.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Football for a Living

Continued from page 17

regarding their charges who merit a professional career. The coaches write us about their players. Frequently we contact the coaches first. We maintain year-around contact with our players whose touch with their alma maters usually is close. And we hear from our players, also, of the boys against whom they played in college, who are now about to be graduated. A player's judgment of another against whom he has played is sound. Newspaper clippings don't count in the estimate of an end regarding the skill and power of a tackle against whom he has pounded for sixty minutes. He knows whether that tackle is a good football player.

I have found that coaches' judgment is usually sound. Frank Thomas, for instance, had a pretty good football team last fall. Not as good, perhaps, as his Rose Bowl championship outfit of the year before but pretty good. Frank, however, recommended to us only two members of his squad; only two who, in his judgment, possessed sufficient ability to warrant their going up to the league.

"But," he wrote, "'way back in the hills, in the College of the Ozarks, there is a guard named Lloyd Goodwin who'll make your football team or any other football team. I know you never have heard of him but he's the best guard in the South."

That was enough for me. We went after him the way the fire chief goes to a fire. The little college back in Clarksville, Arkansas, wasn't easy to find. And at the end of the chase, we got bad news. Somebody had found the way to Clarksville before us. Young Mr. Goodwin, of whom you never have heard and of whose college you probably never have heard, either, had been snapped up by the Chicago Cardinals.

Often we uncover boys like this on what I term my "fishing trips." I throw a couple of bags in the rumble seat and set out more or less aimlessly, wandering from one college town to another in the back country, especially in the South. I drop in to see the coaches. I talk with the local sports writers. I check on tips we have had from local enthusiasts.

It's fun, this fishing for football players. You never know when you'll make a strike.

Hard-Kicking Kercheval

The personal contact is the basis of this professional football scouting scheme. We know the boy's habits, temperaments and general background before we even go after him. There was Ralph Kercheval.

Kercheval came down to high school in Lexington, Kentucky, from a little hill town named Salt Lick, Kentucky. That's the town where Daniel Boone used to keep the redskins at bay with his trusty rifle. I thought of that one afternoon last year as I saw Kercheval keep the Boston Redskins at bay with his equally trusty toe.

I saw "Kerch" in high school and then I saw him come up to college. I saw him, with his great kicking ability, nose out a veteran fullback for a varsity job as a sophomore. I could see him getting better every game. But in his junior and senior years, as a member of a weak team, Kercheval was not given the chance to develop as he should have developed. His remarkable kicking shone but his kicking was almost all of his team's offense and much of its defense. In blocking and running, he had too little opportunity to shine.

I remember the day against Tennessee when he got away a sixty-yard punt, only to have the play called back because of off side. He kicked again, this time sixty-five yards, and again the play was called back. Once more he kicked and, believe it or not, he punted seventy yards and the ball rolled outside on Tennessee's five-yard stripe. That's kicking!

But I knew the boy could do more than kick. So he was signed to a Brooklyn contract the day he was graduated. We had no competition here. No one else had seen his possibilities as I had. Today he is as useful a back as there is in the league, he is far and away the greatest kicker, and I don't believe that he has yet come close to his peak after two seasons of professional football. He is still developing.

Had it not been for my contact with the University of Kentucky, Kercheval might never have had his opportunity. That's the way we get our football players. On this basis of personal contact, every member of our squad is a scout every year, going over the list of college teams against which he has played, picking out the best of those opponents, checking up with his old coaches.

College Rules vs. Pro Rules

There has been a disposition on the part of some of professional football's detractors to insist that changes made in our rules have been made solely with the idea of producing thrills. I believe I can prove to you that that is not true. There has been a logical reason for each of our points of difference with the college rules code. As a matter of fact we have been more conservative and basically sound, I believe, than the college rules makers themselves.

The college people put the goal posts ten yards behind the goal line. We have the posts on the goal line because the field goal is an integral part of the game; because players like to kick field goals and because spectators like to see them kick field goals. And we have virtually eliminated tie scores, one scoreless tie being the only undecided league game in 1935.

The college people several years ago prohibited the defensive player from running with a recovered fumble. Their reason, backed by some logic, was that a fumble recovered by the defense and run for a long gain or touchdown penalizes too severely the misplay of a college boy. That is probably true. But the professional player is older, more experienced, more skillful, with more time for practice and deserving of a severe penalty if he fumbles.

The college rules makers introduced several safety measures three or four years ago. They barred the flying block and flying tackle and passed the dead-ball rule which halts the runner, even though he may be in the open, yards from any tackler, when his knee or any part of his body, save his hands or feet, touch the ground. Many a squirming, elusive broken-field runner of the Albie Booth type has been forced to stop and supinely toss the ball to the official with an open field ahead since that rule was passed. But perhaps it has resulted in fewer injuries to collegians, although I think that's open to doubt.

We believe that the professional runners, however, can take care of themselves, so we declined to follow the colleges on the dead-ball rule. Again the colleges, for safety's sake, adopted the restraining line for five members of the side receiving the kickoff, holding them within fifteen yards of the ball until it is kicked. Thus it was hoped to do

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away with the use of the wedge by the returning team. Again the professional point of view was that with more mature players, with more time for training and conditioning, the kickoff play provided no menace. So the formation of our teams receiving the kickoff is elastic, as was true in the college game for so many years. And we get more exciting runbacks.

The sharpest divergence in rules has come on the forward pass. The college game, to help the defense, requires that the forward pass be thrown from a point at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage. We have no quarrel with that. The college defense probably needs that help, although a number of topnotch coaches have been shouting themselves blue in the face to the contrary for several years.

But the defense in professional football needs no help. The defense, as a matter of fact, has tended to become too strong, what with fast, smart forward lines averaging 220 pounds backed by secondary defenses of men who won their laurels as exceptional college backs by their keen diagnosis of plays as well as their fierce, deadly tackling.

It was decided that something must be done to keep the big backers-up in a 2-2-1 secondary defense from coming up too confidently and too fast to reinforce their line. What happens to an inside tackle play when a 220-pound line is reinforced by backers-up of the type of Nagurski and Manders? Perhaps it has been your misfortune on a dark and stormy night to drive your car smack-dab into a stone wall. That gives you an idea.

So it was decided that if the running game were not to become too tight, those backers-up would have to be made more cautious. But we couldn't do that by waving them back. Instead we passed a rule permitting the forward pass to be thrown from any point behind the line of scrimmage. A line-breaker like Kostka or Nagurski may now start on what apparently is an inside tackle drive but, on reaching the line of scrimmage, may toss a short pass over the line to an end or wing back crossing over. If the backer-up has been so rash as to anticipate the plunge, he finds himself in a position like that of a number of Wall Street bulls in the dark days of 1929.

Leave It to the Fans

This innovation has not made of the professional game a basketball-throwing pastime, as some of the college people predicted. The teams have not gone hog-wild on passing. But the threat is always there, the running game is stronger and better balanced, which was the chief aim, and we have a better game of football.

I like to try our professional game out on some of my friends, putting them on the bench for a good, close look, then watching their reactions. Fred Williamson, president of the New York Central Railroad and a Yale graduate, watched his first game thus and told me that the kicking impressed him; that it was the greatest kicking he had ever seen. Ernest Hemingway, on another Sunday afternoon, winced at the blocking and tackling. Percy Johnston, one of New York's leading bankers, declared that in his mind there was no doubt the good professional team could outscore handily any college outfit he had ever seen.

Perhaps, if you're an "Amos and Andy" radio fan you recall one Monday evening last fall when the voice of Amos was a little more husky than usual. Our Brooklyn Dodgers were responsible for that.

Freeman Gosden, who is Amos, is a great football fan. He sat on our bench during the Sunday afternoon that we played the Bears in Chicago. Tensely, he watched a well-played first quarter. Then, as the Bears rumbled under way, he watched disconsolately as Bronko Nagurski, Manders and the others drove their way to four touchdowns and a 28 to 0 lead.

But you never can tell. In the second half, our attack finally got under way and disconsolate Amos became a raving rooter as one Brooklyn touchdown followed another until in the late minutes the score was 28 to 21 in the Bears' favor and we were fighting for that tying touchdown.

The tying touchdown didn't come. But Amos had had his thrill.

"And if I miss tomorrow night's broadcast because I can't speak," he croaked as we left the park, "I'll sue you and the Brooklyn Dodgers."

Spectacular and Sound

For myself, I like the professional game because of the infinite variety in offense which is necessary and possible because our boys are postgraduates in the school of football. The college team is catalogued in offense. Rarely does a college squad operate from more than two basic formations. The college defenses are changed from week to week to meet the type of attack that is to be encountered each Saturday. Meeting Notre Dame on one Saturday, Army will employ a wide 6-2-2-1 defense with the backer-up against the Notre Dame strong side playing close to the line and outside his own end. Meeting Yale or Navy on another Saturday, those backers-up may come in behind their tackles. The colleges scout primarily the offense.

But that doesn't do much good in professional football. We know that any team we meet will be working from four or five offensive formations, changing their basic attacking methods to meet the defensive setup. Let the backers-up play wide and we'll give them the short punt formation and send our power inside. Let them move in and we'll give them the single wing back with a cloud of interference and a world of power to the outside. Let their tackles play wide and we'll send reverses inside until those tackles move in, whereupon we'll give them wider reverses and cutbacks inside end, outside tackle.

There is, you see, the variety which makes for spectacular, interesting but still sound football. It is football which, in the very nature of things, is not within the bounds of the college game. Our players are older. They are selected because they are exceptional players in the first place. We may always hold over what stars we wish but there are always new players coming into our camp at Farmingdale, Long Island, in the fall, fighting for positions there during the weeks of training, fighting to prove themselves in the exhibition games, a feature which the college coach cannot employ as an aid in selecting his men.

Our boys don't graduate. They have unlimited time for practice. They have no worries about scholarship and getting ready for that exam tomorrow. For three months they think, eat and talk football. Many are real students of the game who later will coach.

You may not yell yourself hoarse with a "rah, rah, rah" and a "sis boom bah" but you'll grab your seat and hang on as that big 220-pound all-America fullback you've been reading about in college football for three years crashes into a line averaging 230 pounds and bounces back, only to toss a wide lateral to the 165-pound greyhound from the Northwest on the next play for an eighteen-yard gain, proving that even a veteran all-America end can be fooled once in a while.

Perhaps you'll miss the cheerleaders and the college songs in this postgraduate football. But I believe you'll be seeing the best football that is played. And that's something! In fact, to a real football fan, it's a good deal.

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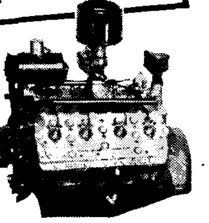

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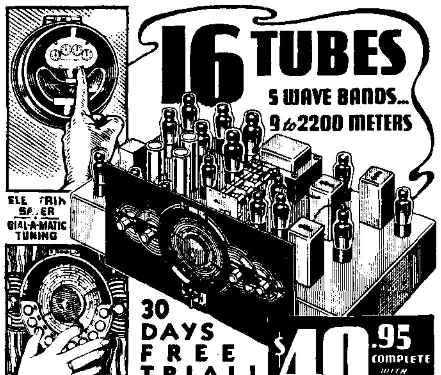

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Something *can* be done about winter— if you start right now to build good general *resistance*

Facts available today give a clue to many of those winter hazards which come so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort!

They begin in early fall, grow more frequent and severe as the season wears on, finally reach a peak in January.

Link this with the fact that your general *resistance* is likely to be low at the same time, and you can plan a course of action.

Too little sleep, fresh air, and exercise probably contribute to your winter condition, and you should try to do something about them.

But in addition, use some *daily* resistance-building measure. Give *Adex* a trial.

The protective factors in Adex come entirely from known, *natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil.

The Vitamin A you obtain will definitely help you to increase your general resistance. The extra "sunshine" Vitamin D in Adex is also beneficial at this dreary season.

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Now at any reliable drug store in the pleasant-tasting tablet or the newer gelatine capsule. Adex is the product of E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Leg Hunt in Tokyo

Continued from page 11

next scene starts—amid the noisy ripping apart of the old set and construction of the next.

After the ten scenes of Peter Pan there's a short intermission, during which mothers feed babies and everybody strolls around to the restaurant in the theater for tea and pastry and rice. Wax models of all the foodstuffs, with their prices, are displayed in glass cases, in the Japanese manner. One minute before the next part of the show starts a bell rings and everybody goes back into the theater itself.

The next part is a Japanese ballet in one act, with a gorgeous red, gold, blue and purple setting, scores of girls in ancient Japanese costume, weird music and posture-dancing. This lasts about forty-five minutes and there's another intermission for more eating and drinking and baby-feeding.

The last part of the show is the Japanese version of a modern revue. It's called Rio Grande; it lasts two hours. In those two hours twenty complete and elaborate sets are built, swung around on the stage, torn apart again. A hundred girls, in every variety of Western costume, from evening frocks to ballet skirts, make the stage picture a rainbow of color and a razzle-dazzle of motion. The music is a strange compound of all the popular songs of the past twenty years; the dancing hasn't the snap and precision of an American or European chorus, but the color and life make you forget that.

The Dietrich Complex in Nippon

At the outset, Japanese revue producers were hampered—and still are—by the shape of most Nipponese legs. At the Shochiku, however, by dint of intensive scouting throughout the empire, the producers have finally assembled twenty-four girls who can stand up beside Marlene Dietrich in bathing suits and not suffer by comparison.

These two dozen straight-legged beauties come on late in the show, to loud fanfares by orchestra, delighted shouts from the girls in the audience and general whoopee in the top galleries. It's the big smash of the affair. It leaves most of the girls in the audience a bit envious. Western dress, although it is fairly common among Japanese women in the cities, has been less widely adopted than it would have been had not the movies and revues made women leg-conscious. Thousands of girls, who would like to discard the clumsy kimono and obi for short-skirted frocks, feel a trifle diffident about it and envy their sisters whose lines and curves more nearly approximate the Western idea.

In the old Japanese theater, all parts were taken by men. In the modern revues, all parts are taken by girls—including those of comedians of the Weber and Fields variety. Curiously enough, the revues are patronized mainly by girls. Japanese men still believe, down in their hearts, that woman's place is in the home and that to applaud actresses or even appear much interested in them is rather unmanly.

While the Shochiku revue is good rowdy stuff, the pride and joy of modern Japan are the four companies of Takarazuka girls, playing in Tokyo, Kobe-Osaka, Kyoto and Nagoya. There are about 140 girls to a company and they circulate around on a regular schedule. Poetically enough, one is the Star company, another the Moon, a third the Snow, and the fourth the Flower.

Revues got started in Japan rather prosaically about four years ago. An interurban railway at Kobe put on a real-estate addition and, to draw trade, started an entertainment resort. An American showman suggested the revue idea, which was pretty daring, because sex had practically no place on the Japanese stage and love scenes were taboo. But the railroad enterprisers took a chance and were surprised at the success they achieved.

From this small beginning the Takarazuka Girls' Opera Company grew. Each troupe is organized as a unit, and getting into a unit is a social triumph. All the girls are from good families, some the daughters of barons, viscounts and rich businessmen. The girls of the nobility get in because of their social eminence and the rest are there because their fathers paid premiums for them.

Under the sternest supervision, the girls are trained for two years before they appear on the stage. They get minute salaries, running about twenty yen a month, and work twelve hours a day. Some of them live in immense but luxurious boardinghouses, are forbidden to speak to men and wear a sort of uniform of a green skirt over their kimonos when they appear in public.

The Takarazuka Theater in Tokyo—shortened to "Toho" by the brevity-loving Nipponese—is a great green-and-chromium building of ultramodernistic design, with rows of horizontal windows and aluminum pillars. Inside, it is all silver and red and gray. The stage opening is about eighty feet, with runways on either side, so that a line of one hundred girls may form a semicircle facing the audience. The sets are all built on a revolving stage, but the action spreads out over the entire width of the main stage and the runways.

Sunday is the big day at Toho, and as early as six in the morning the covered promenade outside the theater is filled with girls in gay kimonos and modern street frocks. They stroll about and read books, or chat with blue-uniformed boy students. There are platoons of schoolgirls, in blue skirts and white blouses. Honking cabs roll up and pour out more cascades of color. At eleven, the box office opens and the crowd slaps down its half-yen for the top balcony, one yen for the first balcony or one yen fifty for the lower floor, and pours into the lobby.

Stage-Door Jennies

The show starts at noon, with a ballet. Footlights blaze. Forty baby spots shoot down golden shafts from the high ceiling. Thirty more spotlights shine from the balcony front. Other lights flood the stage from booths high in the proscenium arch. The girls in the audience pick out their stage favorites and applaud, interrupting songs and speeches. The ballet runs about an hour and then there's an intermission—and plenty to do. Loud-speakers blare out warnings not to leave handbags in seats, and shout the virtues of tearooms and novelty stores.

Everybody roams around, with four floors to roam in. Upstairs, the fans are clustered around stalls, buying photographs of their favorites. There are rows of tiny shops, exhibits of textiles, an art gallery, lounging rooms.

The Toho show, going on since noon, lets out shortly before six. There is a rush of girls from the audience around to the stage door. The stars, as they appear, are surrounded and made to autograph post cards of themselves. The greatest compliment one may pay them is to tell them they resemble an American movie star.

The Japanese judge beauty in a girl mainly by her eyes. If they are soft, warm and sparkling, a lot of other things —such as slightly-less-than-perfect legs —are overlooked. But the revue pays a great deal of attention to physical perfection, and the girls are exercised hard to build up health.

While Japanese girls have taken over the revues and musical comedies and foreign operas and farces, lock, stock and barrel, the speaking stage has gone more or less modern too. There still are the old No plays and Kubuki drama—and the Japanese love them—but straight comedy, based on foreign plays and stories, is increasingly popular.

Center of this modern drama in Tokyo is at the Shimbashi Embujyo. This theater is controlled by the geisha association of Tokyo, a strong organization that puts on its own shows twice a year and is said to have a considerable—if indirect—political influence. The geishas have their own newspaper, the Miyako —meaning Capital—which is the most outspoken of journals in a country where being outspoken has certain dangers. The girls take the profits from the theater and put them into a benefit fund.

Japan's Charlie Chaplin

Mainspring and star of the Shimbashi players is the sixty-four-year-old Goro, who introduced comedy to the Japanese stage thirty-four years ago, when it was unheard of. Those were the days of twenty-minute wailings and realistic hara-kiris all over the stage; of half-hour harangues and general battle, murder and lingering death. Goro wrote, produced and acted in a comedy—and from then until now has maintained his position as No. 1 comedian of the empire.

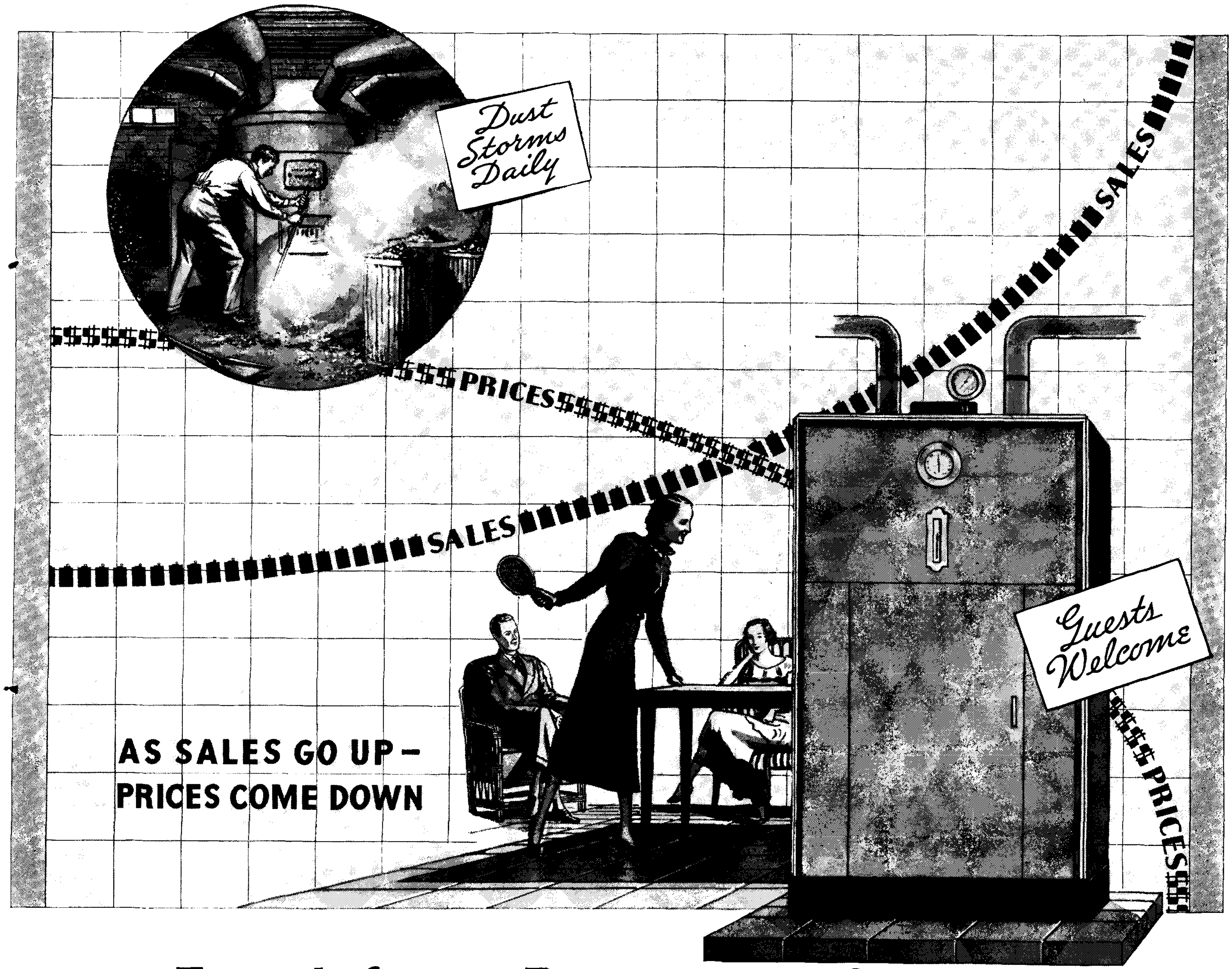
Goro told your correspondent that he has written, produced and acted in 894 plays. Some of them were based on foreign plays, some on Aesop's Fables, others on Japanese ideas.

"I work hard," said Goro, wiping off the make-up of the Village Liar he had worn in the evening's second play, and deftly smearing on an old-woman make-up for the third.

"I work from morning until late at night. I write. In the morning we rehearse—five plays at once sometimes. Then, early in the evening, I start to play. Always I play five roles in five separate pieces. At eleven or so, I am through—until the next morning."

If the modern theater in Japan is doing nothing else, it is slowly leveling the sexes. It is doing this in a country where schoolteachers of opposite sex, for example, are not allowed to walk together outside the school; and where most husbands still walk three paces ahead of their wives and refer to them as "the foolish ones." There still are no kisses on the Japanese stage, but there are some pretty fervid handclasps, and now and then some daring couple will take a chance—after finding out there are no cops in the house—and entwine their arms and even pat hands.

Last month, a Hollywood star waved her hair differently, draped her frock in a new way, adopted a new make-up. This month, half a dozen Takarazuka and Shochiku girls saw her in a film—saw her over and over again—and copied the coiffure, the frock and the make-up. Next month, a million of their admirers, in kimono or Western dress, will be copying the revue girls. And the men will like it. And that will settle it—despite all the pained criticism of the older generation and all the newspaper laments about the passing of ancient and honorable Nipponese customs.



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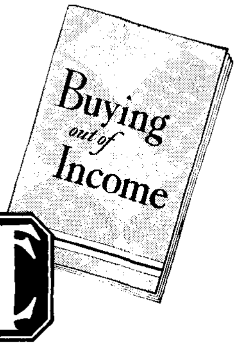

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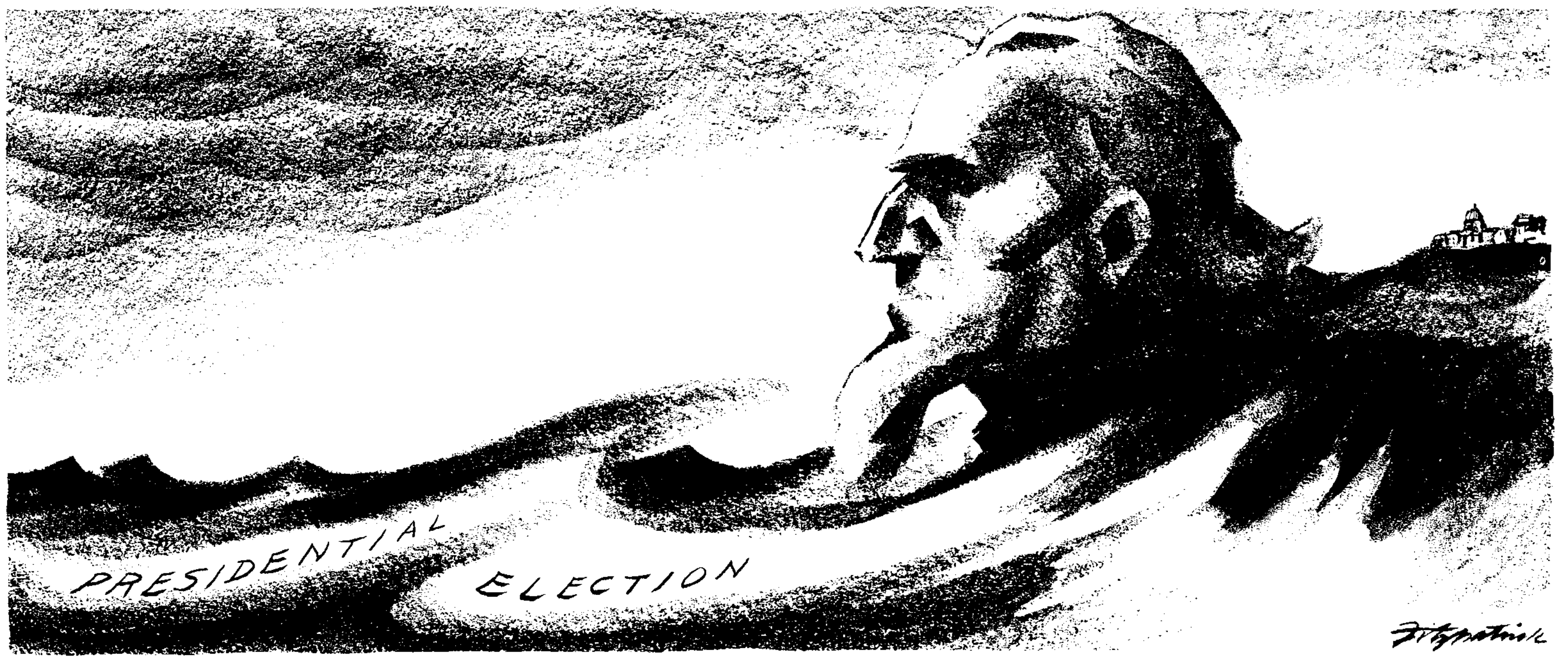

Continued Fair

WHOEVER is elected President a few days hence, American institutions will survive unimpaired. We shall still ride in motorcars and listen to foolish jokes over the radio. The girls will be as much concerned about fingernail lacquers on November 6th as on November 2d. Cosmetics, food, headache tablets and motion-picture amusements will continue to loom as large in our scheme of life.

It takes no prophet to guess that business will continue to improve without regard to election results. Business conditions have been getting better throughout the world. Democratic Australia and oligarchic Japan, liberal Scandinavian countries and Fascist Germany, Communist Russia and conservative Britain, all tell the same story.

Business may be reasonably expected to continue to look better for some time to come in this country. Of course we can make blunders and create much trouble for ourselves but the immediate chance of extreme follies or self-inflicted injuries is not great.

We shall come through this presidential campaign with spirits unbroken and, everything considered, in fairly mellow moods. If we are alert partisans we can and will tell what's wrong with Republicans or Democrats. We can point to past mistakes and to the rosy prospects of future errors. In our hearts we know that not much has been changed in this country and not much is likely to be changed fundamentally within the near future.

Within the past five or six years many disturbed and distressed people got quick ideas of how to remake the world. Not much came of any of these sudden notions. People are generally the creatures of habit, loath to change familiar customs. We like new songs, new styles and new heroes but we do not really want to make any fundamental adjustments in our ways of living.

So it would be necessary to appeal to more powerful motives than any now available if basic changes in our system were to be undertaken by any President. Revolutions came to European nations because fear, misery and deep-seated hatreds had prepared the way. Americans generally don't hate and few have been seriously alarmed over the future during the last three years. As a nation, we have become calmer, not more excited or excitable.

All this is fortunate. The important work which must be done, or at any rate attempted, by any administration, new or re-elected, is largely outside the reach of partisan politics. There are no ready-made solutions for any of the major responsibilities of the next administration. Grants of authority, made by Congress to the President, must be reconsidered, extended or stopped. Whoever is President, Congress must act on many temporary establishments which will automatically expire during the next six or eight months unless specifically continued.

The emergency which inspired Congress to make large grants of authority to the President has passed. If Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected, he will be a second-term President. The power of any President over Congress and over his party is greatly reduced in his second term. If Mr. Landon is elected, he will have to deal with a Senate in which the Democrats have a majority. Congress is certain to exercise more power at the session beginning in January.

Almost immediately, certainly before January 30th, some action must be taken by Congress on the authority granted the President to devalue the dollar and to use the former devaluation profits as a stabilization fund. The existing authority ends on January 30th.

The rights to make various types of loans also terminate by April 1st unless extended by the new Congress. The Neutrality Act expires on May 1st. The control of oil shipments stops in June. The authority of the State Department to negotiate valid trade agreements lasts only until June 12th.

Obviously and inevitably second thought must be given to all these and to many other affairs of large importance. Up to now Congress has made no investigations which will throw any new light upon these matters. The temptation will be to drop new agencies, just as the office of Joseph Eastman, railway co-ordinator, was dropped last summer.

After a period of intense activity, rest, not to say reaction, is generally welcome. It would be stupid, however, to lose the benefits of the experience we have accumulated in so many fields. So little provision was made for completing the railroad studies carried on by Mr. Eastman that the railways themselves have undertaken to pay a part of the publication costs. Whatever policies may be adopted after January, surely the experience already accumulated should be sifted for whatever lessons may be gleaned.

The large policies of taxation, of federal expenditure, and of the extent and nature of the control exerted by the federal government over business and agriculture will naturally be reconsidered in the light of actual election returns. If the developments in other countries, democratic as well as Fascist and Communist, are significant for us, governmental control is destined to be continued and extended during many years. Taxes are also certain to be heavy regardless of who is elected. Debts must be paid.

The laws by which numerous continuing New Deal agencies were created will undoubtedly be reconsidered and revised. The Securities Exchange Commission will not be abolished. The Social Security Act, designed to provide unemployment insurance and old-age benefits, among other things, can be improved but it will not be repealed.

More general policies affecting the relationship between the federal government and business will likewise be reconsidered. During the years ahead the majority of Americans will depend upon jobs in private industry for employment. Private employment will increase regardless of election returns. Of these things we can be sure before we even begin to mark our ballots.

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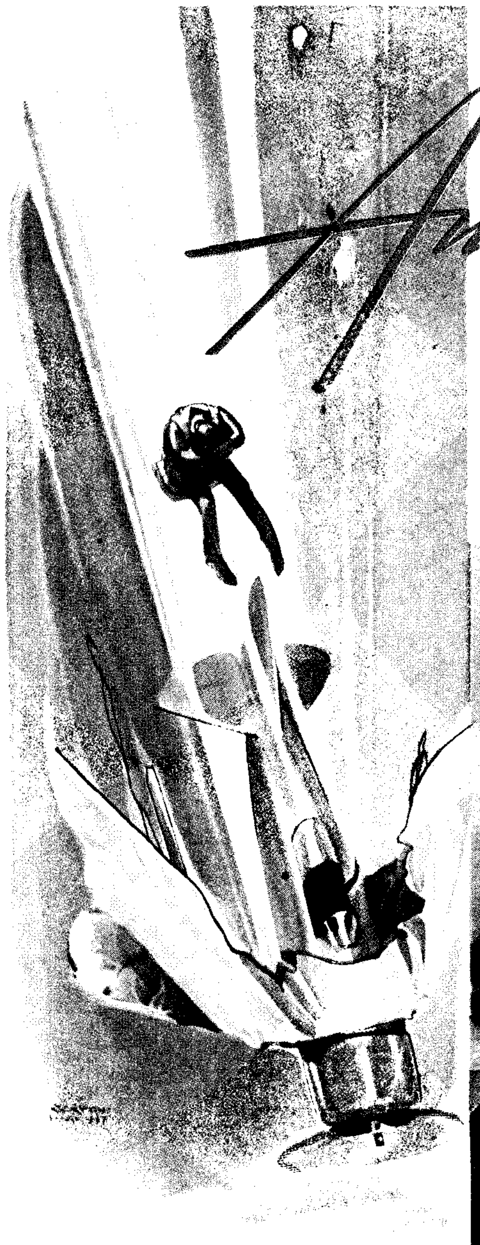

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